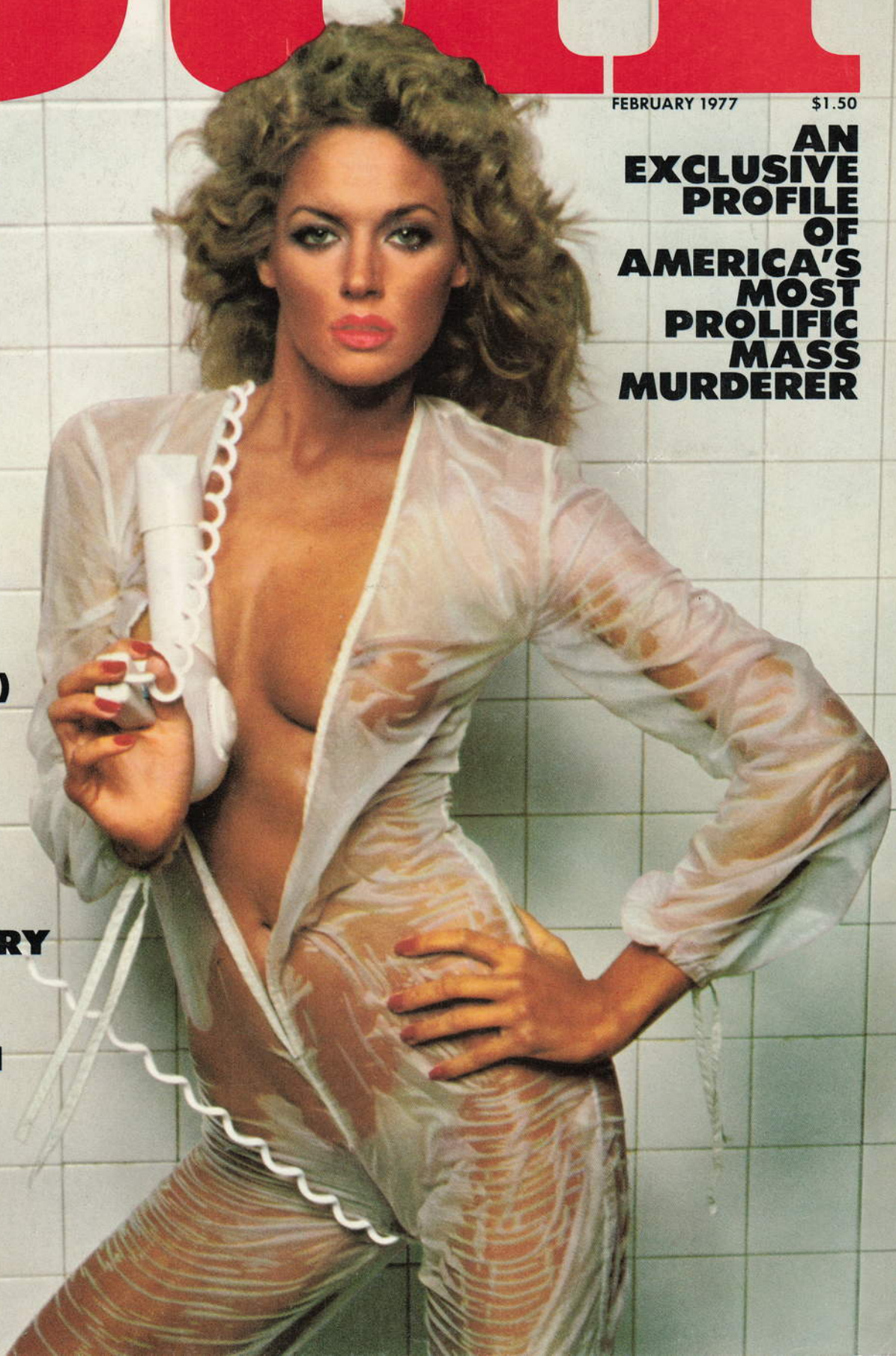
FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

# oui

FEBRUARY 1977 $1.50



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**THE SEX AND SIZE DEBATE CONTINUES (IN SEX TAPES)**

**WHERE THE MOVIE MOGULS GET THEIR IDEAS**

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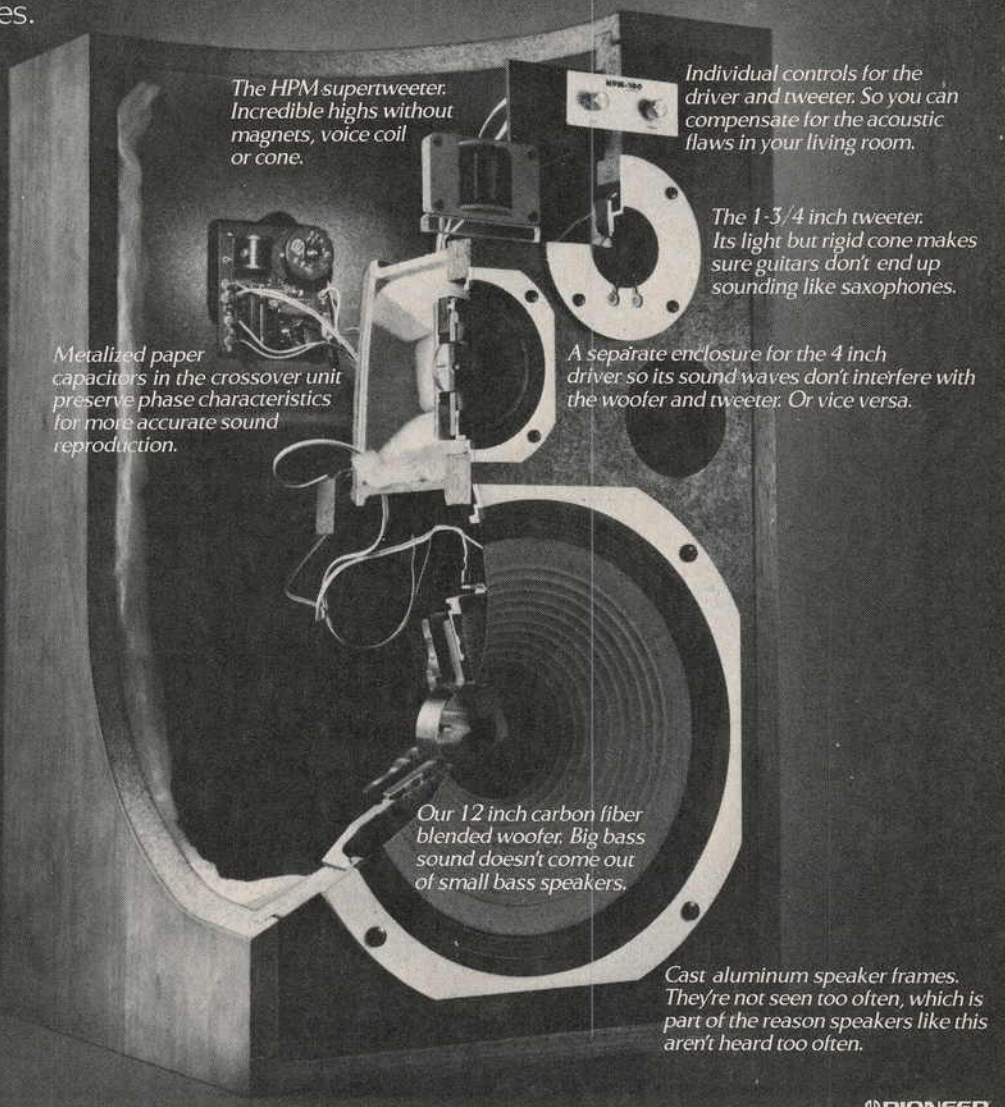
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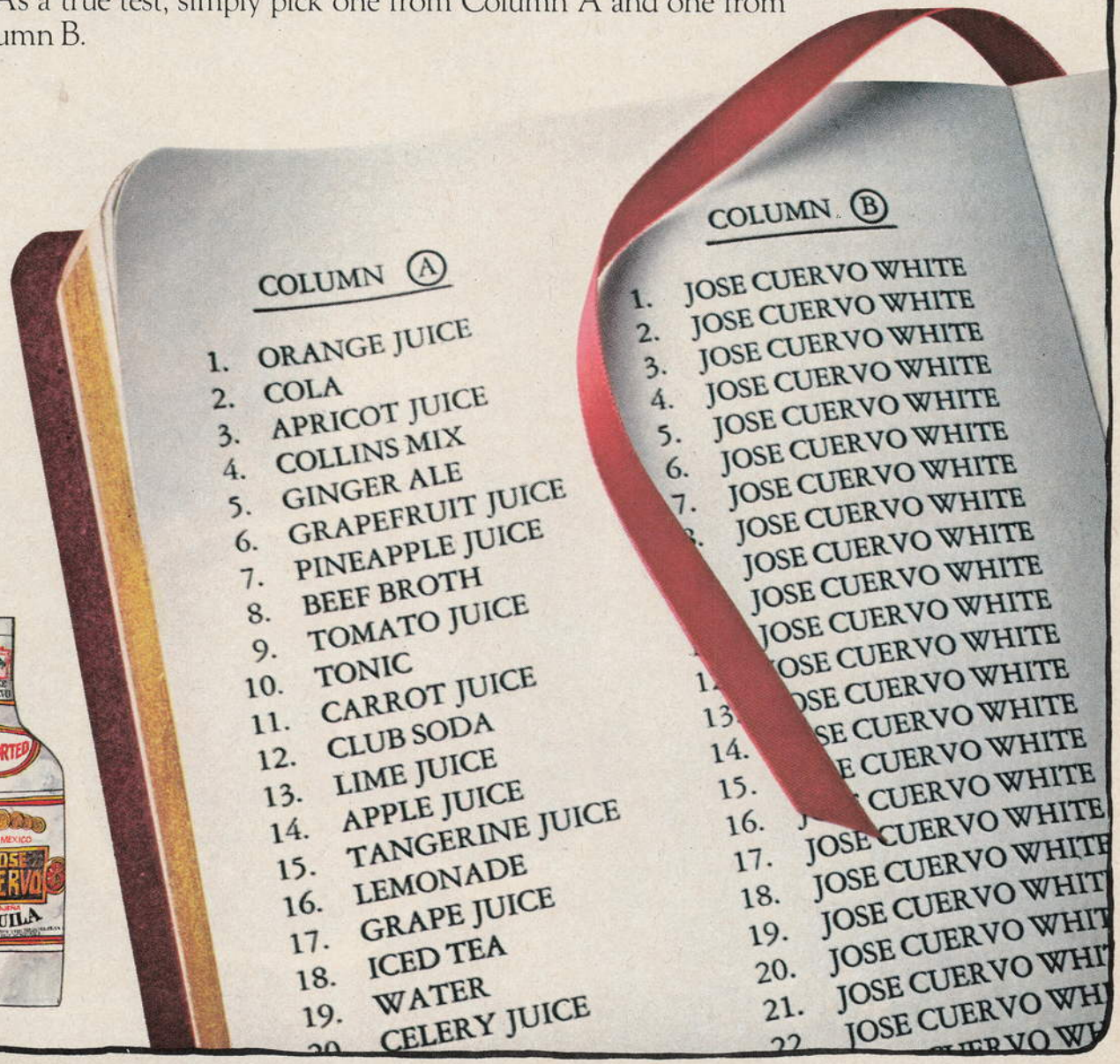


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FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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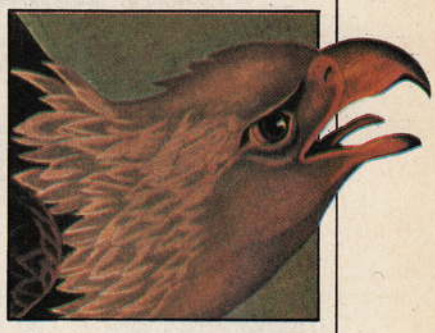

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# MAIL

### Never trust a leader

Ralph Keyes's article *The Trust Crisis* (November) was right on the mark. The reason the American public doesn't trust anybody anymore is simple: The American people are finally wising up. After Carter's election, syndicated columnist Mike Royko wrote: "Now that we have elected a President who asks us to trust him, we should wish him well, remember him in our prayers, pay our taxes and trust him as far as we can throw him." I'm sure he would have said the same thing about Ford if he had been the winner of the election.

I don't think we should bemoan the lack of trust in the world. Let's face it, trusting our leaders always gets us into trouble; look at Vietnam. Here's to doubt and suspicion: May they forever reign and keep us free.

CARL ANDERSON
Evanston, Illinois

### Let's ask Bessie

I am truly shocked. It's hard to believe that the editors of OUI don't know the difference between an asshole and a vagina, but the November *Opener* "A fistful of cow pies" states that a man trying to artificially inseminate a cow has to insert his hand "into the cow's rectum and grasp the cervix." As a first-year medical student, I can assure you that regardless of the species, one cannot stick a hand into the rectum of any female and grasp her cervix. The cervix is in the vagina, a totally different orifice. The right way to inseminate a cow would be to grasp the cervix through the vaginal canal and then insert a pipette of sperm.

STEVE LICHTENSTEIN
Louisville, Kentucky

*Wait a minute there, Steverino. When was the last time you inseminated a cow? Of course we know that the cervix is in the vagina. But our medical experts—Denis O'Sullivan and Michael Brady of the Irish Medical Association as well as our local veterinarian—assure us that one does indeed grasp the cervix through the rectum, although admittedly through some surrounding tissue. The inseminator then inserts a pipette of sperm by putting his other hand up the cow's vagina. It would be a lot trickier to get two hands into the vagina, as you suggest, Steve.*

### Heady praise

I just had to write and tell you that Kay (November) is the prettiest girl I've seen in the pages of OUI. For years, guys have been telling me that there's nothing sexier than the sight of long hair flowing down a girl's back; and looking at Kay, I can really see what they meant. I've been letting my hair grow for about a year and a half now, and the longer it gets, the sexier I feel.

BARBARA WELLS
Detroit, Michigan

Kay is the kind of girl I've always fantasized about. Where can I write to her?

TONY RAMOS
Hartford, Connecticut

*We can't give out her address, but we'll be happy to forward your letter to her. Kay loves to get mail, although she admits to being somewhat lax in answering it. "Some of my fan mail is so steamy I just don't know what to say in response," she told us. "I do love reading it, though."*

Oh, Kay, you're more than OK. What I'd give to be able to run my fingers through those glorious tresses!

DAVID LINDGREN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I was happy to learn that when Kay went to Los Angeles she didn't fall into one of those personality-therapy groups. Her perceptive remarks about someone named Werner show that for all her protected upbringing, Kay is one smart cookie. Please tell Kay that if she ever

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DAVID BARNES
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

### A real pisser

Alas, just a few shit-and-piss-littered blocks away from my Manhattan apartment is the famed Toilet, the bar John Calendo so accurately and devastatingly described in his October *Openers* piece on gay chic. It could only happen here.

ETTA LOUISE MARTIN
New York, New York

### Campus porn

I was quite impressed with Louise Ransil's report on *The Devil in San Jose State University* (November), although I find it hard to believe that shooting porn films on a university campus is as easy as she describes. But then, I don't live in California, so what do I know, right?

GEORGE KRAMER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*Right.*

### Is Nixon Mao's heir?

In *America Under Communism* (October), Glenn O'Brien writes about the future take-over of the U. S. by Richard Nixon. O'Brien may think that's a funny idea, but I don't think that it's so far-fetched. After all, the real reason why Nixon first visited China has never been fully revealed. We know that the Chinese all think that Nixon is a hero. I'm sure that he could convince the Chinese people that Mao appointed him heir apparent before he died. With 800,000,000 Chinese behind him, Nixon would be virtually unstoppable. Watch out, Woodward and Bernstein, your days may be numbered.

BOB ELLIS
Fort Worth, Texas

### UFO *vs.* ego

Long experience in the UFO field leads me to agree with Jesse Kornbluth's contentions in *The UFOlogist Establishment* (November). It's true that UFO investigators often seem to generate more heat than light. Human ego and emotions, neither of which should ever influence any scientific study, always manage to get in the way of meaningful UFO research.

Let's take the case of the famous Condon Report on UFOs. All but one of the original staff were summarily dismissed by Condon for "incompetence and disloyalty." It's not easy to see how a scientist can be incompetent in a field where no standards of competence have ever been established, and the only disloyalty of which members of the staff were guilty was the release for publication of a few *facts* that embarrassed Condon.

DAN FRY
Tonopah, Arizona

In successive months, OUI has published articles on weird cattle mutilations, strange big birds in Texas and UFO infighting. At first, I was amazed to find these articles in OUI, as the magazine seems an unorthodox forum for this unorthodox area of study. I must admit, however, that I'm pleased with the way OUI has granted fine writer-researchers free rein to develop their subjects and their conclusions.

I am one of the directors of Vestigia, an organization of scientists and lay people dedicated to the serious study of Fortean phenomena. The term Fortean, by the way, derives from the name of Charles Fort, a pioneer investigator into tangible unknowns of the Twenties and Thirties. The term now refers to events and phenomena that are unexplained by conventional science; it does not, however, refer to spiritual or occult phenomena. At present, we are engaged in active field investigations of evidence that indicates that Bigfoot creatures may inhabit the forested regions of New Jersey. We are also involved in investigating reports of UFO incidents, some of which might possibly be related to Bigfoot activities. We even have reports of giant birds; the Brownsville Bird of Texas may have relatives on the East Coast!

CHARLES WIEDEMANN
Hackettstown, New Jersey

Although it's true that the UFOlogist establishment has had its share of problems, I am sorry that OUI readers were subjected to a story on personality conflicts rather than informed as to the current research on a controversial subject. Before mankind can hope to know the truth, he must learn to live with his brother, and for this reason, mankind is not yet ready for alien contact.

HAYDEN C. HEWES
International Association for the Investigation of the Unexplained
Edmond, Oklahoma

Kornbluth's article was right on target, but to be fair to UFO researchers, they aren't the only ones guilty of professional infighting. Doctors and scientists the world over hotly dispute one another's findings and methods. It's part of being human. True scientific objectivity is a myth, and we might as well admit it.

JAMES LEE
Las Vegas, Nevada

The way those UFO researchers keep fighting over the evidence just astounds

me. Most of them probably wouldn't know a UFO if it landed in their back yards, which, by the way, is exactly where I shot the enclosed picture. The

guy in the gold boots is a little skinny for my taste, and when I told him so, he got miffed, stamped off into his spaceship and disappeared before my very eyes.

Here in Texas we've had Bigfoot and Big Bird but I do believe that I'm the first to have discovered the existence of Big Prick. (I know that it doesn't look very big in this picture, but you should have seen what happened to it when I came out on the porch in my bikini.)

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Waco, Texas

**Dropping trou**

Thanks for the feature on Rough Trade (*Five Bands Weirder than You Are*, October). Rough Trade could wipe the floor with such simple performers as the members of the Patti Smith Band.

Recently I saw Rough Trade for the umpteenth time at the Colonial Tavern in Toronto. One of their best songs is *Autoerotic Love*, which they did during their first set. Several hours and a lot of alcohol later, some drunk hollered out, "Do *Autoerotic Love*!" Lead singer Carole Pope hollered back, "We already did it, but if you take your pants down, we'll do it again!" I don't think that she seriously expected the guy to drop trou, but he went up to the front of the stage and let fall. Then the drummer came out from behind his kit, and he bloody pulled his own pants down, and the band began to sing.

I was rather hoping that Pope would drop her knickers along with the other two, but she didn't. She rather reminds me of a cross between a scarecrow in a zoot suit and the Wicked Witch of the West. But she's one hell of a singer.

RICHARD MESSUM
Toronto, Ontario

**Teeny-bopper lust**

I was glad to read in the November article *Teen Sex* by Donald Bowie that young girls all over the country have shaken off their parents' outdated sexual codes. I've known for some time that country girls, especially, are quite uninhibited at a tender age. I'm living with an ex–country girl right now, and her approach to sex is downright lusty. Sex is as natural to her as breathing.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Seattle, Washington

I read Bowie's article with both interest and frustration. I just wish I knew where all those horny little teenage girls are living; it's certainly not in my town. I've been trying to get laid for the past three years—I'll be 18 years old next June—but so far no one has given me a tumble. The girls around here are the type who think they'll get pregnant if they French kiss.

D. JOHNSON
Tallahassee, Florida

I really feel sorry for the teenagers of today who, according to Bowie's statistics, are all screwing like rabbits from the


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time they're 12 years old. What they don't seem to realize is that the best thing about teenage sex is the fantasy and the longing. Sex is like everything else: As soon as you can have all you want, it becomes boring. Take it from a grownup, kids, easy availability will kill sex drive like nothing else. Just take a look at your parents.

JOE JENKINS
Baltimore, Maryland

When I was a teenager, I didn't go out much because I'd heard that all the guys really wanted was to get into your pants. Now that I'm in my 30s, I've rediscovered teenage boys, and you know what? All they want to do is get into my pants. But this time around I'm just as anxious to get into theirs.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Roanoke, Virginia

Teen sex sure is boring when it's reduced to a bunch of statistics. Bowie's article is a big yawn, but Burr Snider's accompanying piece on *Teen Sex in California* is marvelous. I know you'll find this hard to believe, but the California teeny-bopper-sex scene is nothing compared with Vermont's. I live in a town where several rock stars have their country hideaways and you know the kind of groupies they attract: 12-year-olds who've learned how to deep-throat. I'm 18 and I've felt over the hill for at least two years. I've made it with my girlfriend, with two guys, in a biplane, on acid and once with my history teacher, yet I'm considered one of the straight ones. The guys around here are so blasé I've seen them eying chickens lasciviously. I think it's about time to move to California and slow down.

S. PETERSON
Address Withheld by Request

### The definitive wonk

I haven't heard the word wonk since I was in college six years ago, so thank you to Kurt Andersen and Mark O'Donnell for bringing back those rah-rah memories in *How to Be Collegiate in a Changing World* (November). The definitions of hipster, wonk and jock are right on, but it should be added that these types often overlap. It was superwonk Woody Allen, remember, who first added sneakers to his tuxedo outfit and thereby set the style for hipsters evermore.

BOB DOYLE
St. Louis, Missouri

### All that glitters is Nikki

I suppose that everyone has an imaginary picture of the perfect woman, and *The Nikki No One Knows* (November) is mine. The fine blond hairs that glitter on her arms and stomach drive me insane. Photographer Jeff Dunas really outdid himself with these exquisite pictures.

SP/4 DOUGLAS CARTER
Fort Bliss, Texas

Nikki is a gorgeous woman, but, more, I can catch a glimpse of her soul.

STEVEN GRAESSLE
Kansas City, Missouri

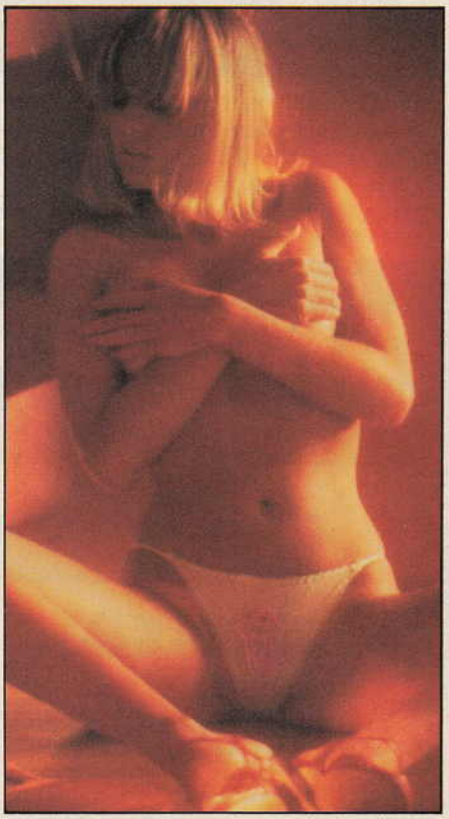
I've never seen anything so beautiful as the pleasure that Nikki evidently has when she has "flicked her ground switch." Dunas is a lucky man.

TOM ALSTON
Millersville, Pennsylvania

Cover-girl Nikki with her sexy underpants and then with no pants at all makes for one of the sexiest and best photo essays I've ever seen. Tell me, does Nikki ever wear Candypants?

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Portland, Oregon

*Nikki doesn't wear edible panties, she tells us, because she doesn't want her boyfriend to fill up before he gets to the*



*main course. "Besides," she says, "I'm really too shy to wear anything that outrageous."*

### Do fascists have rights?

As I read the *Round-Table Discussion: Justice for Sale?* in the November issue, I became increasingly aware that interviewer Peter Manso's questions were a great deal more thoughtful than the answers he received. I am especially disappointed by the remarks of William

Kunstler, an attorney whose willingness to defend indigent radicals I've long admired. As a civil libertarian, I'm shocked to learn that Kunstler wouldn't defend anyone whose political views he didn't share. As an explanation of why he wouldn't defend a fascist, for example, Kunstler takes issue with the people who accept the premise that the Constitution protects everybody. "It doesn't," says Kunstler, "and I won't pretend that it does." He lost my respect forever with that remark.

DANIEL CARR
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

An exceptional interview.

MARK RICHARDSON
Janesville, Wisconsin

If Bailey, Kunstler, Oteri, Foreman, Bugliosi and Dershowitz are considered to be the cream of this country's lawyers, then all I can say is I hope I never get into trouble that would bring me into a courtroom.

HARRY KATZ
Newark, New Jersey

### The perfect course

I got a kick out of reading the course descriptions in *The Whole College Catalog* (November). I've attended several universities and have perused many a catalog in search of the perfect course, which I define as whatever comes closest to underwater basket weaving. Over the years, I've received college credits for classes in Zen, the art of relaxation, moral education in the schools and Appalachian studies. I was sure I'd found a real winner when I read the following description for a course at the University of Illinois, Chicago Circle Campus: "ES410. Mexican-American Folk Medicine: An anthropological study of healing patterns among *curanderos*, *beatos*, *ocultistas*, etc., will be made. Specific areas of study are the *curandero*-patient relationship, medicinal herbs and other phenomena peculiar to this area." To my great disappointment, however, the course disappeared before I could register for it.

JOHN JABLONSKI
Chicago, Illinois

### Give Barry a break

Ed McCormack's article *Does Barry Manilow Deserve a Break Today?* is obviously the creation of a biased and irresponsible writer. I've been following Barry's career for some time now, and I bought the November OUI solely because it contained an article about him. What a disappointment! Instead of pointing out that Barry did not let his rise to stardom go to his head by acquiring all the luxuries money can buy, McCormack dwelt on the young man who answered the singer's phone and refilled the glasses. Hasn't McCormack ever heard of a gentleman's gentleman?

I've gone to as many hard-rock concerts as any person my age, but nothing gives me greater pleasure than to sit in a small auditorium with clean air and to listen to Barry sing. As far as I'm concerned, he could sing "You deserve a break today" all night long and I'd still love him.

GALE CHRISTINE RYAN
St. Louis, Missouri

Every time I listen to Manilow's music on the radio, I remember the comment Fran Lebowitz made in *Interview* magazine after Manilow's first big hit saturated the airwaves: "Who is this Mandy? Fred Mandy?"

AL FOSTER
New York, New York

Thank God, Barry Manilow is in no way in need of a break, because he sure wouldn't get it from you guys. I don't know why the rock press is so rough on this talented musician, but I've got to give the man credit for continuing to do his thing regardless of what the critics say. Manilow's music may not be for everyone, but I like it, and in the music world, people like me count a lot more than McCormack. McCormack wouldn't recognize a hit if it came at the end of a fist.

LILLIAN LEE
Washington, D.C.

### Seminal truth

Jonas Davidson's *An Artificial Inseminator Looks at the Future* in the October OUI really made me pause. I've read other articles about artificial insemination, but I always assumed that the guy who—what is the word?—*donated* his sperm was some family-doctor type or else a conscientious medical student selflessly giving of his seed to unhappy, childless couples.

Then here comes this smart-aleck Jonas Davidson who jerks off in the backs of taxis and imagines that all of his progeny are male. While I'm sure that Davidson is a much more typical artificial inseminator than the Marcus Welby sort I imagined, and while his article was unquestionably funny, I'm still left feeling rather queasy as I visualize the entire proceeding. I think that sometimes we are all better off not knowing the truth about such matters.

HELEN LEWIS
Cleveland, Ohio

Davidson simply boggles the mind. How can a man so blithely father some 300 children? I'm sure that I would be consumed by incredible curiosity if I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knew that somewhere out there I'd fathered even one child by artificial insemination. I guess I just don't have the proper scientific detachment, and I'm glad I don't.

ED GRANT
San Diego, California

I always wanted to know how I could make some money from my favorite pastime. Thanks, Davidson.

FRANK BERTUCCI
New Orleans, Louisiana

### Trick or treat?

In the November *Mail* column, there's a letter from Diane and Sandy of Houston, Texas, who say that they took a look at Bob Greene's *Weekend Warriors* article and flew off to Las Vegas to try their hand at hooking. At one point, Diane says that she got five $20 chips for making it with an old man. The only chip denominations in everyday use here in Las Vegas are $1 (white), $5 (red), $25 (green) and $100 (black), so I have to question who was pulling tricks on whom. If Diane and Sandy ever come to this town again, tell them to look me up as I have a pocketful of three-dollar bills I've been dying to get rid of.

DALE CUMMINGS
Las Vegas, Nevada

*We sent Diane your letter and asked her if she remembered the color of the chips she received. She called us up and told us that the chips she was paid with have a red-and-white checkerboard pattern around the edge. It doesn't matter to her what they were worth because she didn't cash them in, but kept them as souvenirs. As you probably noticed from the girls' letter, Dale, these amateur hookers don't do anything the way you might expect.*

### Skirting the issue

What turns me on more than anything else in the pictorial on *Ballet Dancers* (November) are the girls' woolly warm-up stockings. The way the dancers' little fannies peek out above the ribbed tops of their hose gives this old man elevated blood pressure. I still rue the day when panty hose took over from stockings and garters. While I'm at it, I'd like to add that a look at a girl's legs when her skirt is flying is much more enticing than seeing them when she's entirely nude. I'd be most appreciative if OUI were to run a pictorial on what happens to girls wearing skirts while they're climbing, crouching, bending, leaning, squatting or just crossing their legs.

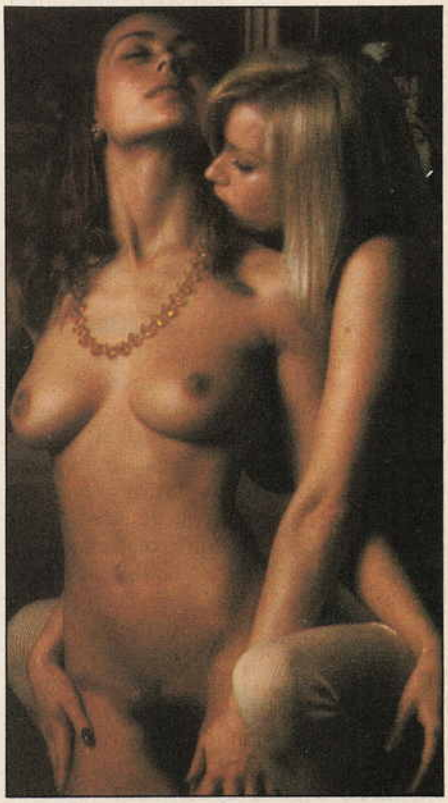
NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
San Francisco, California

*No sooner said than done. For a look at Princess Anne trying to get out of a car and other skirt-raising antics, see the article "Skirtsmanship" on page 74 of this issue.*

I'd always wondered what ballet dancers looked like under their tights and tutus. I imagined that they'd have huge thigh muscles and flat chests. As the November pictorial shows, I couldn't have been more wrong. There's one thing I still can't figure out, however. Are these girls lovers or just good friends?

ED BAKER
Atlanta, Georgia

*Alison, the blonde, puts it this way, Ed: "Dancers are lovers by temperament. They love music, satin slippers and the feel of a supple human body. The sex of*



*the owner is irrelevant. Friends? Lovers? What's the difference? Dancers live in a world beyond such arbitrary labels."*

### Cheer, cheer

There just aren't enough superlatives to describe OUI magazine; it's far better than any of its competitors. The art and photos are truly fabulous, and the stories and articles are equally as fascinating. A thousand and one cheers for all you terrific people who make the magazine happen every month.

MARGARET DURIE
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Thanks. We needed that.*

*Address letters to:*
*Mail, OUI*
*919 N. Michigan Avenue*
*Chicago, Illinois 60611*

"I was kicking around the harbor that night in Kuala Lumpur. It was quiet except for the distant Javanese saloon songs that echoed across the water. Then I heard it. Soft at first. Then louder. A voice

## "...her voice was honey, and I was a hungry bear."

so enchanting, a melody so mesmerizing--it was as if her voice was honey and I was a hungry bear. I followed that voice through streets of stumbling sailors. Down a dark littered alley an oil lamp flickered through an open window. I threw one leg over the splintered ledge and climbed into the room. In the smoky dimness of the yellow lamplight I saw a vision that haunts me still. It was not the beautiful Malaysian songstress I had imagined--but a Superscope stereo music system! At first I thought her voice came from the AM/FM stereo radio. But then I saw the record spinning on the built-in automatic turntable. The sound through the three-way extended range speakers was incredibly real! Luckily with the built-in 8-track recorder/player I could tape that honeyed voice. Now I'll always hear her, wherever I am. But what of the girl herself? I may never find her. But I did find that in the world of sound, Superscope is everywhere."

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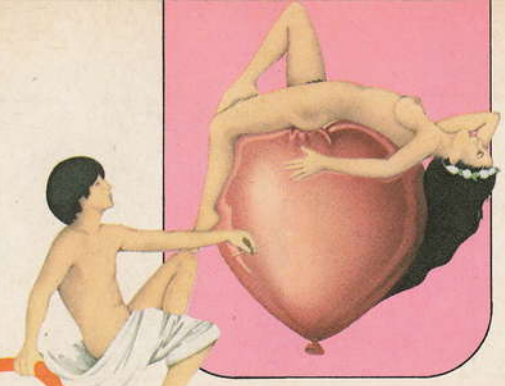


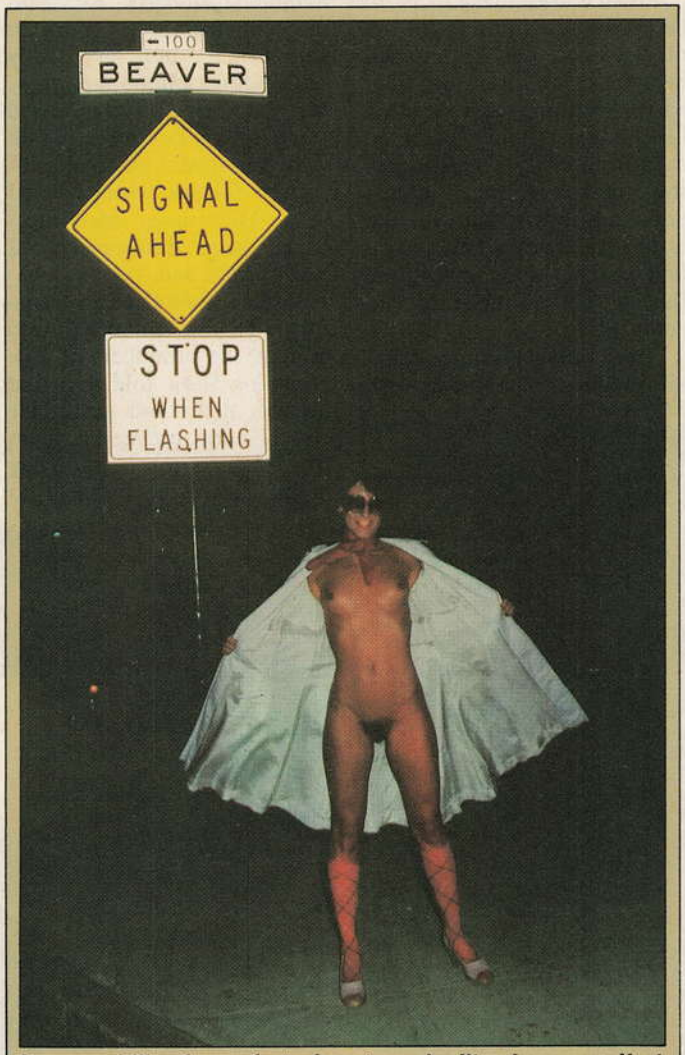
# OPENERS

## Cheap sheep

We are not pulling your leg of lamb. An enterprising 22-year-old German agricultural student, Anette Van Dorp, has formed the Sheep-Lending Co., Ltd., in Bonn. The concern rents out sheep at ten dollars per sheep per year to chew up your lawn and keep it fashionably short across the top, with nothing off the sides. The only stipulations are that the lawn must be enclosed and that superfluous shrubbery must not be present. In case it slipped your observation, yes, when sheep scarf your grass, they leave little piles of sheep dip that your lawn will love and thrive on, so that the sheep will have to come again some other day to clip it. Croquet-playing clients are advised to wear hip boots.

## Pinch hits

Drug-crazed hippies have been looting American hospitals. Well, not exactly looting, but they have been removing one tool at the rate of several thousand units a week.




**It seemed like the perfect place to make literalness manifest. In San Francisco, where Castro Street crosses Beaver Street, this proud signpost cautions citizens to stop when flashing. And, as you have come to expect, a OUI photographer was there, and the result looks effortless. "The only effort involved was trying to get the girl to close her coat." Yet another hurdle for our brave photographer to overcome.**

Hemostats. A hemostat is that jobbie that looks like a pair of scissors, but has flat, blunt tips and little notches on the shafts to keep the tips clamped firmly shut. In other words, hemostats are the world's most sturdy, convenient, reliable roach clips. They usually come in shiny stainless steel, too.

As of today, hemostats are the number-one replacement item in American medical hardware. Can solid-silver hemo-pendants be far behind?

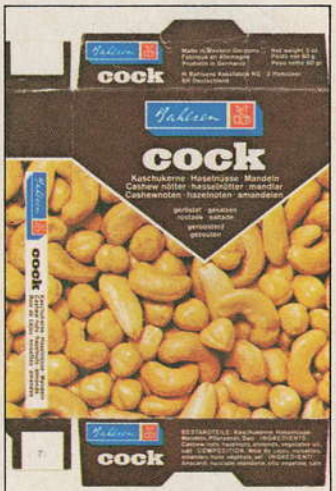
## Divorce courting

Louie Grenier had an idea.

Last year, Louie was preparing a photo essay called *Transient Touch* about objects in public places that people touch in passing. Why not, Louie pondered, make a few rubles photographing the Big Kahuna of transitions, divorce? Invade a couple's deteriorating household. Get candid shots as they quarrel, divide their possessions, confer with lawyers. Mount the whole schmear in matching leatherette albums, etc.

Louie bought a five-dollar ad in a Chicago neighborhood paper for his service, cranked up the answering machine and waited for the world to beat a path to his door.

The first caller was Bob Greene, irreverent columnist




**What does the modern *Fräulein* want a box full of? Roasted and salted Cock. It's a brand of mixed nuts marketed by the West German firm of, uh, Bahlsen. It's enough to tempt us to open an office in Hamburg and start a magazine called *Ja*.**

JOKE OF THE MONTH

for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, who interviewed Louie and published a whimsical story ("Marriage off track? Try photo finish."). Greene cited divorce statistics—more than 1,000,000 in the U. S. last year—and solemnly reported Louie's artistic aspirations ("Wedding photographs are always happy, but in a divorce album, the photographer has the opportunity to show a whole range of emotions—greed, possessiveness, spite, jealousy, anger, bitterness, cynicism. . . .") and lofty moral ambitions ("The photo album will be a record of how things were, to serve as a warning to both parties, so they won't let things get that bad again the next time around."). Greene's story was picked up by UPI.

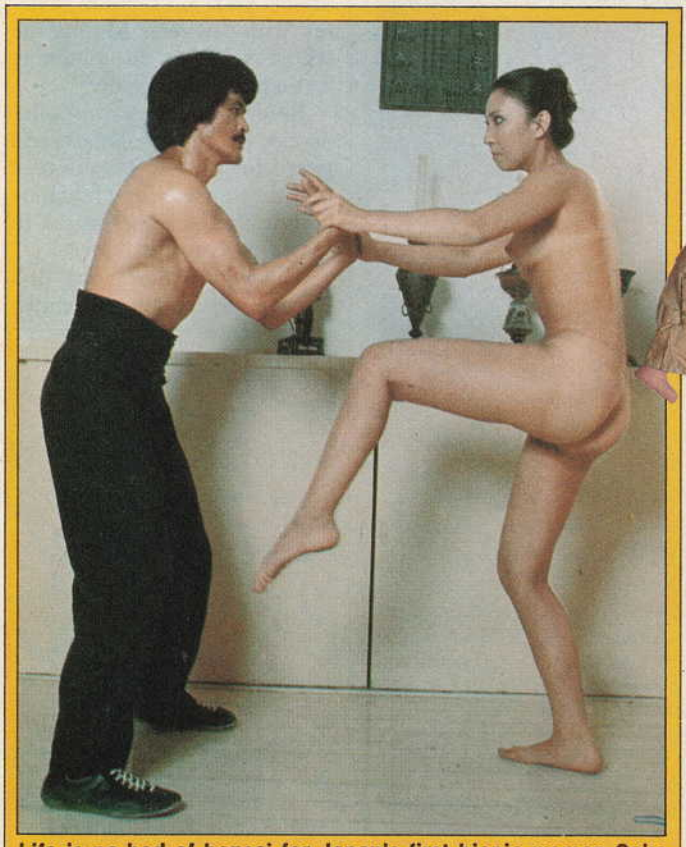
Louie's idea turned out to be the hottest thing to hit the media since Liz Ray tossed her pet rock into the tidal basin. Within what seemed like hours, Louie received calls from every TV newsperson, personalities columnist and talk-show m.c. in the nifty fifty. They all had to be first on their block to examine this latest zit on the American complexion.

But Louie soon learned that the media's relationship with its phenomena is pure fuck 'em and forget 'em. *Playgirl* hassled him for the true story with pictures but wouldn't accept his long-distance calls. *People* clamored to send someone from New York to see Louie, but eventually settled for a phone interview. Mr. Blackwell interviewed Louie on his Los Angeles talk show but disdained to consider him for his worst-dressed list ("He's never seen me," Louie says defensively. "I really dress bad.").

When Louie tried to transform all his publicity into money, the producers of *The Donahue Show* told him that he was news and that their ethical code prevented them from paying for news. They might, however, be able to swing union scale *if* he were accompanied on the program by four subjects. The divorce-photographer's code of ethics, Louie announced, forbade him from publicizing his clients.

At the height of the madness, Louie received 30 to 40 calls a day. Besides the media, he heard from people who sat next to him in sixth grade, poor relations and many who were outraged by his flippant approach to so serious a problem. Months later, an occasional call still trickles in from remote places like Canada.

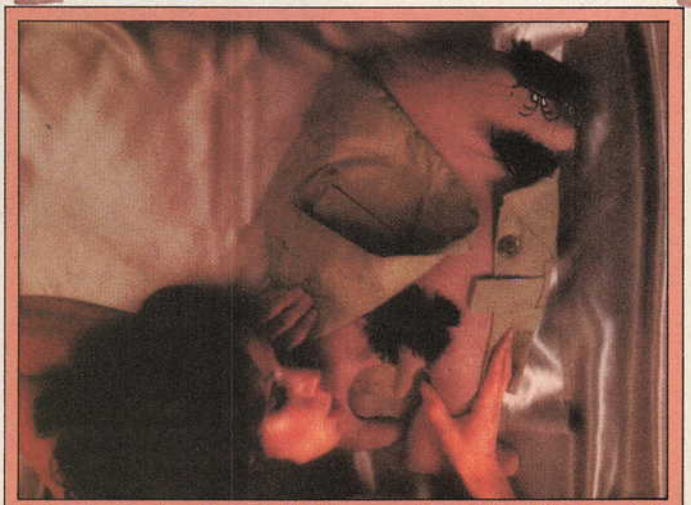
Louie is baffled as to why his idea caught on as it did and astounded at how thoroughly and rapidly it spread. No, it's not a stigma, and he may use it—"Divorce photographer goes straight"—to



**Life is no bed of bonsai for Japan's first bionic woman, Saka Tumi of Tokyo. She says clothes and men give her trouble.**

**"One flex of my bionic butt and it's *sayonara*, seams," says the petite, transistorized sister. "With boyfriends, it's even worse—one good vaginal squeeze and my hero has a hernia."**

**Here Saka explodes her duds during a strenuous workout with a local samurai who, due to an unfortunate kick on Saka's part, is now known as Lefty. Both will star in *Nutcracker Sweet*.**



**Talk about adorable! Uncle Sherman, the original flasher doll, is *it*! And the folks at Flasher Fashions, in Carmel, California, want you to know that Uncle comes in the traditional trench coat, a terrycloth robe, a tux, overalls, or a smoking jacket. Do we hear any "Ooows"? How about some "Ahhhs"?**

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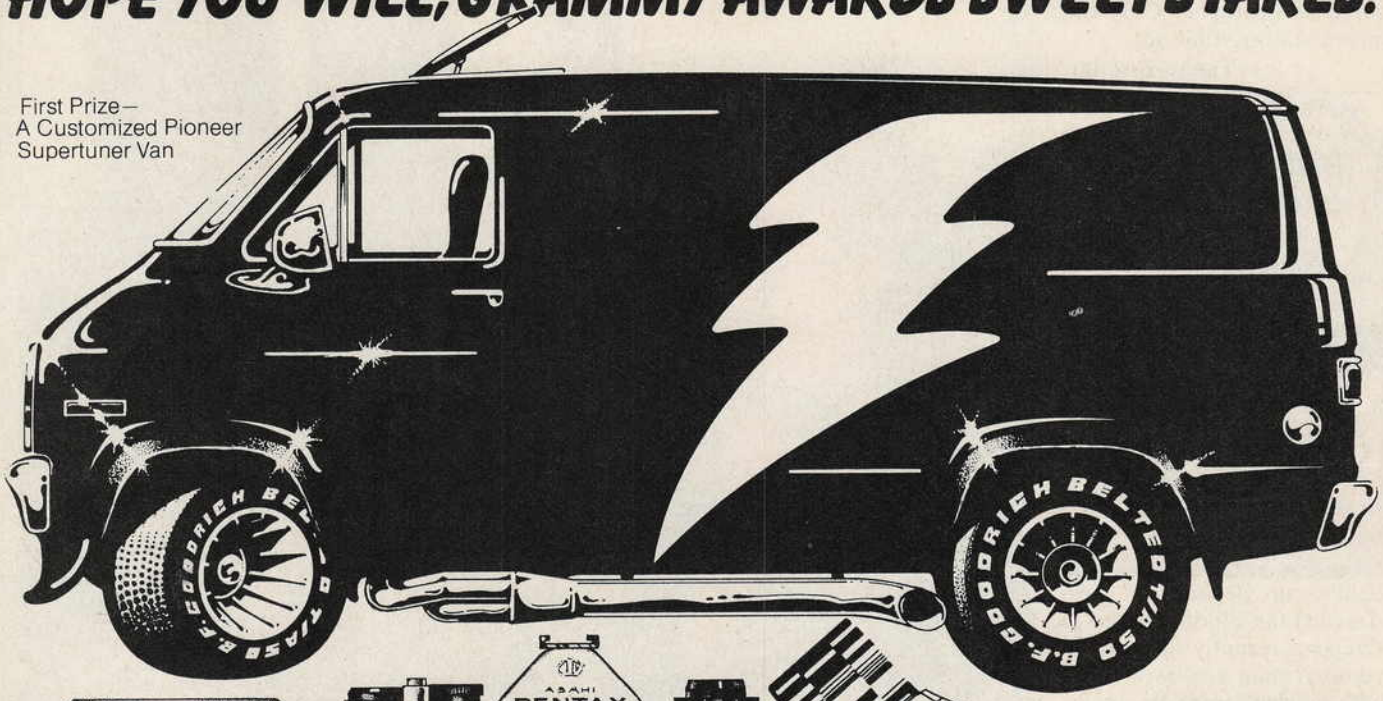


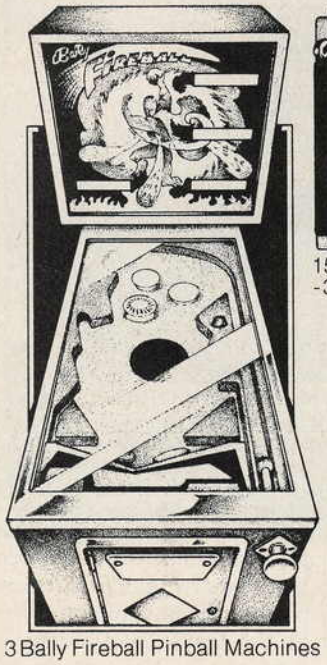

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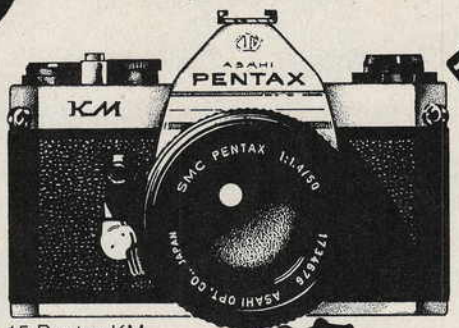


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promote his serious work. Louie's one regret is that he never actually took any divorce photographs: Only the media answered his ad.

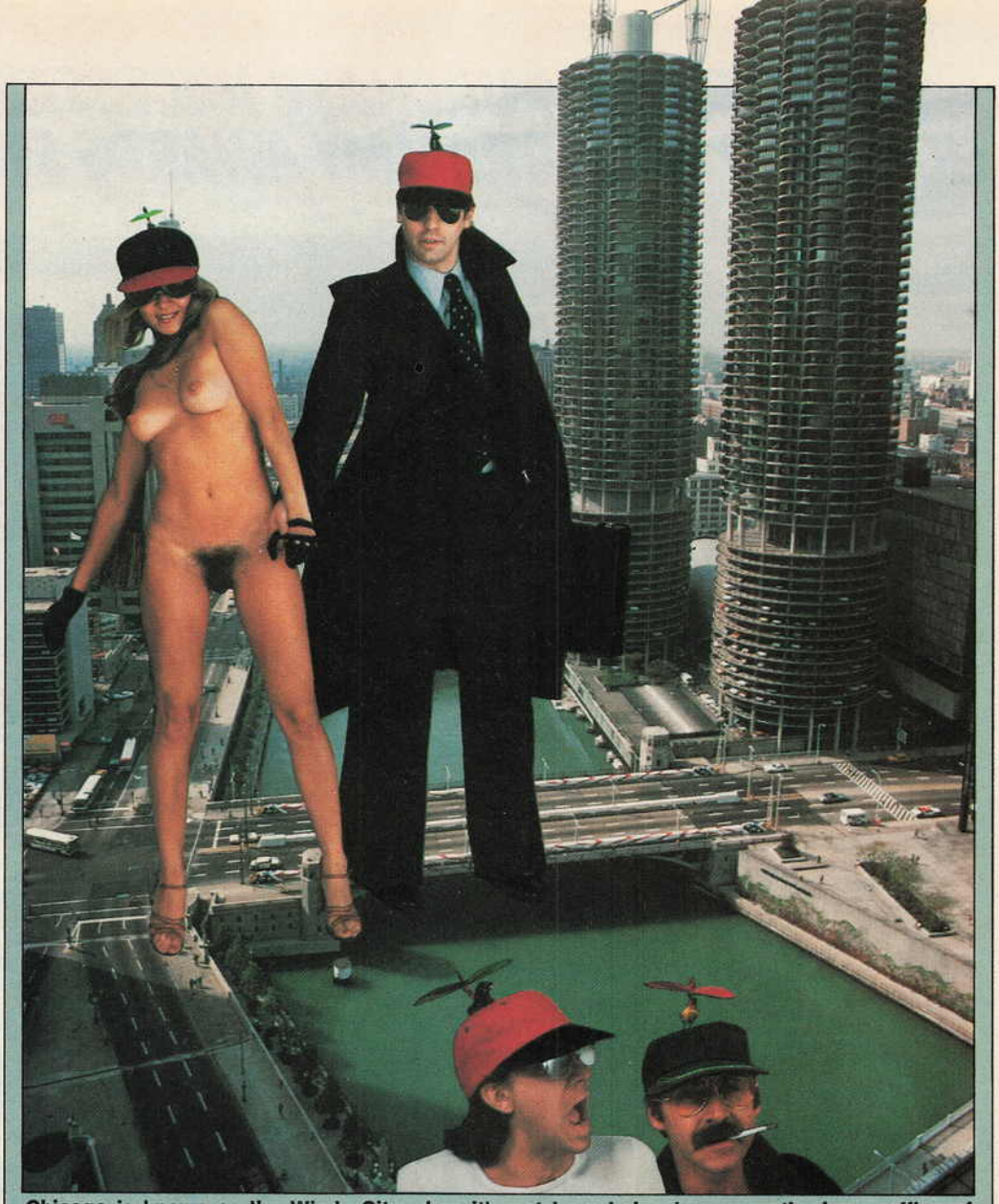
—TERRY FISCHER

Sahib, an elephant in residence at the Wildlife Safari in Oregon, recently downed a yummy main course of mud with a side order of rocks. The action of his pachydermatous digestive juices turned the mixture into organic concrete, which posed a unique problem to Sahib's handlers: What to do to relieve several tons of constipated elephant?

Each day for two days, the blocked-up behemoth was given 270 bars of Ex-Lax, three cases of apples, two cases of lettuce, two cases of carrots, 20 pounds of plums, 40 pounds of bananas, six gallons of mineral water—and an enema, via garden hose.

Zoologists—from what was described as a "safe distance"—kept track of Sahib's, um, movements, which they reported as running hot, straight and normal.

No reports yet on whether Sahib has received any offers from Madison Avenue to film testimonials.



**Chicago is known as the Windy City when it's not busy being known as the home office of OUI magazine. But now, thanks to the Interstellar Propeller company of Berkeley, California, and to Lake Michigan's winds, we here in Chicago have a new effortless way to commute in and out of the gusts. High above the city, members of the smart set can be seen propelling themselves toward job or apartment, depending on the time of day. These beanie hats, however, are not for transportation only. You *can* just put one on and look goofy.**

## The ultimate component

If How F. Wachspress, the inventor of the world's first sonic dildo, has his way, the most popular radio show of the future will probably be *Stroke Hit Parade*. His Sonic Stimulator is a device that, when hooked up to a stereo, allows the listener to feel the musical vibrations. He or she either places the external probe on his or her skin or inserts the internal probe "anywhere it will fit," as Wachspress coyly puts it.

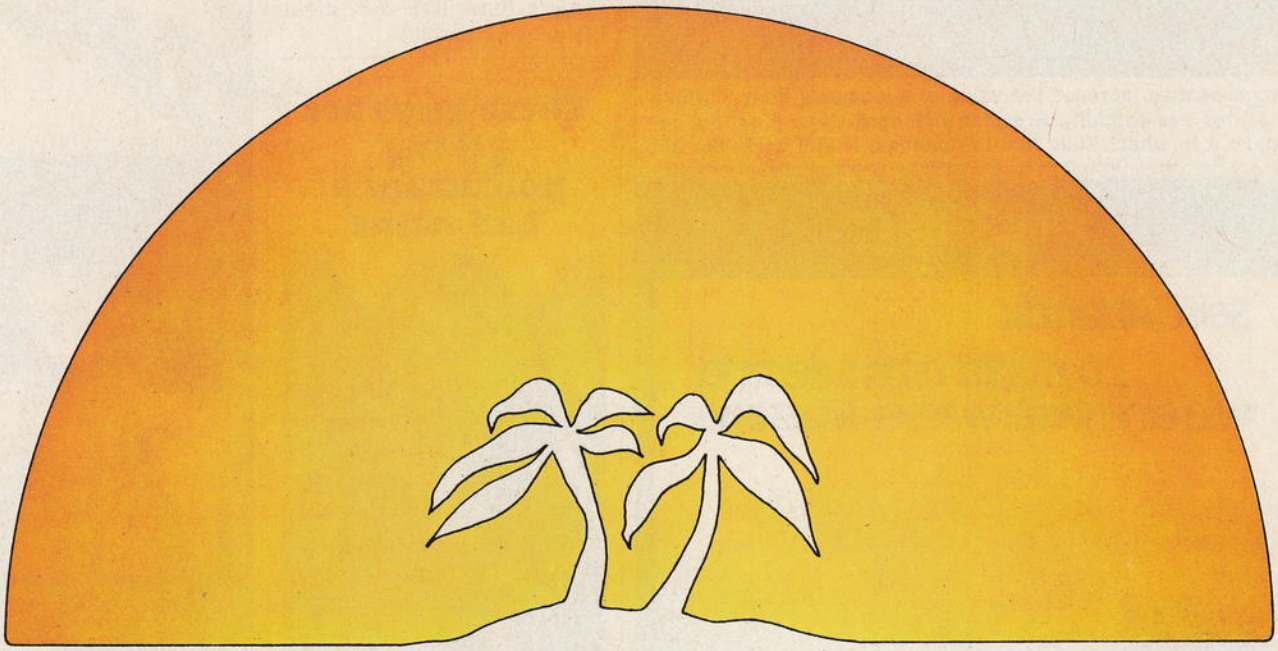
At a public unveiling, Wachspress demonstrated his Sonic Stimulator to members of the press. Each reporter was given a demonstration on the erogenous zone of his or her choice. It was Beatles on the back, Bartók on the belly and Beethoven between the legs. No one requested a demonstration of the internal probe—a douche nozzle with holes through which the sounds emit—until a young woman wearing a T-shirt inscribed I'M A HORNY TOAD demurely asked if she could take the stimulator into the back room and lock the door.

"It used to be," he explained, "that with the exception of a few rock performers, most musicians weren't aware of the tactile possibilities of their music. Now, more and more, these potentialities are being explored." Meanwhile, he is confident that his sonic dildos, which are available in two sizes, at $119 and $395, will catch on.

## Don't drink the air

Checkbooks ready? Pens in hands? Good. New York's Variety Travel Service, the firm that booked the first commercial flight to the moon, is now taking reservations for the first

# come see JAMAICA



## at its jumping, joyous best

Come to the Playboy Resort at Ocho Rios, where the Caribbean sun, the tropical beaches and the reggae-flavored atmosphere are at their brilliant best.

You'll find a treasure trove of outdoor pleasures—swimming, tennis, boating, fishing, and, just minutes away, golf. You'll enjoy luxury aplenty in our coolly tropical rooms. And meals to gladden the heart of the hungriest adventurer.

You'll dance through a night of midnight velvet skies. Or party round a bonfire on the beach. Or see top entertainment in our Playroom night club. And for keyholders, there's a Playboy Club on the spot.

It's life at its best; Jamaica at its best. It's Playboy.

**For full details and reservations, call your travel agent or our toll-free number: 800-621-1116. In Illinois, call (312) 751-8100.**

**PLAYBOY RESORT AT OCHO RIOS**

**Ocho Rios, Jamaica**

**"Hope panties increase the value of a woman's body." That's what this eye-catching Brazilian billboard says. Fine, but increase it to what? That, like the panties, is still up in the air.**

## Supernips

**"You have got to see these nipples," said my friend, driving me down the side streets of Darmstadt, West Germany. "Honestly, they would make a great *Opener* for OUI. I have never seen nipples like these in my life. They have a life of their own, these nipples. God, they're great."**

**Up ahead on a billboard to our right were the nipples, and indeed they were magnificent. The nipples were attached to a naked lady arching her back in the surf.**

**"Those are the damnedest nipples I've ever seen," said my friend, getting out of the car.**

**"They *are* something!" I said, scanning the headline; the headline read: "ATLANTIC SOAP IS AS STIMULATING AS A SEA-WATER MASSAGE."**

**"Myself, I call 'em supernips," said my friend, shaking his head in wonderment.**

**"Yes, they are remarkable nipples," I said.**

**"Man, they would make a great *Opener* for OUI, don't you think? I mean, those are some nipples."**

**"Yes," I said, "remarkable nipples."**

**—GALE WILEY**

tourist flight to Mars. Takeoff is scheduled for 1985, give or take a decade, and George Hattem, Variety Travel spokesman, reports that 80 reservations have already been made.

He speculated: "There's probably life up there." Yes, George, but will there be night life as we know it?

## These guys are giving politicians a bad name

The teller in a small French bank was startled to see former prime minister Jacques Chirac come up to her window, and she was even more surprised when Chirac pointed a pistol at her and demanded money. He made off with more than $7000 in cash. A week later, three Valéry Giscard d'Estaings held up several businesses north of Paris. Giscard d'Estaing is currently the French president. Witnesses said that they were paralyzed by the sight of "three presidents coming at us at once." As we in America know, even one criminal president can be tough to deal with. The French manufacturer has been banned from producing any more lifelike rubber masks of France's first citizen. Which is a good thing, because even in France it's getting harder and harder to tell the politicians from the crooks.

## Plants' backtalk

Feel foolish standing there and talking to your plants? Feel more foolish. Stand there

## Show us your skin!

**Miss R. L., from central Iowa, is a living celebration of homegrown wholesomeness. God bless the Midwest and cornfed goodness! Let's all rise and give Miss R. L. a big hand!**

# JACKS

Backgammon, move over. That's right, at the Empire Diner in New York, at Pip's in Los Angeles and here at Zorine's in Chicago, the sporting set is playing jacks. And, as in many new rages, the play sometimes gets out of hand. You at home can practice with a 60-cent jacks set from the local dimestore, or you may get a fancy set for as much as $200 from a jewelry store, but be advised that many clubs insist that players use the house set. Basically the rules are the same as those you played by on the stoop, but many clubs have their own variations. For example, in most U. S. clubs, "the Rowboat" is still illegal and disqualifies you immediately. For detailed rules, check out your local schoolyard.

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13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

and *listen* to your plants.

A Cleveland company dedicated to the cause of two-way communication has marketed a talking plant stand (not a stand for talking plants, a plant stand that talks).

Press a button on the stand and it says things like "This is your plant speaking. I'm so happy in my new home. I love you." Data are not yet in on whether this makes plant owners grow faster.

The company will also be making an X-rated plant stand called the Sex Pot. It will feature the voice of "a dirty old plant." We nominate Barry White. Just think—a *singing* dirty plant.

## Bigfoot in mouth

Not only can you rarely find a cop when you want one, but he's sometimes not much use when you do. Seems that a young woman in Eureka, California, got herself carried off (possibly due to a miscalculation at a singles bar) by a large hairy creature who

signed the motel register "Bigfoot." Bigfoot is a fabled but rarely seen creature of the area—rather like the Loch Ness Monster in Scotland. Reportedly, this simian forest ranger is seven feet tall, weighs 400 pounds and is entirely covered with hair. It is not known if he is a native of California, although one account did depict him in a leisure suit.

Fortunately, according to our heroine, she managed to escape just as the creature was getting out his etchings. Beyond that, she confided that she doesn't really remember a great deal about the experience, and would rather not take a lie-detector test to verify what she does recall.

The county sheriff quashed the investigation, saying that the woman had been sent out to find Bigfoot as a member of a low-grade-movie crew. He also noted, with gratuitous offensiveness, that the lady had no marks on her body or clothing and smelled "pretty sweet" after a two-day blind date with an individual who, according to all accounts, has not been diminishing the planet's ozone with an aerosol deodorant.

All of this strikes us as questionable reasoning. We suspect that the facts are straight out of Tennessee Williams: a Burl Ives–type Bigfoot stomping about his cave, terrorizing the area and exercising a *droit du seigneur* on passing members of film crews. Obviously an individual of great political influence, Bigfoot (or "Big," as he is known to intimates) may be a close ally of California's Governor Brown, who has frequently expressed an interest in a simpler lifestyle.

## Undies in search of a girl

**Mickey Kaplan, an artist who knows a good thing when he hangs it, calls this work *Walking Women*. It's a series of black bras, garters, corsets and stockings suspended between panels of transparent murillo paper. It is also seven feet high and 16 feet long. The young lady dangling, in need of bras, garters, etc., is not part of the art. She just likes to hang out.**

**Derek Podmore, a 40-year-old Shropshire gentleman who calls himself Poddy the Poacher, is shown here getting a six-inch nail driven through his ear. He endured this painful experience as a protest against the police, who took a dim view of his poaching activities. Poddy was cut free from the tree after 90 minutes, hauled in front of a magistrate and accused of conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace. The hearing was adjourned, and our correspondent reports that Poddy now answers all questions, "Huh?" Van Gogh would've been proud.**

**Happy Valentine Day! May the person (or species) of your choice pledge undying love and may you both diddle each other to distraction. But first, our profound thanks and cold cash to the following editorial contributors: Bill Arsenault, Billy Clark, E. G. Erbeck, Theodore Fischer, Sally Harms, Gay ("Won't someone please fix my u key?") Haubner, John Levin, Lawrence Rand, David Sarasohn, Bury St. Edmund, Susan ("To paraphrase Kissinger, what boxer shorts *say* doesn't make boxer shorts *work*.") Subtle, Nancy Waller, Robert Wieder and Gale Wiley. Photo credits: Beaver Street, Mike Phillips; Saka Tumi, Katherine Young; Uncle Sherman, Ken Frantz; sonic dildo, Sally Harms and John Levin; beanies, Ken Frantz; panties, Barbara Pyle; jacks, Ken Frantz (busy boy, Ken!); walking women, Todd Smith; and Poddy, Photo Trends. Art credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Fred Nelson; hemostats, Sharon Couzin; joke, Michael Trossman; Sahib, George Kenton; Giscard d'Estaing, Warren Linn; and Bigfoot, Melanie Delsener. And what does this month's worth of hilarity leave us with? Fond memories? Expectations well prepared and resolved? Laundry to do? Yes, all this but much more, too. Next month is almost upon us, and we'll be able to ask the question again.**

# OUI Ts

Puff out your chest. OUI T-shirts and other hot items are now available by mail. To order, simply complete and return the coupon. Be sure to include the product number and, where applicable, the size desired; we'll fit you to a T.

**SLEEK, FRENCH-STYLE Ts FOR TWO**

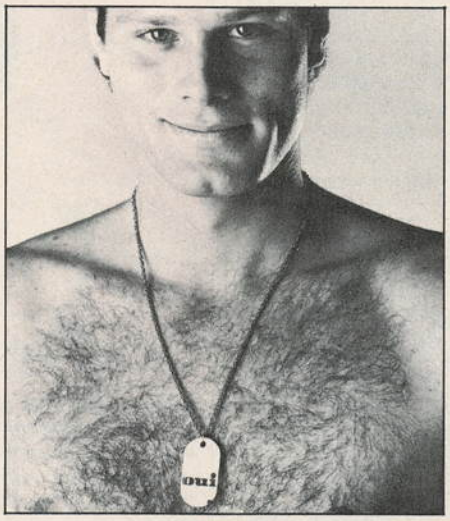
Put OUI on your chest with one of our handsome T-shirts. For him: navy with white lettering. Sizes small, medium and large WA236, $10. For her: red with blue lettering. Sizes small, medium and large WA237, $10.

**OUI'S CARRYALL**

Let your bag be this natural canvas tote with bold red lettering and the friendly OUI logo. Tucked inside, a zippered purse for change or anything else you can think of MM4059, $10.

**OUI KEY CHAIN**

Next time you score a key, attach it to this useful copper dog-tag key chain with light-satin finish. Start a collection JYO819, $7.50.

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Antique-copper finish, 18″ chain JYO817, $10. 24″ chain JYO818, $10. Shiny-copper finish, 18″ chain JYO820, $10.

**OUI PENDANT**

OUI wins by a neck with this positive-minded jewelry. The finish is antique silver; with silver-plated 16″ chain JYO821, $7.50.

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# SEX TAPES

## SEX AND SIZE

*It is probably universally true that no one is satisfied with the shape of his or her body. Beautiful women, especially, are known to complain that their feet are too big or that their breasts are too small. Men rarely worry about the length of their feet, but it is a well-documented fact that most men do worry about the size of their penises. We asked a number of people if their sexual responsiveness is in any way dependent on the size of a lover's bodily parts. The results may amaze some people. Yes, Virginia, there are men who actually prefer small-breasted women. And to some women a big cock is more terrifying than it is exciting. If nothing else, our research shows that for every man or woman embarrassed by a big tummy or skinny legs, there exists another woman or man who finds a big tummy and skinny legs a great turn-on. May you both find each other.*

**Linda W., 26, law student:** I know it's fashionable for most women to deny getting turned on by a man's penis size. But not me. What I'm interested in is length, not breadth, but I know women who enjoy thickness more than length, so it must be an individual thing. A long penis really gets me excited, even if it is just a picture of one. I remember that a guy once wrote a letter to OUI saying he thought most women couldn't care less about what went into their vaginas and that clitoral excitement was everything.

I don't know about other women, but for me clitoral stimulation is blah unless it's accompanied by a good, long, hard cock deep inside me.

I like to imagine that my boyfriend's penis is literally a pole churning me to butter. In order to get that kind of feeling his penis has to be able to reach the tip of my cervix. And when he gets there, I let him know he's come home.

**Jon L., 27, architect:** I'm attracted to thin, hipless, 12-year-old bodies. Now, don't get me wrong. I wouldn't even consider fooling around with a real 12-year-old; my ideal woman would be old enough to know what she's doing but own a body that could pass for age 12. Women with small breasts are often more sensitive in that area than big-breasted women. All of the flat-chested women I've met have been ashamed of their chests; these girls never believe that I prefer them that way. Janey believes me, but then Janey likes herself, and that's the real key to sexual happiness.

Janey has hardly any breasts at all—they're practically all nipple. But what those little nipples do for her is simply amazing. When we make love I spend a long time playing with them, tweaking and sucking and tickling them, until they're sticking up like little red raisins. Meanwhile, Janey's going crazy, whipping her head from side to side, arching her back and trembling all over. One night I kept up my assault on her nipples for almost an hour. Janey was in a sweat; her legs were kicking, her eyes were glazed and she kept begging me to stop.

I went after those nipples like a man obsessed; I never let go of them for a second. All of a sudden she screamed and shuddered and I realized that she'd come; I'd never known that a woman could climax that way. After a minute, I spread her legs and inserted my penis into the wet folds of her practically hairless cunt; the heat from her recent orgasm enveloped my cock like the blast from a furnace. I fucked her slowly, gently, until she was ready to build to another orgasm. We came within seconds of each other and floated off to a dreamless sleep. See why I like girls with little tits?

**"Janey kept begging me to stop."**

**Ira H., 31, sculptor:** For my 30th birthday, some of my friends got together and bought me a callgirl for the night. I can't imagine how they found Lola. When I first opened the door, I just stood there and stared. Lola was one of the fattest women I've ever seen; she must have weighed nearly 300 pounds. I thought of backing out of the whole thing, but Lola was on me in a flash. She reached right down and stroked my crotch, and the expression on her face was so lewd that I got an instant hard-on. She gave me one hell of a hand job with her small, chubby mitts. When we moved into the living room, Lola started removing her clothes, and, to be honest, I was more fascinated than repulsed. Besides, I didn't

want to insult the lady and it was too late to back down, seeing as I was standing there with my cock hanging out.

Fucking Lola was truly an amazing experience. Riding those mountains of flesh transported me into a world of eroticism that I'd never before experienced. To begin with, there was all this incredible softness. No hard edges at all. Her breasts were like giant pillows, and her nipples were three inches across. Her cunt was covered with fine baby hair, and when I entered her it was like slipping into a tub of warm butter. I leaned my full weight on her and began pumping away. It was like fucking on a water bed, except that she *was* the water bed.

I discovered that I could fuck Lola anywhere on her body, not just in that plush pussy of hers. Every deep, soft fold held a new experience for my cock; I fucked her in the crook of her elbow, between her breasts and in the folds of her tummy.

Lola changed my life. I don't even bother to date skinny girls anymore. They just don't turn me on.

**Joe B., 29, film maker:** Big breasts really turn me on. I realize that my sexual fantasies are hopelessly stuck in the Fifties, but that's the way it is.

My partner, Ben, and I had been up all night working on a documentary, trying desperately to meet our deadline. Our editor, Helen, was a very talented woman who happened to have the biggest jugs I've ever seen, bar none. The entire project was extremely difficult for both Ben and me, because no matter how hard we tried, we couldn't speak to her without staring at her tits. Obviously Helen wouldn't have been a film editor if she weren't a capable young woman, maybe smarter than the two of us put together. In any case, she was certainly less inhibited than we were.

It was way past midnight and we still hadn't finished editing the film. As Helen paused to drink her umpteenth cup of coffee, she sighed, set down the cup and then unbuttoned the front of her blouse. Ben and I were transfixed as those two luscious beauties came into view; they were smooth and creamy-looking, with strawberry-colored nipples the size of half dollars. Helen smiled.

"Look," she said, "why don't we get this over with so we can concentrate on finishing the film?"

We looked at each other, Ben and I, and then we both leaned forward and touched the tips of her nipples. In a minute, we were on our knees on either side of her chair, sucking for all we were worth. Helen leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes while we licked and fondled her breasts, and after a few moments, I heard soft, mewling sounds coming from her throat. As I pressed my face deeper into her soft cushiony flesh, the nipple I was tonguing grew harder and harder in my mouth. Helen's whole body trembled, and even though I found her two mountainous mounds of flesh quite fascinating, I began to wonder just how this episode was going to end. I felt my cock straining at my fly, aching to get into the action.

Just then Ben moved his head down a bit, but he kept one of his hands on Helen's reddened nipple. At some point, he must have hiked up Helen's skirt, because the next thing I knew, his head was buried between her thighs.

Helen pulled my face up to hers and began to moan, "Fuck me, oh, please fuck me," in a panting voice.

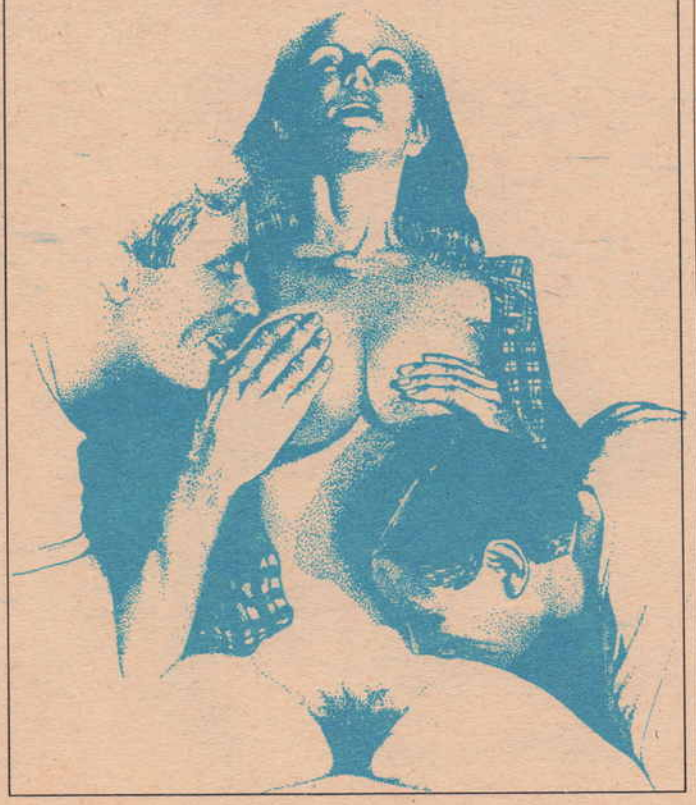
I was more than willing to comply, but I couldn't quite figure out how I was going to do it with Ben down there nuzzling at her pussy as though wild horses couldn't pull him away. If anyone was going to fuck her, it seemed to me that Ben should have first go.

Nevertheless Helen's hands groped their way to my crotch, and with a deftness that could have come only from practice, she released my throbbing cock from its too-tight quarters. It sprang into her hand and I thought I'd burst right away, but something made me hold back. I sensed that Helen had something special in mind. Ben's head was still bobbing around down below, and I could hear slippery wet sounds emanating from his constant tongue work as Helen guided my willing cock toward the deep split between her breasts.

She pressed the two mounds of her tits together until I could feel my penis totally enveloped between them, all snug and warm. I kept on twiddling her nipples between my thumb and forefinger and I started to thrust upward. Helen slid her mouth around the head of my cock.

Between the three of us, we soon got a good rhythm going, me fucking the wet crevice of those fabulous jugs and Ben down there sucking and licking away for all he was worth. Every now and then my cock got a slick assist from Helen's tongue so that moisture was never lacking. The chair threatened to collapse beneath our shifting weight more than once but that didn't stop us. When I came, I very nearly did knock us all over onto the floor. Helen climaxed a few minutes later and then we switched positions. Before the night was through we'd fucked in every imaginable way. After that, the film editing went very quickly.

**"I began to wonder just how this episode was going to end."**



**Letitia S., 28, legislative assistant:** There's no way to say this except by being blunt: I have a big cunt. When I'm aroused, I want either a man with an enormous cock or one with enormous talent. Of the two, I prefer talent. Like Sam's. Sam is only 20 and he has plenty of energy. One night he decided to finger-fuck me to climax, and he discovered that he could slip three or four fingers up inside me without any trouble. A few minutes later he had his whole hand in. That felt so good that I had to hold onto the bedposts to keep from writhing off the bed onto the floor. Soon I was screaming so loud that Sam thought he was hurting me and began to draw out his hand. I clamped down around his wrist and

**"No matter how we changed positions, his hand would follow."**

told him that if he stopped then, I'd kill him. Sam could move his fingers around inside me the way no cock could ever do, creating the most unusual sensations—always different, always interesting. No matter how we changed positions, his hand would follow. We developed a special 69 of our own: He fist-fucks me while I suck him off. We call it 59. Girls with big cunts should be as proud as guys with big cocks.

**Chuck L., 27, designer:** Whenever I think of sex and size, I think of my cousin Louise, who is only four-feet-six-inches tall. She's not a dwarf, and there is nothing about her that makes you think of a child, believe me. She has a perfect hourglass figure, in exact proportion to her size: full breasts, a tiny waist and wide hips, all in miniature. A real turn-on, Louise is.

We used to hang out together in the late Sixties when we were both busy being flower children on the Lower East Side. The more we saw of each other, the heavier the vibes got. We both knew that one day we would get it on together, yet neither of us felt like rushing it.

One night I came home to my sixth-floor walk-up after a fruitless search for work and found that my refrigerator door was ajar. I was sure that everything in the refrigerator was spoiled, and I was pretty disgusted as I walked over to shut it. Then I looked in and saw Louise sitting there, stark naked and cross-legged. There wasn't a bit of food in sight, unless you wanted to count her ripe-looking pussy.

"Just cooling off," she said by way of explanation, and she uncrossed her legs and stretched. Her legs were still slightly spread and I found myself staring at her tiny pussy; its light fringe surrounded a highly visible inner morsel of pink flesh.

Talk about raiding the refrigerator! Louise was obviously enjoying the effect she gave, because she was sitting there with a big grin on her pixy face.

"Time to eat," I said, and I knelt down, inserted my tongue in that diminutive cunt and licked away. I tongued Louise's protruding, quivering clitoris and then massaged the whole area with my lips. I could tell that she liked what I was doing, because she caught hold of my head to steady herself. I knew by the trembling of her thighs on either side of my hunched-over body that it wouldn't take much to bring her to a powerful climax. But since I was somewhat uncomfortable—being half in and half out of the refrigerator—I pulled her out, and we got down to it on the kitchen floor. I am almost six-feet tall, and as I leaned over Louise's small form, I realized that I'd probably squash her unless we tried a different position. She didn't want to get on top, so we ended up fucking sideways, which is one of my favorite ways of fucking, anyhow. My cock is just average in size, but with Louise, I felt like a bull stud. It was terrific for my ego.

Later on Louise insisted on giving me the geisha treatment. I had a rusty tub in the kitchen that we transformed into a kind of Eastern-fantasy bath. Louise soaped herself and proceeded to slide all over me; it was her personal variation of the Oriental art of body massage, she said.

We sloshed around until the water got cold and then Louise hopped out and dried off. The tub was up on blocks—there was a stool to step down onto—and as I stood up, Louise discovered that my cock was at the exact height of her mouth. I didn't think that I could get it up anymore, but she was more than equal to the task. Louise may very easily be the tiniest Amazon in the world.

**Stanley P., 25, poet:** You know this guy John Holmes in the porn films? The one with the gigantic dong? Well, I've got one that makes his look like he's still an adolescent. A lot of women's eyes sparkle when they first see it, but more than a few are afraid to let me actually fuck them. That's why I try to stick with women who are built fairly large, with vaginal openings that will accommodate me without a lot of pain. I can be gentle, but it's a drag to move slowly all the time.

It took me a while to learn that a lot of women can get off on my cock without my doing anything other than sticking it into them. Take Sue, for example. I took her to the movies once and afterward we went to her house for coffee. Her mother was in bed with the flu, but that didn't bother Sue in the least; she wanted to get it on right in the living room. I was a bit skeptical, but I couldn't resist the invitation. She was about 19 years old, small, blond and pretty cute.

After we necked on the couch for a while, I pulled her panties all the way off and undid my fly. She was nice and wet and I hoped we wouldn't have any trouble. Sue kind of gulped when she saw the size of my erection, but she was game. She started rubbing the shaft in her hands, telling me that she wanted to feel it inside her. I lifted her up on my lap and let her play with it a bit more. The TV set was on to reassure Sue's mother that we were watching it, but I was only aware of an occasional commercial. I was much more aware of her mother coughing in the bedroom, for that meant that we were momentarily safe from an impromptu visit.

As our tongues slithered in and out of each other's mouths, Sue straddled me, and I pulled her close so that the lips of her pussy were massaged by the length of my cock. Sue was no virgin, but even with all that lubrication she could manage only about half of my pole. It felt terrific but we both wanted more, so I kept moving back and forth, up and down, until I heard her panting in a way that I knew meant she was about to come. Something seemed to give inside her, and all of a sudden I slid all the way in and stopped. I felt her pussy begin a series of rhythmic contractions that set off my own orgasm. I lost control and began bucking like a wild stallion. Sue let out a shriek—whether from pain or pleasure I'm not sure; what I do remember was her old lady running into the living room like Gang Busters.

You can imagine the mad scramble that followed, so I won't go into it. I'd rather forget it, anyway. It's been two months since the shit hit the fan, but just recently I received a note from Sue. She said she'd like to get together again, despite everything she went through with her mother. I'm willing, but I think I'd better hold out until she gets her own apartment. ▣

# SEX TAPE LETTERS

**Shrinks and sex**

Psychiatrists can really fuck up your sex life.

I'm a lesbian, and my current lover once told me about the time she went to an analyst. It seems he had been determined to cure her of her "perverse" sexual leanings. His prescription? A healthy dose of hetero sex, to be administered by none other than himself. He moved her into the guest room of his English Tudor home right under the nose of his trusting wife.

As Harriet tells it, the doctor would come nightly into her room in his boxer shorts, tell her that what he was doing was for her own good, and fuck her until she chafed. The guy apparently had a tool the size of a baseball bat and knew nothing about sexual foreplay or the erogenous nature of the clitoris. In those days, Harriet really wanted to be straight, and so she endured the nightly penetrations of donkey dong, hoping that she would eventually get turned on by it.

Obviously she wasn't cured of her perversion, and there are two reasons for that. The first is that the doctor's wife usually followed her husband into Harriet's room to lick up his mess, and the second was a heavy dose of the clap, which turned her off "healthy" heterosexuality forever.

TRIXIE A.
Evanston, Illinois

I suppose there are some of us who think of psychotherapy more as a lifestyle than as a treatment for what ails you. Shrinks do a lot more for me than just sort out the wires that are short-circuiting in my head. They are incredibly *sexy* men. I'm not talking about your bread-and-butter analysts; I'm talking about the big-timers in the profession. The bigger they are, the harder I fall—and I've known some of the biggest (in every sense of the word) and the best. Thanks to years of psychotherapy and consciousness-expanding encounters, I can rap about my sexual hang-ups to almost anyone. But give me a well-trimmed beard, rimless glasses and an oak-paneled room with a vinyl couch that smells of tobacco and sweat, and I'm a goner.

The techniques of a shrink groupie—that's what I think of myself as—aren't really all that complicated. I usually meet the top shrinks by going to conventions and lectures. I always make myself known by participating in the question-and-answer period that invariably occurs. Afterward, I approach the analyst I like best and ask to be his patient. The top guys usually won't take on new patients unless they think you're interesting. And I can be very interesting when I set my mind to it. Once in the doctor's office, I usually complain about my low sex drive, my inability to orgasm satisfactorily and my anxiety over sexual encounters. Then, unless the shrink has a few anxieties of his own, it's off to the old vinyl couch for a sexual breakthrough. The truth is, some doctors will bend their professional ethics and some don't have any at all. After I make the first move, most of them are too flattered to resist.

There has been one exception: an older man who's become something of a legend in Southern California for his experimental-therapy techniques.

He really caught me off-guard. He suggested that rather than proceed with standard verbal therapy I submit to a series of sensual awakening exercises. Not knowing what to expect, I just lay back on the vinyl and waited for him to lower his boom.

He asked me to remove my lower garments and I did. Then he proceeded to explain to me what he was doing while he was doing it, all in very matter-of-fact professional tones. "I'm applying direct sensate stimulation to your primary erogenous zone," he said softly, and I could feel his fingertips crawling up the insides of my thighs and pressing lightly on my beaver lips and my clitoris. "You must relax," he continued. "Open your mouth and breathe deeply while I massage the area."

The movements of his fingers became more and more vigorous and he began to probe the opening of my vagina with one hand while kneading my clit with the other. The effect was sensational; I began to writhe and groan and dig into the vinyl for dear life. My body began to spasm uncontrollably, as if waves of electroshock were shooting through me and exploding inside me. My thighs were dripping wet and my tits were aching. We were only three minutes into his exercise and I was already on the brink of a colossal orgasm, hollering bloody murder and flinging my legs in the air above my head.

He hadn't stopped his running commentary once. "You are now on the brink of orgasm," he said.

My panties were down around my ankles and my ankles *(Continued on page 132)*

Illustrations by Leon Tadrick

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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# REVUE

## Mano commits adultery in his heart

Slap the handcuffs on: I'm in love with a 12-year-old. Her name—Oh, sing it out—is Jodie Foster. Foster walks, talks and vamps like an uninflated Mae West. Just shake her hand and they'll have you up for statutory. Man, when this Lolita hits puberty, she'll cause more cold showers than a boiler explosion at the Waldorf-Astoria. If kid acts are tough to follow, how will Jodie Foster follow her own childhood? Precocious? She makes precocious sound like something you'd do with two German shepherds and a banana. I mean, at the advanced age of, say, 21, she'll be playing Gloria Swanson's part in *Sunset Boulevard*. Right now Jodie Foster is too young to watch herself onscreen without parental guidance.

Onscreen in **Bugsy Malone.** *Bugsy Malone* is a Thirties gangster musical take-off played entirely by children (the average age is 12). Scenery has been shrunk. Vintage cars are pedal-propelled (anticipating a future amendment to Congress' Clean Air Act). Hit men machine-gun their hits with white gunk that could be Gillette Foamy or surplus stock from your local artificial-insemination warehouse. As the farmer said when he saw my $3.98 plastic shoes, "I been to three county fairs and a rodeo and I ain't never come across nothin' like that." *Bugsy Malone* is all one gimmick: the way Richard M. Dixon was before he got impeached from show business. British writer/director Alan Parker sets up clichés so we can coo at children using grown-up gestures as we coo at a chimpanzee picking its nose. These clichés—the "discovered" heavyweight fighter, the black bus boy who secretly wants to hoof it and sing—are as undeveloped, as flat as Parker's preteen chorus line. *Bugsy Malone* goes nowhere: a bedtime story you fall asleep halfway through. But let's give Parker one big G for Guts. *Bugsy Malone* must've drawn together the largest, harpiest crew of stage mothers ever. You know what stage mothers are: They're the black things you see pecking at dead rabbits on the verge of Route 66.

Yet, predators aside, there is an aspect that will intrigue: namely, juvenile perception of appearance and reality. Long, long ago I taught acting technique at the elementary level. Now, you tell some six-year-old to be, oh, an end table, and, by Allah, he'll *be* one for you. "OK, Tom," I'd say, "that's good. You can stop now." No reaction. Hell, end tables can't hear. I had one student that got stuck in the furniture business for a full hour. But, at ten or 12, children cease being and start *acting*, which, for any unsophisticated talent, means sleazy imitation. Tell your 12-year-old to do the end-table exercise, and—zap!—he's Constantin Stanislavsky. You should give him motivation, for God's sake. Is this an old end table? Has it been cigarette burned? Does it really want to be an ottoman? Ever see an end table that looked like Marlon Brando? I have.

What *Bugsy Malone* acts out is this imitative acting-out. Today children get oceanic persona input from films, from TV. Back awhile, they had only a bookish set of fantasies. You knew what Frank Merriwell said, but not his exact voiceprint, his idiosyncratic fidgetings. Or children would imitate—for good, for bad—the parent, the brother, the priest. It induced a social identity that had distinctive stamina and morale. At 12, few children can guess what their surprising, stranger bodies have in store: height, charm, D cups, whatever. This is the Xerox stage, when any persona seems plausible, given enough attention to detail. So why not aim high? Rehearse, say, to be the Bionic Man. Truth will suppurate through soon enough. The Bionic Man doesn't quite convince when his face is smeared with Clearasil. It's a fleeting moment and Parker's children obviously relish their amplified selfhood. Relish but seldom achieve. Jodie Foster is a superb (and extraordinarily subtle) Jean Harlow. There are other successful girls. The rest—the male rest, in particular—needs more time being end tables. Women develop as shortstops do: early or never. It's all that practice playing house, I suppose. Men, by contrast,

**PREVUE: If you've ever been stuck in the bathroom with nothing to read but *Vogue* or *Bazaar* and tried to construct an erotic fantasy around the icy beauties therein, you might have come up with the scenario for *Spermula*. Director Charles Matton offers us a story of cool female vampires from outer space who live not on blood but on sperm. Twenty lovely but spooky ladies, apparently recruited right from an *haute-couture* ramp, seek to deprive men of their combative aggressiveness by timely blow jobs. Where Dracula could be deactivated only by a stake driven through his heart, Spermula (played by former Walt Disney star Dayle Haddon) needs a stake of a different sort plugged somewhat lower. With that special French talent for making a sociological treatise even out of chic vampire soft-core, the film is presented as a war between virgins and phallocrats. Love breaks the deadlock. Back to the bathroom.**

—JACK ALTMAN

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develop as dentists do. They reach prime when most women are put out on waivers in our society. At 11, I dreamed I was Errol Flynn rescuing Jane Russell from Cossacks. Now I dream of giving Miss Schmidt up the road a lift when her car breaks down. Life is deflation and compromise. Still, one should go to see *Bugsy Malone*. Not because it's significant or very good but because it's something everyone should do at least once in his life. You might get a pedicure for the same reason.

D. KEITH MANO

## A hodgepodge of musical up-and-comers

When popular music became so popular during the Sixties, it attracted crowds of talented performers as well as mobs of untalented ones. Both sold lots of records.

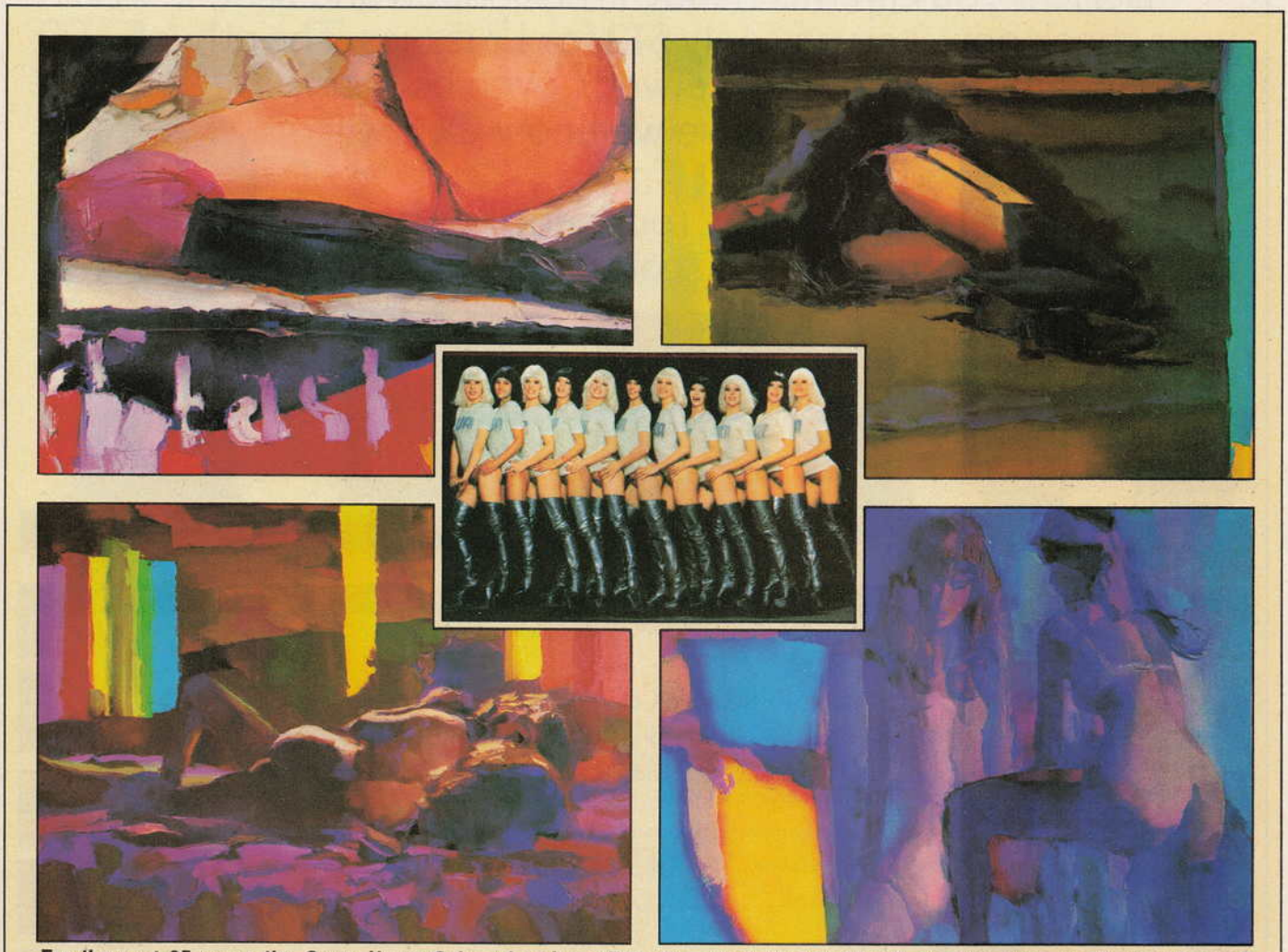
When the economy recessed under Nixon—if we can indulge in a little rock determinism here—the marginal musicians went under, leaving the scene merely crowded. You can buy ten albums a month and never touch one that doesn't carry a name that'd been familiar before 1970.

Few unknowns have broken big since. Most of the "new" stars—from Boz Scaggs to LaBelle to the Eagles to Electric Light Orchestra to Chick Corea (see page 111) to Darryl Dragon to Willie Nelson to Herbie Hancock to Bad Company to Charlie Daniels—already had plenty of recording credits. What with the price of albums inflating along with everything else, and AM radio playlists getting even shorter, it's become desperately hard for new talent to get into the public consciousness. (The exceptions, of course, are the Kiss-class feedback bands, which survive on how well they project punk images, and the singing hairdos such as Helen Reddy and Olivia Newton-John, who are needed to murder time on TV variety shows.)

But this is a big, wonderful land, and there's talent in them there garages. It can stay hidden for only so long.

If there is any justice in the world, not to mention some shreds of post*disco* taste, Al Jarreau will be a star. His second album, **Glow** (Warners), is tangible evidence, and his live performances are incontrovertible proof. Girls shrieked at the Beatles. Women wail at Jarreau. He combines a warm, husky, Al Greenish voice with a South American jazz influence, with a Milwaukee sense of humor, with a passionate, liquid attack on lyrics, with an uncanny ability to mimic nearly any amplified or brass instrument.

Other young singers may match Jarreau's pipes or his energy, but damn few



**For the past 25 years, the Crazy Horse Saloon has been France's ode to the Old West. On any given night, long lines of predominantly American folks wait for the privilege of squeezing together to see long-legged women, baggy-pantsed comedians and a humongous bill for their two drinks. Last summer, the Wally Findlay Gallery in Paris threw a party for Alain Bernardin, the owner of the club. It was also the occasion for showing works—samples above—by Nicola Simbari, who has attempted to do for the Crazy Horse what Toulouse-Lautrec did for the Moulin Rouge. And although the response to the paintings was favorable (one gigantic red mouth was instantly sold for $1000), the guests were somewhat distracted by the presence of the naked Crazy Horse girls themselves. Imagine, if you can, the likes of Prince and Princess Napoleon Bonaparte rubbing shoulders with Lova Moor, Trucula Bonbon and Polly Underground. Later, the Crazy girls appeared at a cocktail party, this time in evening gowns. Simone Karoff, who organized the events, said of the girls, "They were terribly excited, but so shy, my dear. Do you know that they were hiding behind the curtains? Not a bosom in sight. They were so cute." —NAN MUIR**

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match his class. *Glow* abounds with sleek soul music that marks the difference between sensuality and horniness. Jarreau seems to be having a great time when he sings, and that illuminates the most average of lyrics (some of which, unfortunately, are on *Glow*). Jarreau's also got the technique to go with his spirit. *Hold on Me*, the album's shortest track, is an overdubbed scatting exercise in which Jarreau becomes a barrel of Pointer Brothers, a pure *a cappella* delight. Every time I've had people over and this cut comes up, whatever is happening stops; silence until it ends; followed by a classic "Who *is* that?" The rest of *Glow* consists mainly of medium-tempo ballads that are fine for everything from close listening to the background you want when you're curling up inside a friend.

**David Forman** (Arista) is getting better promotion than most debut albums, because David Forman is a sharp lad who signed with Clive Davis, who does things right. Still, Forman's future is probably going to be cultish.

You may well want to join. Forman is an intelligent, bizarre writer with a ton more voice than any other three cultish singer-songwriters alive. He may be the best white New York–style R&B interpreter since the Rascals, and the spare instrumentation on *David Forman* shows it off beautifully. Still, it's words that Forman will be known for first. Like "I just got back from Vietnam/ I been callin' all my old friends/Just to find out who I am/And the reason I'm callin' you, Rosalie/Is that Shorty said you told him that you like me." Or "When I was a boy I dreamed I was a jeweler/With a family business that was free and clear/Selling golden earrings to Mrs. Mickey Mantle/Trying to be gentle, while I stuck it in her ear."

There're also *If It Takes All Night*, a killer falsetto send-up seduction-by-relentlessness number; a great tribute to Randy Newman called *Smoky China Tea*; and in the album's most vicious move, a cover of an old Goffin-King hit for the Chiffons, *One Fine Day*, the lyrics of which are so grossly earnest that they're as funny as anything Forman's written.

The album's major drawback is that the arrangements are all so morose that it's physically impossible to listen to two sides in a row. But one side in a row will do, because they're both so good.

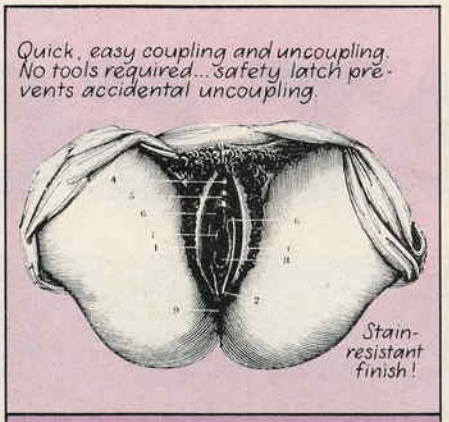
Les Dudek is the hot young slide guitarist in Boz Scaggs's band, and Scaggs has returned the favor by producing his first disc, **Les Dudek** (Columbia). The album has a tight, clean Frisco *disco* sound and lots of crisp guitar playing, but just doesn't get exciting. The songs are merely lyrical fragments, which is OK on an album that is primarily instrumental. Dudek's voice easily scales the foothills conquered by singing guitarists like Eric Clapton, Elvin Bishop and Robin Trower, but what seems to be missing is the passion, the gigantic emotions. Dudek comes on like a craftsman carefully setting up shop on the trails blazed by those psychedelic pioneers. He never cuts loose here the way he does at Scaggs's gigs, or even on the *Jump Street* track from Scaggs's last album. Hopefully, Dudek's next record will have some sweat on it.

The Dwight Twilley Band is an Oklahoma outfit that loves the mid-Sixties British-invasion brand of pop-rock. So do I. But I don't love their first album, **Sincerely** (Shelter). The thing that makes the best pop music work—and by the best I mean the Beatles, the Beach Boys, the Move, the Spoonful, and the Kinks—is ingenuity. A good pop track is incredibly compressed: Energy, hot licks, hooks that catch like the plague and funny, perceptive lyrical conceits are packaged with an ear-grabbing production style in three minutes or less. You need ideas like crazy and total control of the studio.

Twilley has the energy and a good strong voice, but he hasn't got much to say or a very cheerful, imaginative way of saying it. At best, *Sincerely* is cute, though two cuts, *TV* and *England*, suggest that this band may mature. But not until they scrape the bubble gum off their seats.

If you read album credits, you may have noticed the name of a harmony singer whose voice has graced the work of Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris, Chris Hillman, Gram Parsons and others. The name is Herb Pedersen and the voice is choirboy sweet, devilishly friendly. On his first solo, **Southwest** (Epic), Pedersen multitracks feather-pillow harmonies with himself on ten gently rolling country-rock numbers. *Southwest* is a terrific first-thing-in-the-morning record as well as beating hell out of Valium for dispelling rush-hour tensions. Straightforward, absolutely habit-forming music.

—BURY ST. EDMUND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**Most people have some favorite form of junk reading: spray-can labels, sports statistics, press releases, Evans and Novak, best-selling novels. For many, it's catalogs. That audience is so large that in the past decade, publishers have even cleaned up with parodies of catalogs. *Body Parts* (Godine) by Julia Pearl is no mere parody, it's genuine bleak humor, and by the aesthetics of funny, bleak is beautiful. Pearl assumes that someday all body parts will be replaceable, and they will be orderable from a catalog employing hard-sell automotive lingo. The illustrations are detailed 19th Century anatomical engravings, and the witty captions run the gamut from high and dry to down and dirty. Like the "Pre-assembled skeleton built to exacting specifications by European craftsmen." Or the "Endurance-tested!" vaginal orifice. Or the sinus system that's "Guaranteed to run!" Or the "Electronic Dwell Extender" for the——yes, you guessed it.**

**The book is not for the squeamish, because the drawings are incredibly deathlike. Not for the impatient, because the index—describing what organs the drawings are actually of—is poorly organized. Still, leaving *Body Parts* out on the coffee table may be the first thing you've done since 1968 that'll make your mother blush.**

**—B. ST. E.**

## New, improved Barbi doll

We don't mind plugging our friends when they're good, and a case in point is **Something New** (Playboy), on which Barbi Benton—a UCLA and *Hee-Haw* graduate who, as an upcoming country singer, has been playing some of the country's plushest lounges—adds a bit of rock to her musical palette. Not that it's so new; you can hustle to some of the tunes, but some of the others call for the twist. *He's a Rebel* even has a sax solo over a doowop chorus. On a couple of tracks (the title tune and *Riding on a Rainbow*), the country and rock genres get mixed; Barbi also tiptoes successfully through the soul changes of the up-tempo *Needing You* and *Thinking of You*, a ballad with a Philadelphia sound. Of course, the sounds here are strictly L.A. and well manicured (it's a *weird* trip for guitarist Steve Cropper, who used to back up Otis Redding). The rhythm is nicely pointillist throughout and Barbi's vocal phrases are bolstered by sumptuous strings and choruses. Speaking of sex—and love—that's what the songs are all about; and what better guide for such a trip than Barbi? "I'm a comer," she sings, and we believe it.

—CARL BEARD

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# KATIA

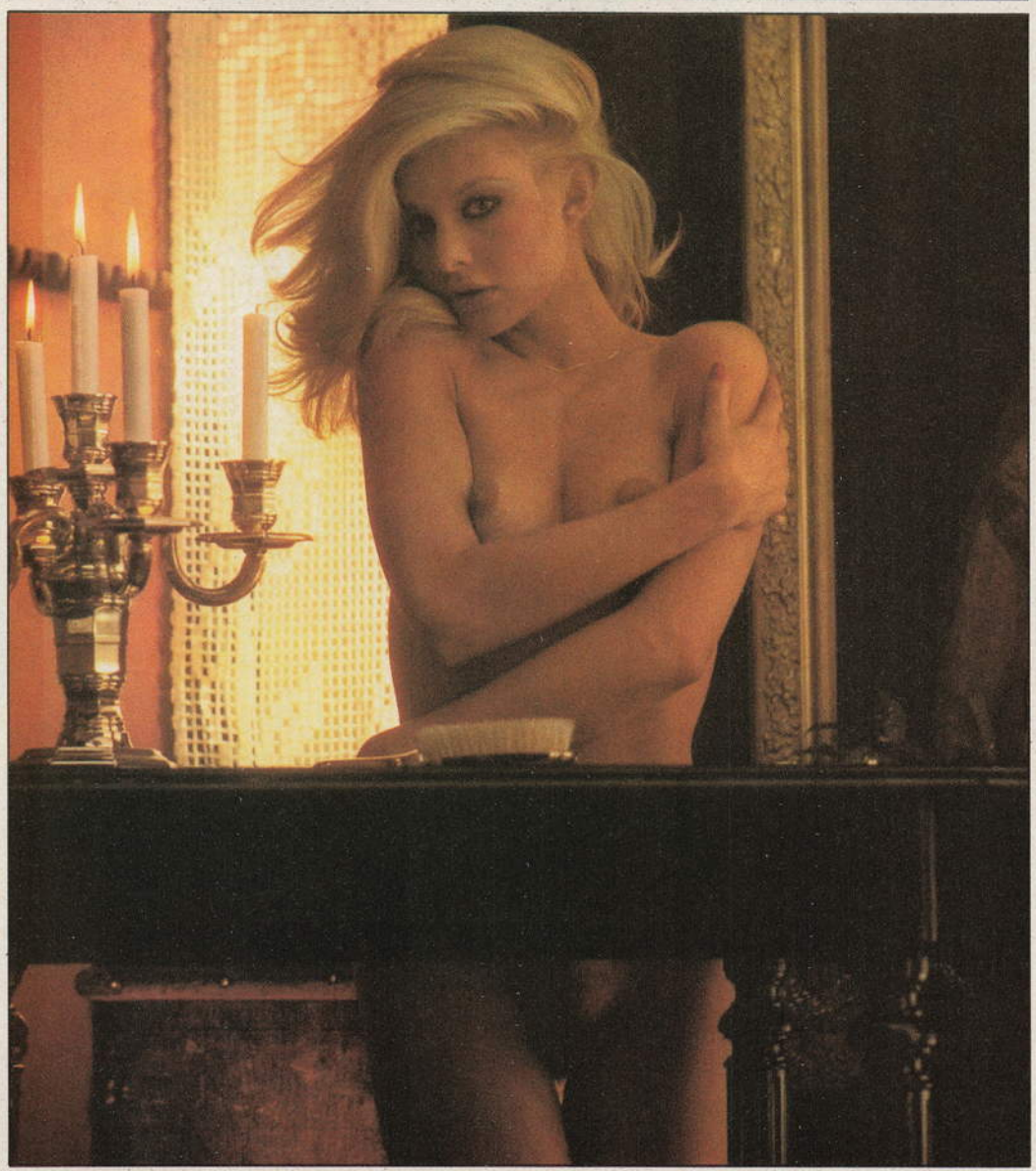
## SHE DID IT TO SHOCK HER MOTHER

"Things have these resonances," Katia says. "I have these associations with all sorts of objects that I have not seen before. I like antiques. I like old things. I like them in my house. They make me feel calm. So many things—things that I see in shops, in a museum perhaps—I feel as if they had belonged to me. I feel as if they *do* belong to me. I wouldn't put a thing inside my house if I felt it weren't mine. It's all remembrance. I know that we have lived before." Katia is in the second generation of her White Russian family to grow up in Paris. Katia is an only child. Her grandfather, now deceased, was a nobleman. Katia has funny, unmodern ideas. "When I am with a man, when I feel an attraction, a real attraction," she says, "I feel that we have lived before. Perhaps we were lovers in another life;

Photography by John Kelly

"I'M OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA
THAT SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS MY TWIN."

# "THIS YEAR, I KNOW FOR CERTAIN THAT I AM A MYSTIC."



perhaps we were brother and sister. Strong feelings we have are remembrances. All strong feelings that we have. Sensations. Who knows where they come from? I'm obsessed with the idea that somewhere out there is my twin. I know when I'm feeling strongly about something—when I'm with a man or a woman, when I'm struck by new sensations—that my feelings aren't determined by the normal limits of time and space. We aren't confined by our bodies, or by days, or years, or what we call the future and the past." Katia likes to do her hair in the style of *Jours de France* magazine, which is very conservative. She likes to look like a proper young thing who has assimilated the social and grooming codes of boarding school. She went to boarding school in Switzerland with her cousin. Her cousin is the only person who knows of Katia's secret desire to expose herself in a magazine. Katia wants her mother to see the pictures. She wants to see how she will react. She also wants to see the reactions of the proper young men that her parents find to escort her to parties and dances in Paris. She is so proper with them. Probably they think that she is a virgin. Probably they doubt that she has ever exchanged an unchaste kiss. They think that she has old-fashioned ideas about holding out for a husband—that she wants to trade her precious bodily parts for the security of jewels and furs and a large apartment overlooking the Bois de Boulogne. She comes from a Russian *émigré* family, after all. The trauma of 1917, she imagines the men to think, must have left scars that will last for generations. How strange their ideas of her are! Katia thinks. Her own thoughts are somewhere else. "This year I know for certain that I am a mystic," she says.

WILCOX

# THE ALL-AMERICAN DEATH ANGEL

## TOM CREECH WAS INTO SATANISM, DRUGRUNNING, ORGANIZED CRIME, BIKERS' GANGS AND MURDERING PEOPLE—MORE THAN 30 OF THEM, AT LAST COUNT/ARTICLE BY MICHAEL REYNOLDS

**The two bodies were discovered the day after they had been shot. They were in a muddy ditch off to the side of Highway 55, north of Boise, Idaho. One was lying face up; the other, face down. A 1954 Buick Roadmaster abandoned on the shoulder of the road above the ditch reeked of stale beer and piss. Its floor boards held pools of blood, still liquid.**

**It was November 5, 1974. Three days later, the state of Idaho would have in custody the characters who were to play lead roles in the most publicized trial in the state's history. Idaho newspapers would vote the trial the top story of 1975. Waves of national media retrievers—*True Detective* police-report rewriters and *New York Times* stringers—mixed with sullen, phantom-like bikers, double-knit Christian proselytizers, official witches, satanists, psychiatrists, banana-league film producers. All these and more eddied into the Idaho Valley, swirling and churning around a 24-year-old nomad with the reverberate, onomatopoeic name: Creech. Thomas Eugene Creech.**

**The two bodies lying in the mud and fading grass off 55 had once been a couple of bum-luck grifters named Edward Thomas Arnold and John Wayne Bradford. As the drama unfolded in subsequent months, Arnold and Bradford's roles diminished to less than those of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. They became mere props, inanimate objects of a multitude of police photos, coroner's examinations and FBI ballistics studies. Their only lines were secondhand hearsay; their only movements were those described by their executioners.**

**The third of November; a grey dishrag of a sky. Ed Arnold was wheeling the old Buick down I-95 south out of Lewiston. He and his partner had picked up some punk and his girlfriend and she was all right. *Goddamn! Might even get some of that young ass before this is over.* The punk was OK. He sprang for a case of Bud. Old Wayne wasn't doing too well in the back, though; he shouldn't have pissed in the back seat—it was grossing out the slash.**

**By the morning of the fourth, Arnold and Bradford were God's own flotsam. Bradford had continued to empty his bladder in the back seat; Arnold had continued to nurse an erection that went in and out of focus like the white dashes rolling up in front of his eyes. They were very close to the DMZ between human and animal behavior. Their vague awareness of the woman in the front seat developed into desire and then into lust. They ignored the punk.**

**That was not very bright. Here were Arnold and Bradford, two petty-thief vagrants completely off the charts in the crime standings, so bush league they couldn't get out of the car to**

**THE ALL-AMERICAN DEATH ANGEL** *Creech gibbered out a confession to the murders of Arnold and Bradford. Then he denied murdering some people whom the cops had not even asked him about.*

pee, putzing around with the girlfriend of a man who had been involved in the murders of at least 30 people—a man who killed without the slightest moral compunction and who thought of himself as an avenging angel. A goodly share of his vengeance was reserved for drunken, petty-thieving, faggot rape-os.

Bradford reached over the front seat for a handful of tit. Another unwise choice. He was groping a predator, a 17-year-old who had been born into the carny, the world of the county-fair/demolition-derby circuit of the American West. The lines were clearly, coldly drawn for her: There were the carnies and there were the marks. Bradford and Arnold were classic marks.

A cathode-ray dawn found the Buick huffing its weight onto Highway 55 at the fork near New Meadows. Outside of Donnelly, a few miles to the south, the girl said she had to piss. The gray hulk moved onto the shoulder. Bradford flopped an arm over the seat back for one more tit squeeze before the girl pushed out of the car. Thick-tongued appraisals of tits 'n' ass from Arnold and Bradford. The girl squats to urinate. Arnold cranes out from behind the wheel to make an assessment. "She sure has a nice pussy." Last words and testament sent out over the planet from one Edward Thomas Arnold, age 34. "She sure has a nice pussy."

There followed a shot from a Sport King model .22 automatic pistol, serial number 366934. A .22 lead wad struck Arnold's right temple, bringing an immediate end to cunt image and pussy chatter. John Wayne Bradford, age 40, was briefly aware of his partner's fate before he caught three bullets in rapid succession in the forehead. The interior of the Buick, baleful beast-fossil of the gap-toothed grille, was splotched with globs of vagrants' blood.

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On the morning of November 8, 1974, the cop from Glenns Ferry, Idaho, was having a cup of coffee at a truck stop outside of town. A young man and woman at the counter were getting coffee to go. It was the girl who clicked the cop's brain into OFFICIAL CAPACITY. More specifically, it was the bright azure-blue maxicoat that she wore: With its hood pulled up, the blue coat set off the girl's blond hair and pale face as if they were incandescent—the same striking combination that motorists had recalled seeing near Donnelly four days earlier, around the time of the Arnold-Bradford blood bath. Since the police had scored this bit of information, there had been no sightings of the blue maxicoat nor of its reported companion plaid shirt and Levis.

Blue maxi's diner friend was not wearing a plaid shirt, but the officer's adrenaline had been stirred nonetheless. He watched the pair go out the door, dropped some coin and moved. A Mustang with Minnesota plates pulled out onto the highway, heading east. The officer saw a third figure in the Mustang. He went to his car and radioed for assistance. The first officer he reached was about to go off duty; he would have to try elsewhere. Finally he located a state patrolman who was nearby.

Inside the Mustang, the punk was hanging on. Just. His mind was fading in and out from lack of sleep while his neural system translated sensory input through a code established by three hits of windowpane acid. While he was not unfamiliar with the erratic terrain of drug states, this was one morning when he would have preferred to be bopping on nothing stronger than a six-pack. More so when he realized that the red and blue lights were not a part of the sensory dance, but were actually popping in the rearview mirror. As the Mustang pulled over, the red and blue lights went swiftly past, revealing still another set of red and blue lights to the rear.

The car in front slowed to a crawl and forced the Mustang to a stop. Blue maxi had her hood down, and her eyes were cold as she turned to look at her stoned boyfriend: The time had come for saving ass. The punk just slipped on a lopsided, goofy smile; in his twisted, bone-weary condition, with all the world melting into red-and-blue light strokes, he could not see that he was being deserted, left totally alone.

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The two were brought to the Elmore County Jail in Mountain Home. So was their driver, who turned out to be a medical student on his way home to Minnesota and who now sweated through countless explanations that he had only picked these people up, for Christ's sake. Hours later he would be released, his stomach still churning as he pushed the Mustang out of the goddamned state of Idaho.

The punk and blue maxi, meanwhile, were strip-searched, jail-togged and separated before they had time to get things straight between them. The girl spit, cursed, raved and threatened, the vehemence and rank poison of it all leaving the jailers speechless. It was like that *Exorcist* girl, they gossiped: attractive teen honey, all blond-hair/cheerleading/have-a-Coke/Anglo-daughter image suddenly raging hell/demon verbal-vomit and detailed-murder prophecy. The jailers backed off, flashing on the Manson-ettes creepy-crawling across the pages of *Helter Skelter*: "It must be some kinda goddamn drug disease!"

Then the raging stopped and the girl began to talk, began to get on with the save-ass business. Her jailers learned about the carny childhood and other particulars in the short life of Carol Ann Spaulding, white, female, 17 years old. They especially learned about life with her erstwhile traveling companion.

The punk was alternately sobbing and confessing. He was still riding the lysergic-acid waves and they were carrying him down a funnel of fluorescent lights, institutional-green walls, dispatch-radio squawks, whirling uniforms. He was in the mouth of the law. And—Jesus Christ!—the law was calling him by his rightful name! Thomas Eugene Creech. He had not given them that name. He had used the old standby, Larry McWhorter. He hadn't been fingerprinted. No one knew him. How in the hell did they know who he was?

Tom Creech would wonder about this for months. Right up until the moment when Carol Spaulding took the witness stand against him.

Creech gibbered out a disconnected confession to the murders of Arnold and Bradford. And he denied murdering some other people, people the Elmore County cops had not even asked him about. They took the confession down in longhand. At 11 that morning, Creech and Spaulding were transferred to Cascade for arraignment. Here Creech was put into a cell and left free to bang his head off the wall like a psychedelic handball.

The next day two detectives arrived in Cascade from Portland, Oregon. They had been looking for Creech for more than two months preceding the phone call from Idaho. Creech had been on the FBI's top ten since Halloween as a suspect in the murder of William "Billy" Dean, an itinerant quasi biker whose bloated, bullet-pierced body had been found in the sexton's quarters of Saint Mark's Episcopal Church in Portland. The sexton had worked at the church for only two and a half weeks and had disappeared before the body was found. He had long sandy hair that he pulled behind his ears, a mustache and a goatee. He also had a small cross tattooed on his right cheek from which emanated two pachucolike rays. The sexton's name was Creech.

The sense of doom that Creech had been carrying around for the past three months *(Continued on page 124)*

# THE CIA'S FIVE DIRTIEST TRICKS

## There are some things that even the critics won't talk about

**Humor by Peter Tauber**

PROJECT SQUARES It's a dirty business, no one denies that. As long as the other side—the Commies, Congress, the press—plays rough, the Company can't afford to be the only white hats in town. In this league, nice guys don't finish at all. So it has been the CIA's reluctant duty to devise certain, shall we say, methods, for keeping up with the pinko Joneses.

Of course, not every curious development in recent American history can be traced to the CIA. No one, for example, seriously believes that Joe Namath's frequent knee injuries have had anything to do with anything except his oft-stated affection for panty hose and hot buttered popcorn.

However, recent disclosures have unfolded some inspired CIA plots:

• French Grammar: This invention of the CIA's secret-language laboratories, which operate behind the front of Theosophical Society Reading Rooms, was deployed in America, as the cheapest, most effective way to divert young high school activists from the Commie-riddled college of their choice. Impossible conjunctions! Irregular verbs! Unlikely idioms! Faggoty pronunciation! Ridiculous syntax! It worked.

• The Seat-belt Interlock: This fiendish CIA invention supplied the final solution to the subversive-businessman question, as targeted individuals were kept in preventive detention in cars trapped for days in stark, barren airport parking lots. The technology consisted of a seat-belt buzzer that would not turn off; if the victim did retain his sanity and tried to override the interlock system, the resultant short circuit of the ignition would cause his rapid incineration.

• Senator Jacob Javits: A brain-storming session at Langley headquarters resulted in the idea of making a lifelike dummy that would be set loose to create radical political boredom among New York liberals. The venture was so successful that an improved model was placed in the U.S. Senate, where it caused yet more confusion and chaos.

• The "Hollywood Squares" Death Seat: This ruthlessly successful device allowed key domestic enemies to be terminated "with extreme prejudice" and little fuss after appearing on a seemingly innocuous TV game show. Wally Cox got it there. Charlie Weaver never had a chance. Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King were slated for this seat, but something else came up. Right now, there are open invitations for Paul Newman, Bob Dylan and Marlon Brando to make appearances. So far, the only person to accept nomination to the chair is Barbra Streisand, who says, "I'm too big a star for them to fuck with like that."

James Dean said the same thing. So did Marilyn. So did Ruffian.

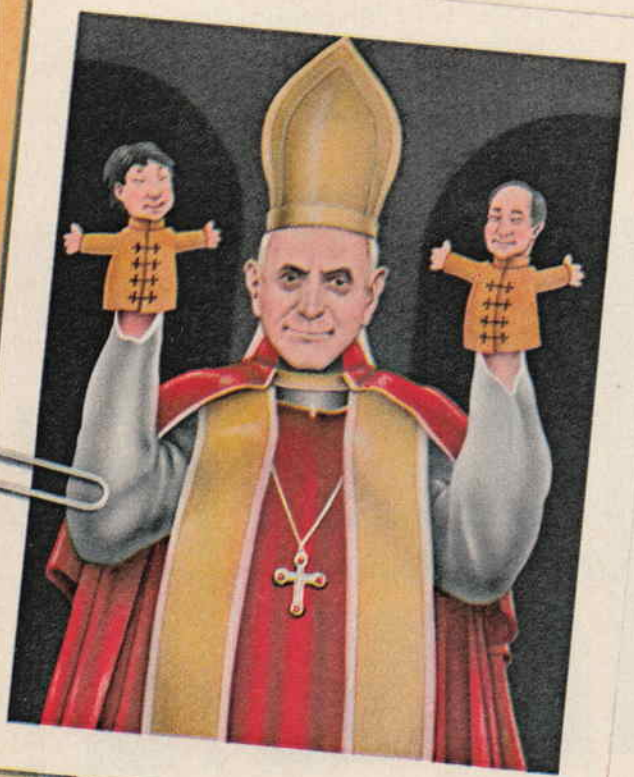
Subject enters target area.

Illustrations by Vincent Topazio

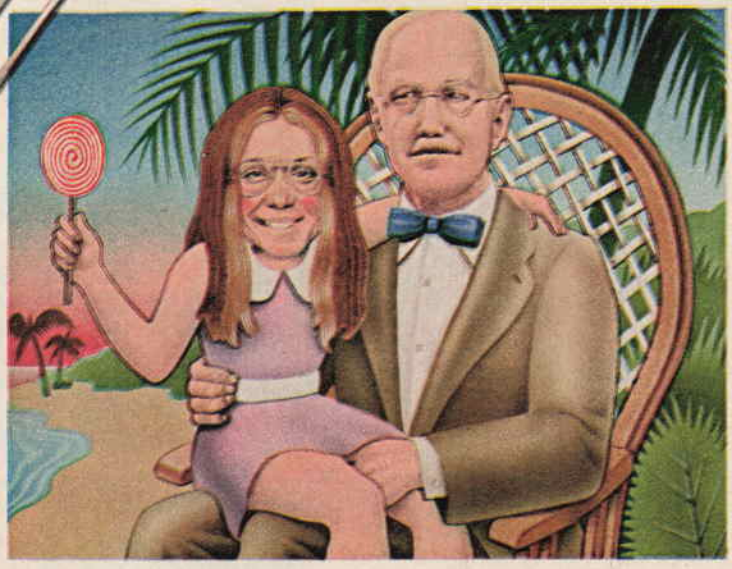
PAPAL BULL Sometime in the early Sixties the CIA acquired a new front by buying a controlling interest in an Italian conglomerate listed on the big board as H.S.I.: Holy See Industries. Then, in a classic coup, the Agency deposed the parent firm's head, Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli, by convincing him that death was the quickest way to canonization, and replaced him with an operative known as Paul the Sixth.

As nominal head of the home office in Rome, Paul was able to arrange the transfer of all so-called Catholic Church holdings to the CIA portfolio, and tax-free billions flowed into the Agency coffers. Later Paul suggested a method for picking up loose change among youthful nonbelievers and arranged for the CIA's Far East station chief to give him control of two of the Agency's best operatives: the Reverends "Sunny" Moon and "Golly" Ji. It had long been known that, while many American teenagers were leaving the Church, any foreigner with a good rap and an old bed sheet could get 20,000,000 American kids to walk halfway to Milwaukee on their knees—and to fork over all their inherited loot in the process.

America's gratitude to Paul and the Church was best expressed when Richard Nixon himself stopped off in Rome during his world-wide Presidential perambulations. It was a pilgrimage to kiss Il Papa's ring, as Nixon had done before to important dignitaries in the Teamsters Union. Deeply touched, Paul kissed the American President on the mouth for a good two minutes, with lots of tongue.



Agent Paul the Sixth.



Agent Gloria with The Director.

PROJECT GLORIA It was on a tiny Caribbean island that CIA Director Allen Dulles and his top aides met in the Fifties to launch a plot that would bring a certain male element in America to its knees. It began with a nationwide search for the cutest kid in America, during which the CIA combed through Mouseketeer applicants, cereal-ad models, child tap dancers and Peanut Gallery regulars.

The winner was a little girl named Gloria Steinem, and for years, she remained in the pay of the Agency. Everything she touched turned to gold. She tried her hand at writing and zoomed from being "just another editorial assistant" to being a political columnist on a major magazine.

Eventually her major job was to create a social movement that would distract the liberal community from meddling in CIA affairs. The title the CIA gave to this creation was the women's liberation movement and the gimmick devised to sell it was the female orgasm. Soon the CIA had Gloria Steinem writing tearful prose about how a pretty honey like her hadn't gotten her rocks off in a dog's age.

The genius of the female-orgasm ruse was its appeal to liberals, and so the intense frustration of seeking the unattainable orgasm came to be the exclusive lot of CIA enemies. Liberal men broke down trying to give their women something impossible to achieve; the wives turned bitter and hostile. Husbands and wives were sensitized into ineffectiveness. Among those marriages that did not crumble, children were out of the question; among those couples who already had children, the offspring turned out to be so monumentally neurotic that no one need fear their marrying.

The CIA plot was triumphant: Within a generation, those chromosomes bearing the genetic trait of liberal tendencies would become as extinct as the passenger pigeon. In return for Steinem's good work, the CIA gave her her own magazine to play with.

Project Billygoat: first date.

THE HAYDEN-FONDA MATCH-UP The case of Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda presented a rich opportunity for the CIA to experiment with neutralizing radical extremists. The Company was also able to make use of one of its newer subsidiaries—a computer-dating service. Agency operatives mailed Tom and Jane tips that the computer had found them perfectly matched. The Los Angeles field office loaned Tom bail money and a racy convertible and coached him in snappy lines to lay on Miss Fonda. Agents in New York, meanwhile, drilled Miss Fonda on the difference between the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks, on the stages of revolution and on how to tell an Octobrist and what to tell him. Then they let them at each other and held their breath. It was a case of billy goat meets can: He ate her up.

Jane had always longed for the genteel-shabby grad-student life that her Vassar grades had never permitted her. Tom longed for the cheerleader types who, in his high school days, had always preferred star quarterbacks to up-and-coming anarchists. She was his ideal. He was hers. They didn't come up for air for a month.

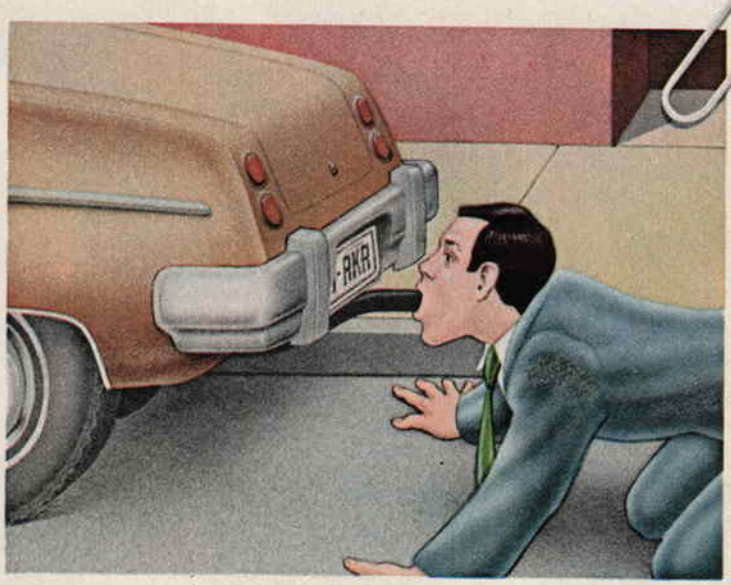
The CIA psychologists were ecstatic as they watched the secret home movies of the pair. Henry Fonda wasn't so thrilled; Peter Fonda was. On the whole, it was the most successful domestic affair since the Agency blew up that Manhattan town house next to Dustin Hoffman's as a warning.

And where are they now? Jane is much the little homemaker, putting up preserves and reading some scripts from Walt Disney Productions. Tom is wearing a suit and tie, and is casting about for a 1980 political campaign to enter. It's another happy ending.

THE JACKSON HIT It is now known that the CIA has long done its best to find gainful employment for members of the alleged Mafia.

Back in the Sixties, for example, the CIA had a project that used turned-around mobsters to bump off leaders of turmoil-prone political parties and civil-rights groups. You know most of the victims' names, but there were other attempts that have never come to light. One of these was the attempt in 1972 to rub out the Reverend Jesse Jackson, prominent civil-rights leader. For this job the Mob offered the services of Wladislav "12 Thumbs" Podgorny, a triggerman who had worked before on consignment to the CIA and knew its procedures well—even though in his patriotic fervor, Podgorny often made mistakes. Once, when told to blow up an enemy's car, he burned his lips on the exhaust pipe. And when given a subcontract on Castro, he tried to run down a hideaway convertible. Given his new assignment, he quickly memorized Jackson's key features: curly hair, dark complexion. It wouldn't be hard to pick him out in a crowd. Next, Podgorny was enrolled in a CIA front called the Major League Baseball Umpires School. Podgorny zipped through the ranks in record time and by spring 1972 was ready to pull off the Jackson hit: He would be behind the plate at Wrigley Field in Chicago when, at a predetermined moment, the grounds crew would douse the lights and Podgorny would clobber the Reverend Jackson.

Despite his great clout, Reggie Jackson would be a dead



Agent Podgorny's auto hit.

black leader, the victim of an unfortunate baseball beaning.

However, some things do not go according to plan. For one thing, night baseball is never played at lightless Wrigley Field; secondly, Reggie Jackson never played there either, as he was then a member of the Oakland A's American League team.

Podgorny spent a whole season behind the plate, diligently calling balls and strikes on his 12 thumbs, before he realized his mistake. Just as well, the CIA inspector-general determined while looking over the progress reports, because he realized that the intended victim, Reggie Jackson, was, for the most part, not the Reverend Jesse Jackson at all.

# THE FASHION LIONS IN WINTER

Before ski touring reached its present popularity, it was distinctly nonfashionable. Manuals used to advise the neophyte to search in the attic for an old pair of bloomers or knickers which, combined with knee socks, provide the basic cross-country ski outfit. You see, it's important that the legs have freedom of movement. It's also important that your shirttail doesn't come out of your knickers—so one-piece outfits that stretch are popular. Some stylish

*The basic ski-touring movement is the diagonal stride, so-called because the right arm moves with the left leg and vice versa. You glide forward on one ski, having pushed off on the other while it was flat on the ground, with both knees bent forward*

# HIGH-VISIBILITY CLOTHES FOR DEEP SNOW

examples (it's a fashionable game *now*) include the Lifa suit at left ($60), worn by Olympic skiers—it's combined here with a Janus hat ($6.50), Ryla gloves ($21) and Suveren racing boots ($42); the anba U.S.A. suit worn by the lady ($145), matched with Trak socks (about $11) and gloves ($11); and the AFRC Actionwear suit (about $50) worn by the gentleman at right, who has flavored it with Janus socks ($10), Falk shoes (about $40) and Lill gloves (about $10).

*and your weight directly over the ski. Your hip extension and toe push-off give you power; so does the pole push-off, which comes at the same time as your kick, or a fraction*

*of a second later (the poles should be at about*

Since the body creates its own heat while ski touring—and carries it along like a protective bubble—it's important not to overdress (it's also wise to avoid anything bulky enough to catch on a tree). Light fabrics are advisable—porous knits or synthetics that don't absorb moisture; the Norwegians favor fish-net underclothing. Even when it's below freezing, you don't need to bundle up like an Eskimo. Many cross-country skiers strip off garments as they go; this suggests the necessity of a pack—don't ever ski without one—and some variation of the layered look, which provides the best alternative to the stretchable one-piecers shown on the preceding pages. The lady at left sports

*the same angle as the lower part of your kicking leg). Later on, you'll learn how to go uphill—by side-stepping and jump-stepping (exactly what they sound like), herring-boning (walking uphill with the tips of the skis*

bib-type Lifa knickers and jacket—detachable—with a hood, all warmly lined ($80); her light-touring shoes are by Suveren ($42). The gentleman in the middle is decked out in knickers ($30), a down vest ($34) and an Alaskan shirt ($22), all by Woolrich; completing his outfit are Janus socks ($13) and gloves ($18). His large-capacity Gerry pack—he can lash his skis to its sides if he chooses—sells for $54 at Morrie Mages Sports, a top outlet in Chicago. Finally there's the lady in a Janus sweater with reindeer design ($55), trail knickers by Woolrich ($30), Janus socks ($13) and mittens ($12), a wool hat by Wigwam ($8), plus a foldable day pack of urethane-coated nylon, by Alpine Designs ($21).

*pointing outward) and traversing, in which you go uphill by a series of lateral movements connected by kick turns. Going downhill, you control your speed by snowplowing (pointing the tips of the skis inward) and change direction by means of step turns. Falling—and picking yourself up—come quite naturally.*

# SKIING WITHOUT HEIGHTS

## FORGET ST.-MORITZ; IOWA BECKONS

*Cross-country skis (above) are lighter than their alpine counterparts. The Elite XLT is a standard wooden design ($75). The Trak, made of synthetic materials, uses a device shaped like a fish scale to grip the snow and eliminate the need for waxing ($63). They're not for the purist. Both Epoke skis are made of molded fiberglass, but the 600 model ($175) is a racer and is lighter and faster than the 900 ($125). The Norse, by Elite, is a no-wax wood ski with diamond-shaped ground grabbers ($75); and the Elite Norglas is a fiberglass ski with torsion-box construction ($110).*

Cross-country skiing—aka ski touring, Nordic skiing or x-c skiing—is the original form of the sport and was invented some 4500 years ago, during the second ice age, by residents of Europe's northernmost regions, in order to get around their snowy habitats. The Norwegians hunted on skis, fought battles on skis and envisioned their gods doing likewise, particularly big Uller, the spirit of winter, who sped around with his toes tucked into a pair of Viking long ships. In the 12th Century, Norwegian royalty began skiing for sport—today, *all* Norwegians do it—but it wasn't until the 19th Century that skiing began to reach other countries. The late 19th Century was also when the

Photography by Richard Izui / Outfits and accessories by Morrie Mages Sports

*Top, left to right: These are boots for racing, light touring, general touring and—with double laces and extra instep support—mountain ski touring. The soles all employ a honeycomb construction to trap air and insulate the feet. The molded-rubber plates have holes to accommodate the bindings; all by Suveren (between $42 and $57). Below, from left: An aluminum pole with cork handle, by Sandvik ($15); a standard bamboo model by Sparta, with molded-rubber handle and, like the Sandvik, a steel tip (about $10); and an aluminum pole by Sparta with a long-lasting carbide tip ($18). All three have bent tips for easy withdrawal from the snow.*

*Here, basking in the spotlight, are three standout pieces of cross-country equipment. The Epoke ski is carbon fiber—an improvement over fiberglass wrapping—with a foam core; it's extremely light and strong and is strictly for racers ($360). The poles, also racers' favorites, are aircraft aluminum with a carbide tip, by Sparta ($38). The Suveren shoe features a new thermoplastic sole and weighs less than three ounces ($76).*

*The bindings (top) hold your boots firmly to the skis. The Røyken (above center) is used for heavy touring and mountain skiing ($15). The others—from left to right, by Rottefella ($10), Snabber ($8), Rottefella ($8) and Holmenkollen ($10)—are all toe-clampers, which leave the heels free and are ideal for cross-country use. Above: This well-stocked fanny pack, by Ski Imports ($8), has yielded a can of Bass spray wax remover ($3); a can of grundvalla—the base preparation for wooden skis—with applicator, by Swix ($2.50); Jack Rabbit wax, which comes in two varieties, for dry or wet snow ($37.50 for a 25-pack; $1.50 a can); several types of Swix wax ($1.25 each); and a tube of klister, by Swix ($1.75), which is soft wax used on extremely wet snow. There's also a Swix scraper with a waxing cork ($2.50), plus a Janoy thermometer ($7) and a spare ski tip by Bonna ($4.50).*

alpine version—wherein the participants fly through the air and try not to break any bones—was developed from ancient Norwegian military exercises, largely by Sondre Norheim of Telemark; it got a big boost in 1879 when Oslo's Hemmestveit brothers staged the first jumping exhibition. Skis were brought to the United States by Norwegian settlers to the Midwest. America's first ski star was a Norseman, John A. "Snowshoe" Thompson (his snowshoes were actually skis), who carried mail and provisions across the Sierras to the California mining camps during the 1850s. Alpine skiing has been established in America since the 1932 winter Olympics were held at Lake Placid, but ski touring was the province of an eccentric minority until 1962, when a group of downhillers, frustrated by crowded slopes, formed the Ski Touring Council in order to promote the cross-country sport. Figures are hard to come by, but the council currently estimates that 1,500,000 Americans have discovered that ski touring is easier and safer than the alpine variant. It's good for the body. It's democratic—you don't have to be any particular age, size or sex to participate. And it's well stocked with sensory benefits—like the view of woods from a neatly manicured track. From Vermont to Idaho there are now scores of resorts with cross-country ski facilities. (For information on them, contact the Ski Touring Council, West Hill Road, Troy, Vermont 05868.) For those who choose to combine ski touring with camping, there is also the satisfaction of surviving in—and communing with—the wilderness (before you head for the Yukon, make sure you can tell bear tracks from wolf tracks). And there is the satisfaction of learning to mix your waxes in order to deal with mixed weather conditions. Base preparations are burned into the skis to keep moisture out; then running waxes, which are made for varying temperatures and types of snow and are identified by their colors, are applied in various combinations. Each *aficionado* develops his own methods, and rival ski coaches used to try to steal one another's formulas. Incidentally one result of the ski-touring boom in America is that Yanks are showing much better internationally; during last winter's Olympic games at Innsbruck, 20-year-old Bill Koch, from Vermont, won the silver medal in the exhausting 30-kilometer race, despite the fact that he'd run the distance only twice before. There was no national fanfare over his victory. But the sport brings its own rewards—Koch called it "very spiritual . . . an art form"—and its many American devotees were thrilled by his success. Naturally they'd like to continue gaining converts—and nature seems to be on their side, since most climatologists believe another ice age is heading this way. We know executives who already ski to work—in such unlikely places as Chicago. Of course, they go through park areas; and they do so happily, because they get a chance to greet other skiers (among them are usually a few pretty girls, already steamed up), and safely, because there are no muggers on skis—as yet. ▣

# TEX MEXICAN

## TAMALES, TACOS, ENCHILADAS AND THE RED-HOT TRUTH ABOUT CHILI PEPPERS

### ARTICLE BY COLMAN ANDREWS

The Mexican dishes with which most of us are familiar—chile con carne, enchiladas, *tacos* with shredded lettuce and cheese, chili con queso, *burritos*—were actually developed in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. They're based on authentic Mexican dishes, of course, and in some cases, they have the same names as authentic Mexican dishes, but what Americans eat when they go out for Mexican food is not what people in Mexico eat when *they* go out for Mexican food. What Americans eat might more appropriately be called Tex-Mex, or maybe Cal-Mex, cuisine.

Tex-Mex food is a genuine, original, regional style of cooking, just like Creole cooking or the American-Basque food of the Western states. (Cal-Mex differs slightly: It's not quite so spicy; it uses corn *tortillas* more than flour *tortillas*; Tex-Mex chili is made with ground meat and usually with beans, while the Cal-Mex version is made with stewed beef and no beans.)

Mexican food, as it is served up frozen and canned, at take-out chains and at the margarita-and-*tortilla*-chip palaces that now exist in most American cities, is a homogenized, defused version of Tex-Mex. "Most of the so-called Mexican restaurants in the U. S. have a fast-food approach," says Simon Generalao, who manages the Los Angeles branch of *Señor* Pico, an inventive if not exactly authentic "early California" Mexican restaurant owned by Trader Vic's. "Fast-food outlets are very popular because they're cheap and the food they serve is filling. The common dishes can be made in advance, and they're not hard to prepare. But what these places serve," continues Generalao, "is basically peasant food, food to be eaten on the street—not the kind of thing you sit down in a restaurant for."

Some establishments do serve authentic dishes—among them, Antonio's in Los Angeles (which has four well-trained chefs from different parts of Mexico) and any number of restaurants in Corpus Christi and San Antonio, which are usually agreed to have the best Mexican food in the U. S. Other restaurants are proud of the non-Mexicanness of their cooking. "I was in business for years before I knew that what we were serving was Cal-Mex," says Blanche March, owner of the 47-year-old El Coyote in Los Angeles. "We just use recipes from the family, which had been in California for generations." One of her waitresses—Mexican—adds: "I think this kind of food is really much better than what we get in Mexico. Here the ingredients are much better." Many food critics and restaurateurs in fact prefer Tex-Mex to Mex-Mex, usually on the grounds that it's not as greasy and that it uses ingredients that are somehow purer or fresher.

But that's a lot of nonsense, as anyone who has ever eaten well in Mexico knows. It's also beside the point, because Tex-Mex, or an approximation thereof, is what we get in the U. S., and it's a wise child who knows his fodder. Hence, the following brief guide to Mexican food, gringo style.

WHAT'S WHAT

*Tortilla.* A thin, round, unleavened bread made from corn or wheat flour—the basis for most of the Mexican dishes served in the States.

*Taco.* Originally, anything wrapped in a soft or hard *tortilla*—much as a sandwich is anything wrapped in bread. By common American usage, *taco* has come to mean a crisp corn *tortilla* folded gently in half (so that the bottom is rounded) and filled with ground or shredded meat (or sometimes chicken), shredded lettuce and grated cheese.

*Taquito.* A small, cocktail-sized version of a *taco* or, sometimes, a soft, rolled *taco*, usually very thin and usually covered with a variation on *guacamole* sauce.

*Quesadilla.* A *tortilla* that is filled, folded, sealed, deep fried and is covered with chili peppers or hot sauce.

*Burrito.* A rolled, soft, flour *tortilla* with some kind of filling. More

# REVELATION

or less an American invention, though the name is occasionally used in northern Mexico.

*Enchilada.* A fried soft *taco* dipped in or covered with sauce. In the U. S., it is usually filled with meat, chicken or cheese, and the sauce is chili or cheese or *guacamole.*

*Tostada.* A flat, crisply fried corn *tortilla* topped with any or all of the following: beans, beef, chicken, lettuce, *chorizo* (spicy pork sausage), *guacamole,* sour cream, hot sauce, miscellaneous cold vegetables. An open-faced *taco.*

*Refritos.* Red beans (frijoles) first simmered until soft, then mashed and fried slowly in oil.

*Tamale.* Corn (usually) or wheat dough, more crumbly in texture than an enchilada, filled with meat or chicken, then wrapped in a corn husk—though a banana leaf is used in some parts of Mexico—and steamed. Usually it's topped with chili sauce.

*Chiles rellenos.* Literally stuffed chili peppers. Usually the peppers are mild; they're stuffed with meat or cheese, coated in batter and fried and served with sauce, usually of tomatoes and onions.

*Huevos rancheros.* Fried eggs, usually atop *tortillas,* surrounded with spicy chili sauce.

KNOW YOUR CHILI PEPPERS

Depending on your source, there are 61, 92 or "around 200" varieties of chili peppers in Mexico. They are known botanically as *Capsicum annuum* and they range from that pea-green Styrofoam that Americans call the bell pepper to the petite, fiery, blood-red chili *pequín.* There are chili peppers that can make you sweat, chili peppers that can seriously damage your stomach lining and chili peppers that can blow the top of your head off. There are also chili peppers that are about as exciting as baby food. One thing is very important to remember: The seeds of the chili pepper are always hotter than the pepper itself. And what are the chili peppers most often found at markets and specialty stores in the United States?

*Ancho.* A dried chili, reddish-black in color, somewhat resembling a large dehydrated prune. It has a strong flavor, but it's not particularly hot.

*Cayenne.* Probably the most common of the spicy hot peppers, the cayenne is usually long and thin (though a smaller version exists) and bright red or green in color.

*Chipotle.* Light brown, dried (or occasionally pickled) and fiery, the chili *chipotle* is actually a *jalapeño* (see below) that has been fully ripened, dried and smoked.

*Guajillo.* Elegant, shiny, red and dried, the *guajillo* seems to have a particularly long-lasting bite and is sometimes called *travieso,* or mischievous, in honor of that fact.

*Güero.* Yellow or yellow-green in color, waxy on the outside and usually mild—although the seeds in a young *güero* can sometimes provide a surprising jolt.

*Jalapeño.* This is the Mercedes-Benz of chili peppers: classic, full of good taste, available in several horsepowers and not recommended for those who cannot pay the price. It is middle to dark green, usually two or three inches long and with a rounded rather than a pointed tip. A pickled, seedless version of the *jalapeño*—much milder—can be found, too, but it is, at best, a two-door Plymouth.

*Poblano.* Waxy, large and dark green—in appearance rather like a pointed bell pepper—the *poblano* is mild, so it's good as a container for meat or cheese; in fact, it is the chili pepper usually used for *chiles rellenos.*

*Serrano.* Similar to

Illustrations by John Youssi

the *jalapeño* in appearance, the *serrano* has a strong flavor and as much bite as a good *jalapeño*.

RICE ON ICE

The next time you're standing at your supermarket freezer case trying to decide which brand of Mexican-style dinner to buy, don't. Try a nice frozen pizza instead.

CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

*Tortilla* chips are a genuine Mexican invention. Small corn *tortillas* are cut into bite-size segments and fried to crispness for use as an edible spoon for *guacamole* and other such dishes. Sometimes commercial American chips resemble the originals and sometimes they don't. The idea that a chip can be *taco* flavored, for instance, makes very little sense in Mexico. Would *you* buy a bag of corn chips if they were advertised as sandwich flavored?

Our crack taste-testing team tackled several varieties of *tortilla* chips, and some of the dips they're likely to get stuck into. The results:

*Granny Goose Tortilla Chips* (7-oz. bag, 65 cents). Fresh and crispy; the flavor of corn comes through nicely—the closest to real *tortilla* chips of all we tasted.

*Doritos Taco Flavor Tortilla Chips* (8-oz. bag, 79 cents). Dark in color, crunchy, with considerable variation in flavor from one chip to the next.

*Poqitas Tortilla Chips* (9-oz. bag, 79 cents). Slightly stale; rather neutral in taste.

*Laura Scudder's Mini-Tacos, Nacho Cheese Flavor* (6-oz. bag, 69 cents). A *nacho* is a snack, a Mexican *nosh*, and not a kind of cheese. But then, Poqitas ought to have a u in it, right after the q, so what the hell. In any case, the cheese flavoring here is suspiciously like processed American cheddar dried out to the point of dustiness. These are actually mini-*tortillas*, folded into the shape of *taco* shells, supposedly to hold the dip better. Unfortunately, they're too brittle and thin to come out of a bowl of self-respecting dip alive.

*Laura Scudder's Mini-Tacos* (7-oz. bag, 69 cents). Even worse than the cheese-flavored version, with an off-taste reminiscent of corn syrup.

*Fritos Enchilada Dip* (10-½ ozs., 59 cents). Very good, with a dark color and an unusual, slightly sweet, almost chocolate taste. Not particularly spicy, but subtly flavored.

*Gebhardt's Jalapeño Bean Dip* (7-½ ozs., 33 cents). The spiciest of those we tested, with a strong flavor of beans—but also a rather peculiar metallic taste.

*Fritos Jalapeño Bean Dip* (10-½ ozs., 59 cents). A good taste of beans, but not spicy. Too bland.

*Laura Scudder's Jalapeño Bean Dip* (10-½ ozs., 55 cents). A slight bite, but little bean taste. Mush.

THE OLD CON CARNE GAME

Some topics should never be discussed in polite conversation. Chief among these are religion, politics and how to make chili con carne. There are millions of experts on the subject, including the entire population of the state of Texas. Counting commercial preparations, there are literally thousands of recipes for chili. One popular canned brand I have before me now contains "water, beef, cereal, food starch-modified, spices, paprika, potato flour, salt, textured vegetable protein (soy flour and caramel coloring), dehydrated onion, dehydrated garlic, caramel coloring." By way of contrast, my own personal recipe calls only for shredded beef browned in lard, garlic, a generous number of *ancho* chilis, freshly ground cumin, fresh black pepper and as little water as I can get away with. Between those two recipes, undoubtedly, lies the truth.

TESTING THE METAL

Chili does not can well. But some chilis can better than others. The best canned chili in the world is Wolf Brand; however, it's made in Texas and sold only in that state, and *no* canned chili is worth going to Texas for. In an effort to find out what's what among more widely available products, I recently organized a blind tasting of canned chili, with two frozen ones thrown in—with beans and without. A number of Texans, Californians and other experts participated. The results in the sans-beans category:

*Stagg* (15 ozs., $1.33). Not in the same class with the others, as its price suggests. A new brand from New Mexico; superbly flavored. This was the only brand sampled in which the meat resembled meat in texture.

*Armour* (15 ozs., 73 cents). So-so; a preponderance of oregano or some chemical approximation thereof.

*Hormel* (15 ozs., 68 cents). Widely rumored to be the best in its price range, but this can sure wasn't. The meat tasted like cereal and the sauce was bland.

*Hormel Hot* (15 ozs., 68 cents). Falsely advertised. There is no discernible difference in spiciness between this and the Hormel regular; if anything, less flavorful.

*Alex-XLNT* (frozen, 8 ozs., 85 cents). Good color, but little else. Meat particles were microscopic, other flavors were indistinguishable, and tasters called the sauce everything from "dreary" to "foul."

Chili with beans:

*Stouffer's* (frozen, 8-¾ ozs., 89 cents). Good flavors. The meat tasted like meat and the tomatoes, green peppers and onions were readily identifiable and tasted almost fresh. This is the only chili we tasted in which there were real red kidney beans. It lacked only the bite of hot peppers—which, as one taster pointed out, is the most easily corrected fault a dish can have.

*Stagg* (15 ozs.,

$1.13). Not surprisingly, the meat was again of good quality and seasoning was excellent.
*Dennison's Hot* (15 ozs., 54 cents). A reassuring, almost nutty taste. Too many beans, though.
*Dennison's* (15 ozs., 54 cents). Almost indistinguishable from the Dennison's Hot, but with slightly less edge to it.
*Hormel Hot* (15 ozs., 54 cents). A mediocre chili with no great faults but absolutely nothing to recommend it.
*Hormel* (15 ozs., 54 cents). Again, not appreciably different in spiciness from the hot version. This one has a strange, slightly bitter aftertaste, though.

THE HOTS

Every Mexican restaurant has one or two varieties of hot sauce. Usually the sauces are soupy and red and not too spicy, and they don't get brought to the table unless you ask for them. In general, the more identifiable chunks of chili peppers, tomatoes, onions, or whatever you see in the bowl, the better and hotter the sauce will be. The best hot sauce, in fact, is what is known in Mexico as *salsa cruda*, or uncooked sauce; this is best made with *serrano* chilis, fresh tomatoes (red or green), onions, and cilantro (Chinese parsley). The best canned hot sauce is made by Ortega. Some other decent ones are Las Palmas, La Victoria, Pedro's Pride and Herdez.

THE MOST FAMOUS MEXICAN DISH

The most famous Mexican dish in the world has nothing to do with *tacos*, tamales or enchiladas. The most famous Mexican dish in the world is Caesar salad. It was invented during Prohibition in Tijuana, at Caesar's Hotel and Restaurant, by Caesar Cardini.

## CONSIDER THIS LITTLE-KNOWN FACT FROM CULINARY HISTORY: THE CAESAR SALAD WAS INVENTED IN TIJUANA, MEXICO

The original Caesar salad was made with romaine lettuce, Romano cheese, French bread croutons fried in olive oil, vinegar, lemon juice, and eggs that had been coddled for exactly 60 seconds—precisely the time it took to make them mix well with the other ingredients and coat the lettuce thoroughly. Modern Caesar salad usually substitutes parmesan for Romano cheese, adds anchovies and often substitutes a raw egg yolk for a coddled egg.

STOUT-HEARTED MENUDO

*Menudo* is tripe, in the form of stew, and it also includes hominy and a calf's foot. *Menudo* cures hangover. *Menudo* cures impotence. *Menudo* cures anything you might be worried about on Sunday morning. *Menudo* is from the north of Mexico and is extremely popular in California and the American Southwest. Tripe is the stomach lining of a cow.

TWO IMPORTANT MEXICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO WORLD CULTURE

When folks sit around chewing the fat about Mexican contributions to world culture, *mole poblano* and *guacamole* are bound to come up sooner or later. As they should. Who else but our Mexican neighbors would have thought of putting chocolate into turkey gravy? Who else would make a cocktail dip out of mushy green fruit?

*Mole poblano de guajolote* (turkey) was supposedly invented at the convent of Santa Rosa in the town of Puebla, several hundred years ago. The viceroy of the province (and/or the archbishop) paid a surprise visit; caught without proper provisions, the nuns killed their only turkey and then threw everything in the kitchen into the pot. Everything included cinnamon, coriander, chilis of several varieties, raisins, almonds, pumpkin seeds and—chocolate. Many modern recipes leave out the raisins and almonds, and the amount of chocolate used has always been slight.

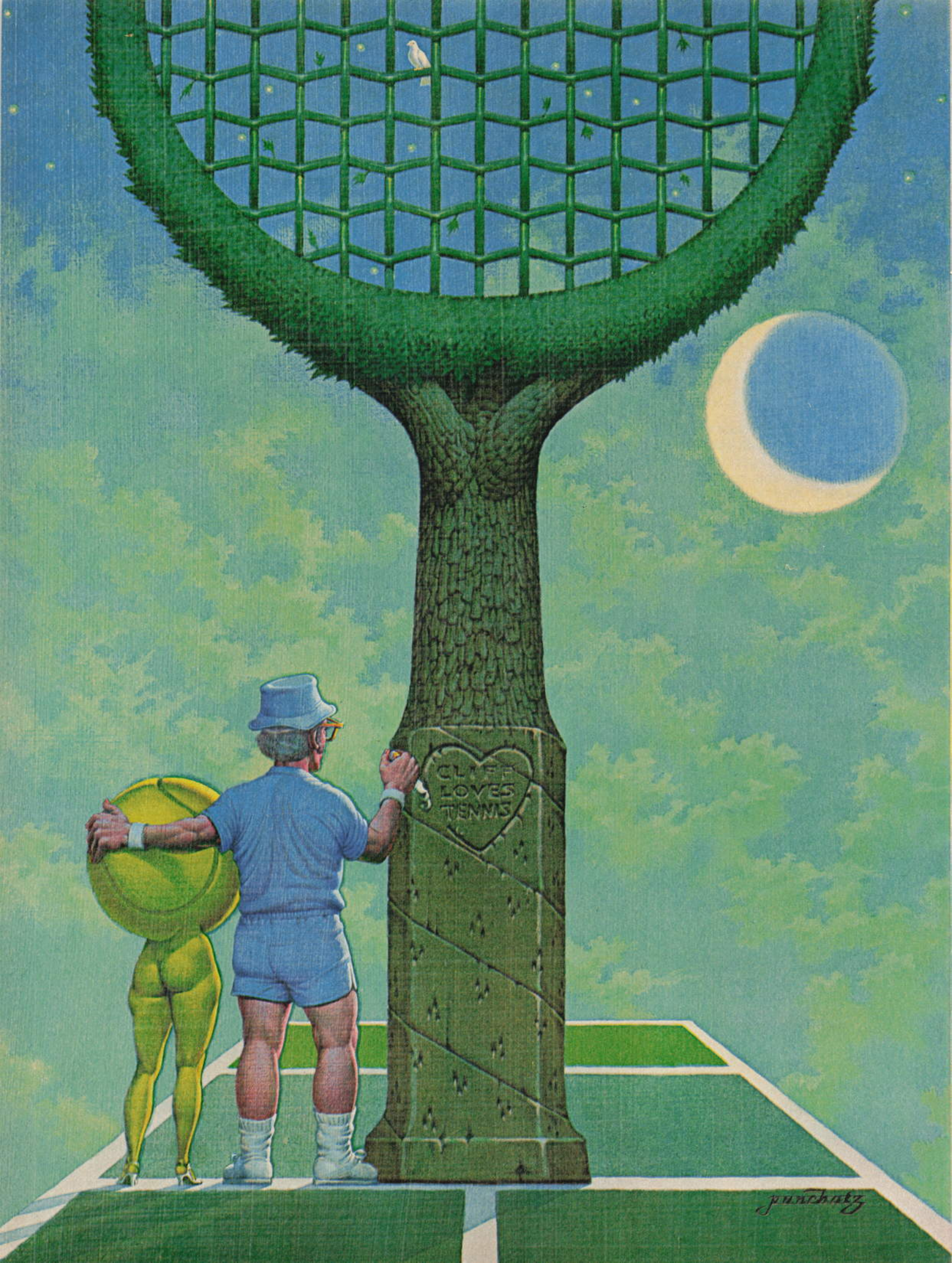
*Guacamole* seems to be an even older dish, probably dating from Aztec times. All kinds of crap gets put into *guacamole* today—including mayonnaise, sour cream and vinegar, but *guacamole* should start with sweet, ripe avocados and proceed very carefully from there. I usually add a bit of lime juice, salt, fresh cilantro, onions or scallions, some *serrano* chilis, and just a small quantity of chopped-up tomato (regular or green).

*Guacamole* can be used not only as a dip for crisp *tortilla* chips, of course, but as a sauce (or one ingredient of a sauce) for enchiladas, *tostadas*, *burritos*, *taquitos* and *tacos*—or as part of a salad.

WHAT MEXICANS REALLY EAT

Mexicans really eat all *kinds* of things. *Tacos*, enchiladas, tamales—sure. But usually in forms that would be barely recognizable to American devotees of same and in seemingly infinite arrays of regional variations. They also eat a formidable line-up of other dishes—subtle, intricate and unusual: *Carne cocida en limón*, a Mexican steak tartare marinated in lime juice; *pollo pibil*, a spicy chicken dish with orange juice; soups made from avocados, cheese, melons and pumpkin blossoms; and, of course, the unforgettable *huachinango a la Veracruzana*, red snapper in a tomato sauce with olives and capers.

There are many Mexican cuisines—it's a large country, divided by two major mountain ranges and innumerable smaller ones—and all of them are better than they used to be. According to culinary historian Reay Tannahill, ancient Aztecs ate dogs, axolotls (a kind of salamander), white worms and a curious froth from the surface of the water that could be compressed into a substance similar to cheese.


CLIFF
LOVES
TENNIS
punchatz

# CONFESSIONS OF A YEAR-ROUND TENNIS ADDICT

## THE HUGHES-HOAXING AUTHOR KNOWS CIVIL COURTS, FEDERAL COURTS AND COURTS OF APPEAL; HE PREFERS CLAY

**ARTICLE BY CLIFFORD IRVING**

In the early summer of 1974, thinking I was of sound mind and body, I decided to take up the game of tennis. I say this calmly now, but I might as easily have written: In the early summer of 1974, I decided to start mainlining heroin.

I had just rented a house in the village of East Hampton, New York, which some intelligent people consider to be about halfway between Europe and Manhattan. I wanted to hole up and write a novel. I had with me an easy-going and lovely young woman whom I'll call V. It was all very cozy. But a writer, even more than a businessman, leads a sedentary life, whether he's actually pummeling typewriter keys or slumped in his chair, begloomed. I started to think about how I needed to get some exercise, so I decided to play tennis, which I hadn't done for nearly 15 years.

I soon realized that I was not alone in my rediscovery of the game. I became a member of the Bayberry Club in nearby Amagansett and found myself surrounded by panting performers of all ages, sexes and shapes. It was obvious that, as far as participation goes, tennis had become the country's national sport. In 1974, the number of players in the United States had been estimated at 30,000,000 and I'm told that there are now 130,000 courts in this country and that, last year, Americans spent about $100,000,000 on tennis equipment, clothing, club memberships, court time and lessons. Three years ago, when I was about to go to prison for my Howard Hughes hoax, a Federal judge peered down at me from the bench and grimly predicted: "Mr. Irving, with your attitudes, there's no hope of rehabilitation unless you make a 180-degree turn. And I think that's impossible." I was glad to think that I was about to prove him wrong by becoming part of a national mania.

During my first lesson with Fred, the young pro at Bayberry, I felt old, out of shape and unsure of myself—until the hour was almost up. Fred instructed me: "Keep that elbow tucked close to your body on the backhand. Hit well out in front of your right foot. Eye on the ball. That's it!"

I whacked the ball sharply across the court, past Fred's straining racket. I would like to have framed and gilded that backhand and to have tied it with a blue ribbon. On cold winter nights, the memory of it still warms me. "Let's see that on instant replay, folks," Fred said appreciatively.

I smiled.

I was hooked.

For two weeks, I took lessons every other day. I bought new leather sneakers and armfuls of soft white socks with traditional navy-blue and maroon stripes. How could you not play well if you owned splendid accouterments? I had to buy a new racket, too. I agonized for several days over the most important question in every tennis player's life—wood or metal?—and selected wood: a Wilson racket, the Jack Kramer model.

I had, of course, become an expert in rackets. If anyone asked, or was just willing to listen, I'd run on this way:

"Wood gives you control. I personally would hate to sacrifice control for power. After all, where will power get you if you're playing on slow clay? No, I don't like the trampoline effect of the T-2000. The Davis? Too whippy. See how stiff this shaft is? I had the grip raised a little, too. Oh sure, that cuts out the torque on a hard volley."

The torque! How about that? I could talk tennis with Arthur Ashe if I had to.

After July, I spent very little time on the beach. I started playing real matches. Won a few, lost a few—mostly lost, but no matter. "Losing," I explained to anyone who would listen, "is as good as a lesson from a pro, if I can understand *why* I lost." Everyone agreed instantly. It was absolutely the correct thing to say. When I won, I tried to look gracious and to make the appropriate remark: "Oh, you were just off your game, Bill." Tennis players, Ilie Nastase notwithstanding, are big on etiquette. When I lost, even if the key point were on a disputed call, my line was: "You just pulverized me today, Larry." Soon, I was in great demand as an opponent.

I was out on the courts three and four hours a day. On fair days, I played two shifts, morning and late afternoon, with a break for a cheeseburger and salt pills. On rainy days, I sat morosely at the typewriter in my study, dreaming of perfecting a top-spin lob. My novel suffered. So did V., whom I had lured out to the Hamptons and into my nest with promises of a voluptuous good time. I had the feeling that I wasn't delivering, so, one day I put it to V., as casually as possible: "Why don't *you* take up the game?" I felt like a coke freak who says to his ladyfriend, "Here, sweet momma, just try this one little sniff. You'll dig it, baby."

V.'s answer? "Darling, I thought you would never ask."

•

Although V. was splendidly built, I'd always thought of her as essentially devoted to indoor sports, and I knew she hadn't held a tennis racket since her teens. But she was a natural. All through the late summer she took lessons from Fred, practiced at the backboard, then began playing sets. Within a few weeks, she had graduated from the hit-and-giggle play of beginners' women's doubles.

"If they can't be serious about it," V. said grimly, "I don't want to play."

I knew then that she was hooked, too.

Autumn came to the Hamptons—its finest season. The air was crisp, the beach untrampled, the geese winging and the courts uncrowded. We played all day, every day. We limped home with aching knees and weary feet, ready for a blissful soak in a hot bath, a bottle of burgundy and a blood-rare sirloin. Our conversation at dinner was always stimulating.

For example, V. said in early November, "I get the feeling that I'm close to a breakthrough. I was really hitting deep today. Good down-the-line forehands. But I still double fault too much."

"Practice your second serve."

"Tomorrow," V. said fervently.

Tomorrow beckoned us to new tactics, grander strategies, fresh opponents or old ones against whom defeats had yet to be avenged. At last, the owner of the Bayberry took down his nets for the winter, and we began using the public courts in Amagansett. The days grew nippier, but barring rain or 40-mile-per-hour winds, we played outdoors, bundled in clothing that made us look more like skiers than like tennis players. On the really bad days, we booked time at the two indoor courts of a local college gym.

I added a few paragraphs to my novel. I read tennis books by Tilden and Gonzales, and I subscribed to two tennis

**CONFESSIONS OF A YEAR-ROUND TENNIS ADDICT** *I went to the local acupuncturist so that he could poke needles into my fingers and abdomen in order to restore the zip to my backhand.*

magazines, and I studied articles that instructed me in how to cream my open-mouthed opponent with deep ground strokes, crisper volleys and twisting serves. The magazines offered "A Psychologist's Cure for Fear of the Net," admonished "Build Up Your Muscles for Baseline Sprints," warned "Don't Be Half-baked for Half-volleys" and asked such burning questions as "Should the Second Serve Be Outlawed?" I didn't scoff for a moment. I dog-eared the pages and marked passages in red ink for V.

For Christmas, V. and I exchanged identical presents: new aluminum Yonex rackets, right out of the space age. For her birthday, I bought her tennis dresses and the only frilly lace underwear in the world with hidden pockets for tennis balls. For my birthday, she made a special trip to New York for an Abercrombie & Fitch leather traveling bag with zippered compartments for two rackets and all the paraphernalia I toted like a coolie to the courts: spare shirt, extra socks ("You should wear two pair," Rod Laver once wrote, and Laver was *God*), towels, wristlets, sweatbands, rosin bag, two cans of balls, grip tape for the racket handle, other tape for blisters and an elbow brace—for by then, of course, I had an advanced case of tennis elbow. I soaked the elbow in a hot bath every evening. I also tried using a heating pad, but finally I went to the local acupuncturist once a week so that he could poke needles into my fingers and into my abdomen in order to restore the zip to my backhand. He cured me, and it was a good thing, for otherwise I might never have graduated to the intermediate stage of addiction. You see, all this was *only the beginning.*

•

If some 30,000,000 Americans play the game at least once a week, it's not difficult to imagine that a few million of these are hard-core fanatics like V. and me. Outdoors, in the brittle January sunlight, we are visible. And, like junkies, we desperately need one another.

Contact wasn't difficult. Our group consisted of a local lawyer, a well-known literary critic, an eye surgeon and a woman who chaired a national foundation for the arts, among others. We played together whenever and wherever we could. When we weren't playing tennis, we were talking tennis, or watching it together on television.

However, something was wrong. All dedicated tennis nuts, at some point in their careers, become disgruntled. We reach a plateau. Why can't we advance? After so many lessons and sets and practice sessions, why do we still hit the ball with the wood? And more to the point, why do we lose to an opponent who's obviously nothing more than a hacker? (A hacker is someone who beats you when you know, just *know*, that you're the better player.)

All this was beginning to get to me. I tried to analyze it. I had the dedication. I had the stamina. I had the reflexes. One February morning I looked out the window at the drifting snowflakes. "What I don't have," I said to myself, "is the playing time. Twice a week indoors is not enough! I've got to get out and hit! And learn! And hit some more! Not to mention that I'm freezing my ass off up here."

So I chose the Colony Beach & Tennis Resort on Longboat Key near Sarasota, off the gulf coast of Florida. I had been there long ago, in my pre-tennis life, and remembered how beautiful it was—a tennis player's heaven, with 12 all-weather courts adjacent to several miles of pristine white-sand beach. It was a setting for romance, and it was also a setting for achieving excellence in one's chosen passion. The accommodations were luxurious; the food was great; there were a pool and a Jacuzzi for aching elbows and weary feet, and, each morning between 9:30 and noon, there was a tennis clinic. V. and I felt like children entering Disney World.

We arrived late at night and had a drink at the bar with Murray Klauber, the owner and an old friend. He nodded his approval of my flashy two-racket bag. "How come you didn't play the last time you were here?" he inquired.

"I was innocent then. Now I've become an addict."

"I want to become one," Murray said, "but I can't afford it."

Although we managed to fall asleep by midnight, V. and I were both wide awake before six o'clock in the morning. It was already light, but breakfast wasn't going to be served until eight.

"How do you feel? Tired?"

"No. Great!"

"Do you—I mean, do you want to . . . ?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

So we rallied on one of the fast all-weather courts until eight A.M., while the morning sun warmed our northern bones and the Colony yawned pleasantly to life. It was a good hit, as tennis nuts like to say. I found a hopper full of balls and took V. to the net, showing her how to punch out at volleys and go for depth. I always knew what to do even if I couldn't do it myself.

At breakfast—where everyone wore tennis clothes—a couple in their 50s sat at the next table. Like shipmates, or inmates in an asylum, people at tennis resorts tend to be immediately friendly. The man leaned across to me and smiled. "We saw you out there. You certainly get up early to give a lesson."

"Just getting used to the surface," I explained. "We only got in last night from New York."

"Oh, I thought you were the pro."

I corrected his mistake with a hearty laugh, but that, without a doubt, was, and remains, the high point of my career as a tennis player.

We stayed 12 days at the Colony, and we loved it. The morning clinic taught us but didn't exhaust us, and we could spend the afternoons in match play with our fellow students. Everyone was there for two things: tennis and more tennis. Six hours a day on the courts was not uncommon; no one cocked an eyebrow at you and said, "Aren't you taking this game a little too seriously?" Murray Klauber told me that he liked to think of most of his patrons, affectionately, as "tennisolics." I knew I was an addict, and I asked some of the other men if they had ever viewed themselves that way. They all nodded briskly or glumly, depending on whether they'd just won or just lost their match. "Just don't mention my name if you write anything," one Atlanta executive said. "My partners think I'm at a conference in Tampa."

Jim Shepherd, the Australian pro-in-residence who also conducted the clinic, took me into his confidence late one night over yet another round of beers, which is what Australian tennis players drink to keep in shape. "I understand you, mate," he said. "A really good game is like going to bed with a good woman, and when you play badly it's like hanging around a bad bar with a cheap hooker and having a god-awful hangover afterward."

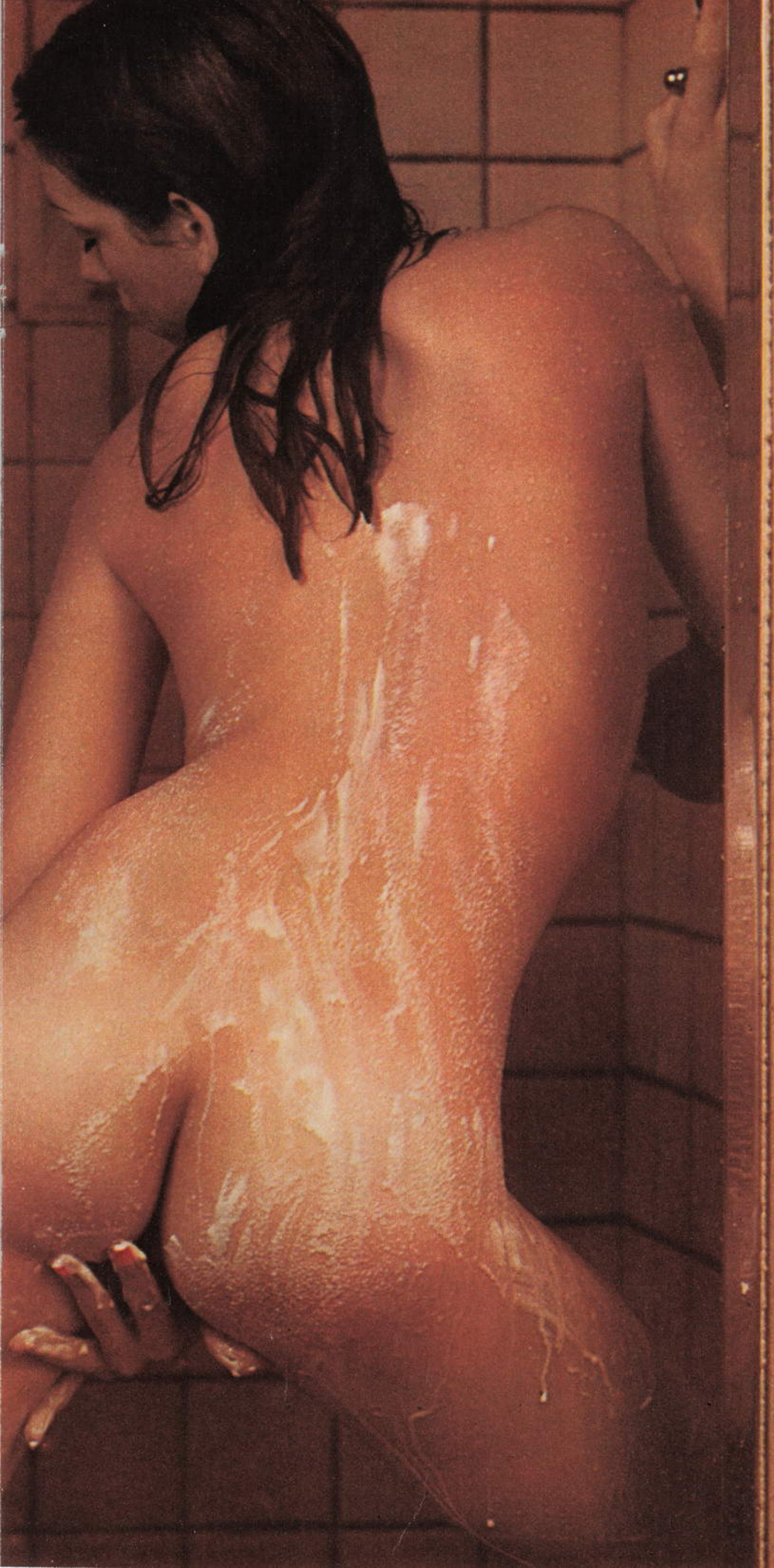
He had put it well, but he had also edged close to a question that V. and I had discussed only in the most jovial way, yet had realized could become a problem. And that was: Could tennis replace sex? Or was *(Continued on page 102)*

# Donna
## TAKES A SHOWER

Photography by
Nicholas De Sciose

The water comes from deep in the ground. She hears it coming long before the first drops sputter noisily through the shower head. After hesitating briefly, they regroup; streams of water beat on the tiles and steam begins to rise. Donna, who was not born under a water sign, is in no hurry to do her soap trick; she's only 19, and she wants to make the experience last. In the late Seventies, 19-year-olds are even more cautious than they used to be. But she knows the heat won't last forever; the plumbing in older buildings is unreliable. She decides to take the plunge. After the initial sting of the droplets on her skin fades into a steady, tolerable bombardment that lulls her into a state of dreaminess, she begins to perform, slowly, soapily, her private ritual of bathing. It gives her a chance, among other things, to make sure all her bodily parts are still where they're supposed to be, and in proper form. The water beads clinging to the nozzle of the shower and to the porcelain soap dish have bright little dots. Each one seems to carry a picture, but it's too small to see. Doubtless, they're all fragments of one large vista that will never quite come together: a jigsaw looking glass, leading, perhaps, to another world. Donna bows her head and watches the rivulets cascading off her body in a variety of directions. Amniotic memories—not to mention recollections of past showers and reflections therein—bestir themselves. The droplets grow larger and more violent. They swirl about her with increasing fury until finally they pick her up and convey her, swiftly and silently, through a panel that opens in the wall, down a long arcade with green and pink bubbles, and out

CLEANLINESS
IS NEXT
TO GODLINESS,
DONNA
BELIEVES;
EVANGELICALISM
HAS TAKEN
A TOLL ON HER



onto a lonely beach with a couple of eggshell boats at rest on a lake fed by ice water from the surrounding mountains. She has been here before; she recognizes the hills by the rhythm of their breathing. She had been meaning to get back here someday, but she's been working hard—as they told her she would have to do at school—and gathering her escape time catch-as-catch-can. The peaks fade and swell, glowing pink, then blue, in sequence, and humming with a message that never becomes distinct. She strains to decipher it. Then a gust of wind kicks up a wave of lake water, like a wayward strand of hair. The boats do a jittery two-step. A giant feline with a beard like Ramses II peeks out through leafy bars. Donna feels uneasy. A crosscurrent of air drives the host of bubbles back toward her. She tries to take hold of a large mauve bubble and rides back over the foothills, over the outskirts of the town. Donna's bubble swells until she can't see past its edges, then goes pop and vanishes. The water, still hot on her shoulders and spine, is now cold around her ankles. But the warmth has penetrated her tissues and assuaged her muscles. Donna's shower has taken her someplace she didn't expect to go. And she got away clean, too. A few froggy digits are a small price to pay for going through the shower wall and savoring hermetic visions. Especially now that it's almost time for her prince to come. Which reminds her that she has other business to take care of. She shuts the valves off. The water swirls around the drain in ever-tightening circles; then, with a funky gurgle, it slips out into the cosmos and Donna's shower is strictly a matter of memory.

oui

CONVERSATION WITH

# GRACE SLICK

The *adulte terrible* of rock 'n' roll explains how she's cleaned up her act, how she almost shot David Crosby and how it feels to be off the sauce

***Grace Slick, the original Acid Queen, was born Grace Wing on October 30, 1939, in Chicago, Illinois. Her father was an investment banker. Her mother, a singer, had once been a movie stand-in for Marion Davies but she gave up showbiz to get married. Grace was the couple's first child. The Wings lived in Chicago for three years after Grace was born, then moved to Los Angeles, San Francisco and finally to Palo Alto. Grace was a cheerleader in high school. She attended Finch College in New York for one year and the University of Miami in Florida for another, majoring in art and philosophy.***

***Grace traveled some, worked odd jobs, then went back to the San Francisco Bay area to model in department-store ads and fashion shows. She married Jerry Slick, whom she had lived next door to when she was nine years old, and they formed a band called The Great Society, which recorded one quickie album, produced by Sly Stone, that was not released until years later. While performing around San Francisco, The Great Society became acquainted with another local band, the Jefferson Airplane. In 1965, the Airplane's female singer, Signe Andersen, quit to have a baby just as The Great Society was breaking up; Grace switched over to the Airplane just in time for the Airplane's second, enormously successful, album, "Surrealistic Pillow."***

***The Jefferson Airplane, of course, became a central institution of the fabled Golden Age of San Francisco, leading the charge, marking the progress through the hyacinth days of flower power, through the antiwar movement, then out into the "Gimme Shelter" stage of the early Seventies. Along with other weary travelers from the era—The Grateful Dead, Santana, Bill Graham, David Crosby, Country Joe & The Fish, and Quicksilver—the band then abandoned social consciousness in favor of aesthetic awareness.***

***Grace Slick emerged maybe not as one of the deepest thinkers or most outspoken leaders of the Sixties and Seventies, but certainly as one of the most enigmatic figures. She was one of the first underground people to send ripples through the establishment: She got thrown out—with Abbie Hoffman—of an invitational tea at Richard Nixon's White House; she kicked the Whitney Museum's curator's wife in the shins during a fund-raising party for the museum; she had a child out of wedlock by Paul Kantner, the Airplane's rhythm guitarist and chief mentor, while still technically married to Jerry Slick; she named her child God, then changed it to China; she turned down offers to pose nude and to perform a concert topless. Meanwhile, countless stories and rumors painted Grace as either an eccentric genius or a dangerous lunatic, an acid casualty or an obnoxious boozer. The image remains.***

***Today, almost a decade after Woodstock, with a new band—the Jefferson Starship, which has attained commercial success the Airplane never achieved—and with people hyping her as one of the few Sixties superstars to make it into the Seventies, the mystique around Grace Slick is still as strong as ever.***

***OUI sent free-lancer Jim Esposito to talk with Grace. He reports: "Interviewing Grace Slick is like crawling around someplace you don't belong, in the dark. Go ask Alice. Imagine exploring your grandparents' attic when you're nine years old. Real science fiction. Some of Grace's interviewers start dueling wisecracks. Others interrupt, trying to keep Grace on track, thereby throwing her off the track. I was usually laughing too hard to do either; in fact, I felt as if I were trying to hold onto a life raft in white water. Grace's stream of consciousness reminded me of some very nice psychedelics. She wandered from tangent to tangent to tangent. Sometimes she'd work her way right back onto the proper track. Other times she sucked me in so far I forgot where we were going and wound up lost.***

***"The really unusual thing about the interview was that, as I was leaving, I didn't think I'd captured anything worth while. It wasn't until later, while listening to the tapes carefully, that I realized that I had something like a good record album. You have to listen more than once before you really can appreciate what's going on. When I started the interview, Grace was pacing the room with an unlit cigarette."***

**OUI:** Want a light, Grace?

**SLICK:** No. I'll wander forever.

**OUI:** Did the *Spitfire* album work out the way you wanted it to?

**SLICK:** Yes. I guess it did. I don't know. To me, everything I write always sounds good. If I put a whole song together, music *and* lyrics, I figure it's going to sound OK, by itself, with whatever instrument I'm using, like piano or guitar. If it sounds OK with voice and guitar, I figure the rest of the band can do whatever the fuck they want to because they're going to do it anyway. When I finish writing a song, what I hear is the vocal and the instrument I'm playing; everything else is a delightful surprise. I don't picture anything else, because if

**GRACE SLICK** *I memorized the Morse Code in two hours and was perfect for 24 hours. And the next day I didn't remember any of it. I've got a really strange memory.*

I did, I'd go crazy. If I tell the band what to do, they just look at me and fall down laughing and throwing up on the floor.

**OUI:** What instrument do you use when you're composing?

**SLICK:** Piano. Or guitar. Or bass guitar. Or whatever's in my room. Or handy. Mostly piano, because I've got a piano in my room and my guitar doesn't sound too good, because I haven't changed the strings for about six years. *White Rabbit* was written on a six-string guitar but it had only about four strings on it because I don't get new strings. It's very boring. I don't like machines. The nice thing about a guitar or a piano is that it strikes chords, so you can hear a full something, and you can bounce off that full something into something else. You can do it with four strings, or three strings—as long as you have more than one string. A voice has one string. You can't really move off that. Well, yes, I guess you can. Shit. I don't know. I prefer an instrument, though.

**OUI:** When you're feeling inspired, do you always write your musical ideas down?

**SLICK:** No. I generally write ideas down when I *don't* have inspirations and then I have to look the next day and think, "Wow! Is that terrible!" I write stuff down anyway. Most of it is just awful, though. It's like three o'clock in the morning—really bad stuff.

**OUI:** How much of it gets used? How much do you write that you don't use?

**SLICK:** I don't know. I've got a shopping list that I'm going to put a tune to. It's in the same book as the real lyrics. In other words, I have a spiral binder, and it just goes day to day—and it even goes backward. So it's got all different shit. Buy chives, onions, celery—and "Baby, don't you love me" in quotes. I always put lyrics in quotes, so I can tell the difference between them and the shopping list. You think I'm kidding?

**OUI:** No. Who would doubt you?

**SLICK:** Wait a minute! You think that's a smartass remark? I thought it was a smartass remark yesterday. I thought: "Well, that's a funny line." And then I went back and looked at it and it was the truth. The stuff that I have to do that's physical, you know—go to the store and stuff—doesn't have quotes around it. The stuff I think I'm going to use for lyrics has quotes around it so I can tell the difference. It's pathetic, but it's true. However, I was thinking about putting music to the shopping list to see if people could tell the difference. *I* can't—because I can't remember any of the words to my own songs. I can remember all the words to Paul's songs—for example, the album *Blows Against the Empire*. I can remember a whole 20-minute side. No repeating choruses. Paul is not big on "Baby, I love you. Baby, I love you." He goes "I-think-I'm-gonna-say-goodbye.-There's-such-a-lot-of-da-da-da-. . . ." Machine-gun lyrics. There's ninety-five *thousand* words in one line. And they never repeat themselves. And I can remember them.

**OUI:** Since you're the lead singer for the band, does that mean you're more regimented than we might have expected? Are you secretly as organized as, say, Cher?

**SLICK:** Well, it's really too bad that having a good time and money don't coincide. I was watching the Cher Show; she's got some good shit going. And I wish I could get into being more regimented. I'd love that. To be able to get up every day at seven, wash my hair, spend four hours getting made up. But that's very boring. I don't want to do that. The audience connects mostly with the singer. The singer in any band, regardless of who he or she is, gets all the letters and all the shit and stuff. And "I want to touch your ass." Everybody can sing. Get in the shower. Everybody can't play the guitar. They don't have a guitar. But *Melancholy Baby*—everybody does that. So they connect with the singer. But the singer is usually the biggest asshole in the band.

**OUI:** But you can't remember your own lyrics?

**SLICK:** No. I get memory blanks that are incredible. I can't remember any of the words to my songs. I have to look at *White Rabbit* every time we go out on tour. "One pill makes you larger/One pill makes you small/And the ones that mother gives you don't do anything at all/Go ask Alice when she's ten feet tall." Now I don't know which lines come next—"If you go chasing rabbit/And you know you're gonna fall"? No. That's the second. See. It doesn't work. I memorized the Morse Code in two hours and was perfect for 24 hours. And the next day I didn't remember any of it. I mean, I've got a really strange memory. It's like real fast and it retains for about a second.

**OUI:** How do you feel about the way the group is going?

**SLICK:** I don't know. People always ask that and I have no idea. It goes as it goes. Sometimes we play something and we think it's great and people come backstage and give a bronx cheer and throw up four times. Or we'll play something that's terrible and everybody says, "That's great." So I don't know what it sounds like. I know what the group sounds like onstage but that doesn't matter, you know. It's like singing in the bathroom all your life.

**OUI:** Well, what made you go back to the group after doing solo albums?

**SLICK:** Some guy the other night said, "How'd you get your voice back?" I said, "Pardon me?" "You sounded like shit four years ago," he said. "*Heeeyyy, thanks a lot.*" How do I answer that?

**OUI:** Some people think that's a smart interview technique. Lead with an insult.

**SLICK:** That's great. Yeah. And he didn't mean "You haven't performed live" or anything. He was serious. I could name all the people I like on one hand, and I don't like *them* all the time. Sometimes, I think, "Ooohhh, maannn." And they think the same way about me. So everybody blows it. And everybody's boring. Even Raquel Welch. OK? Beat off every night for years thinking about Raquel Welch. You finally meet her because you're a big shot. You've got her and you live with her for three years. Raquel walks into the room and you think, "*Boring!!!* I've seen that fucking face for three years!" I can't think of one entertainer that I want to hear for two hours straight. People say, "Want to do a solo thing, man? Go out there with a guitar?" No. I don't want to. Bore people to death? The one thing I really like about the Starship is that each person is totally separate from the others. I don't even *know* these people! It's great. Paul Kantner doesn't have anything to do with Peter Sears. Or David Freiberg. You know? A British guy and a Jewish guy and a Norwegian person and a German and a Portuguese, and so on. So that's the one thing I really like about it. It's all different shit.

**OUI:** Was the Airplane like that?

**SLICK:** Yes. But the only trouble with the Airplane was that its diversity of people, I think, sort of separated it. In other words, Kantner's like a spaced-out, I-wanna-go-to-the-moon folkie playing 195,000 decibels break-your-eardrum 12-string guitar. He's not a chop master. He doesn't have his chops up. Like, he's not a Motown rhythm guitarist. And Jorma Kaukonen can't *stand* that! The guy is into "Every guy, who's black, who's been into prison, plays good. . . ." Now I'm making fun of everybody, but I can make fun of *(Continued on page 119)*

*"The advantage of the emotions is that they lead us astray."*
—Oscar Wilde

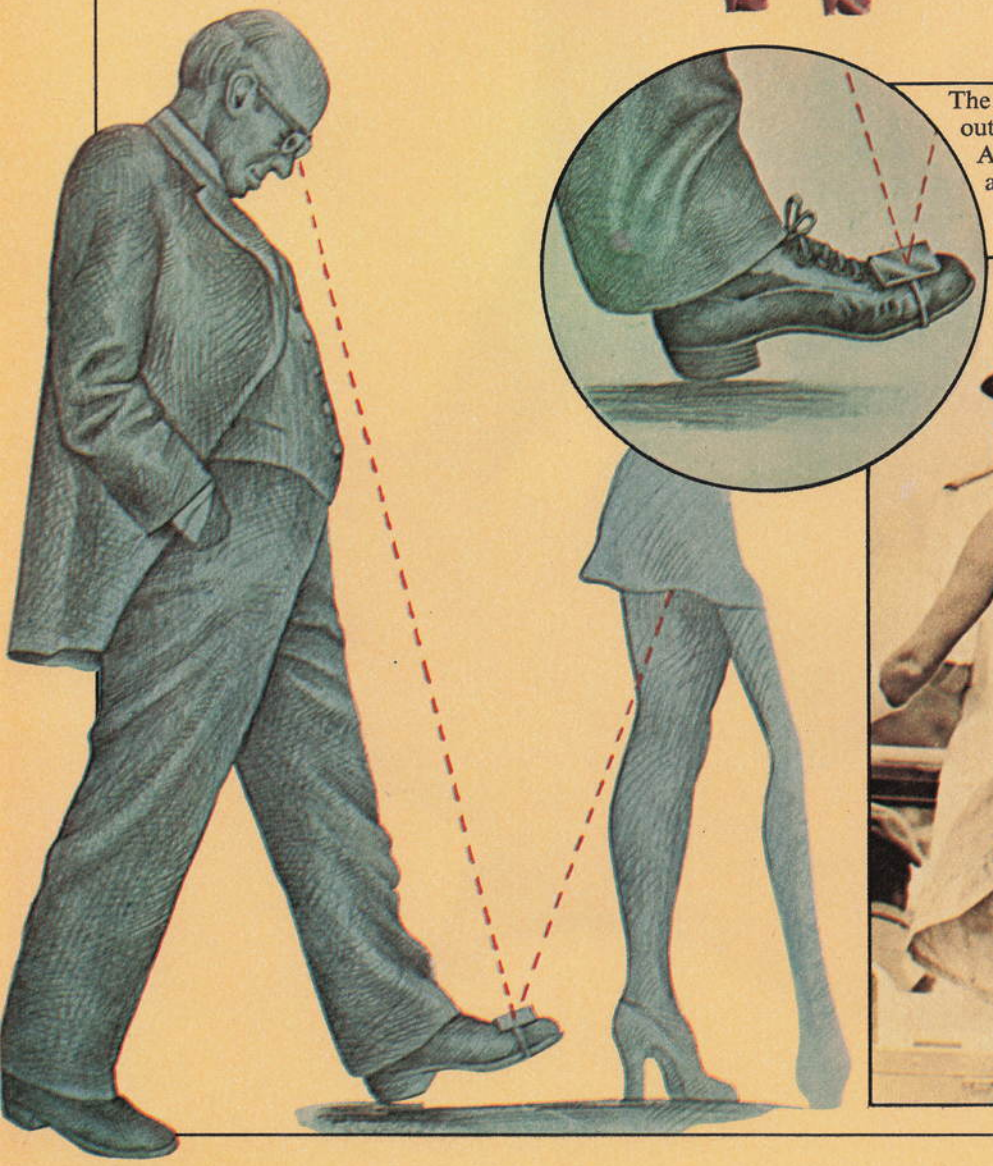
# SKIRTSMANSHIP

**Behind every attractive woman, there is sometimes a strong wind.**

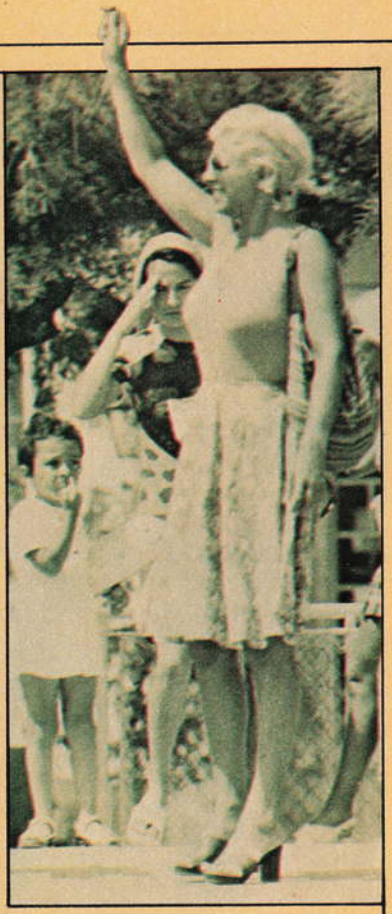
**Here's a quick guide for modern bird watchers.**

Ambulatory skirt watchers make their own luck. Why wait for the wind to kick up, revealing a lady's charms? Merely attach handy mirrors to your shoes and follow the girl of your choice. Cross streets with caution.

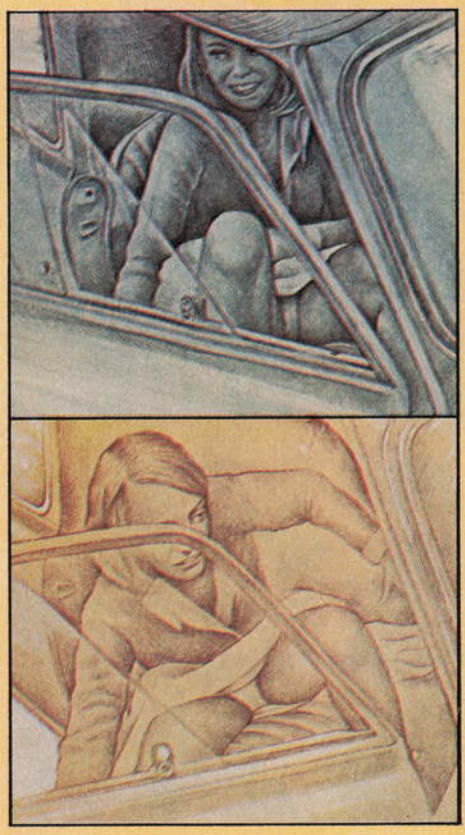
The wrap-around skirt is a major boon to sights hunters. Tall buildings create wind pockets that exhibit surprisingly sound judgment in selective skirt blowing.



The royal family is not immune to the ravages of outrageously fortunate winds. Here we see Princess Anne, sans stockings, with her shorts riding (what appears to be) too high for comfort. Oh, well. Heavy hangs the head that wears the crown. And daughter Anne isn't helping matters any.



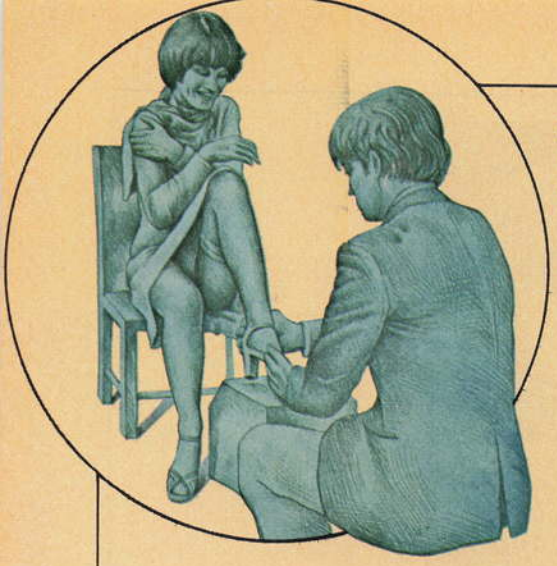
You may not be able to see Sandra Milo, one of Fellini's famous actresses, showing how she hails taxis or says "Howdy" in the major city of your choice. But surely, there are other attractive women in other cities who have taxis to hail and friends to greet. You could get lucky.



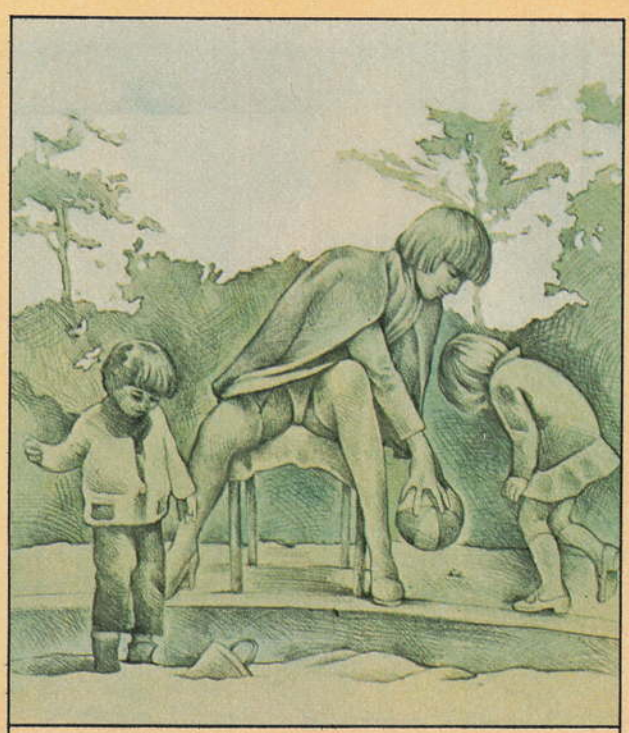
One of the best places to hunt the elusive beaver is alongside small foreign cars. We especially recommend Renault-4s and anything Italian.

God bless the New York subway system! Marilyn Monroe, in this famous shot from *The Seven-Year Itch*, started males itching the world over.

Bird watching affords some unexpected delights. Find an area that caters to birds and to those who feed them. Ardent viewers should crouch to keep eye level with the object of their reflections.



Shoe salesmen are second only to gynecologists for copping sights. Encourage the lady to try on *all* the shoes, regardless of proper size. Patience is its own reward.



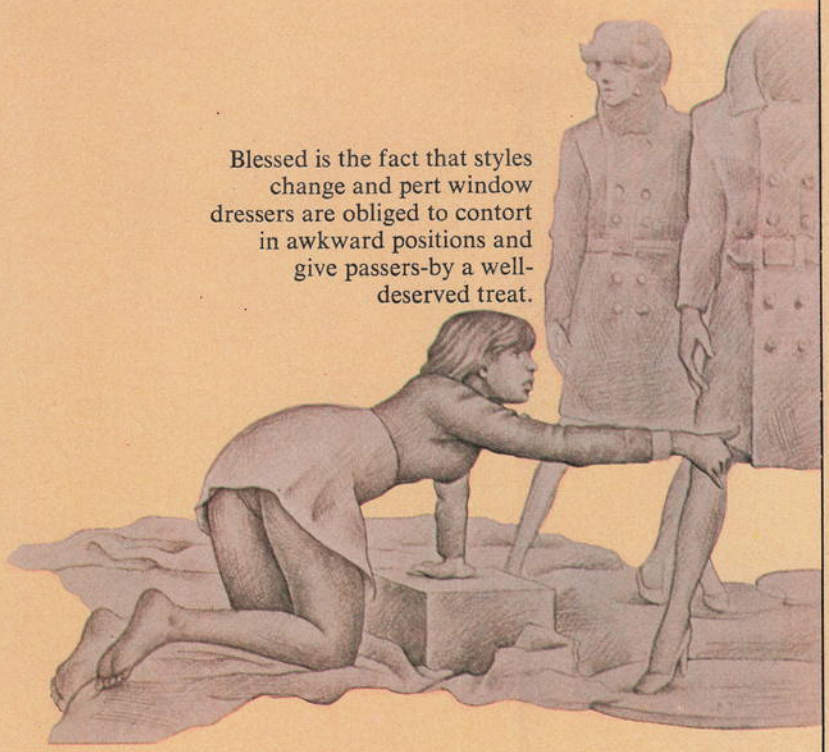
As some of you already know, playgrounds are where the action *really* is. Learn to build high-rise sand castles to dazzle the kids while mom looks on approvingly. Hard corers sometimes bring along cookies.

Animal lovers, while stalking the beaver, might run into a pussy. The number of times this happens is small but well worth the wait.

Princess Anne, whose thighs are almost as well known to the world as they are to her horse, comes off slightly more regally here as she emerges from this car than she did on the previous page. Ride 'em high, Anne.

Sometimes inspiration is needed to keep the wheels of academe moving. Librarians help. Ask for Katherine Coburn's annotation of Coleridge's letters. Accept no substitutes.

Looking down dresses is an equally time-honored adjunct to looking up dresses. Here, Princess Caroline, the cupcake of Europe, shows her royal orbs, giving new significance to the phrase "Your majesty."



Blessed is the fact that styles change and pert window dressers are obliged to contort in awkward positions and give passers-by a well-deserved treat.

Mechanics in their professional capacity get down to the real nuts and bolts of peeping. While the lady is fiddling with personal belongings in her car, the mechanic is peering at personal items up her dress.

Be on the watch for long, flowing coats. St. Laurent's peasant fashions are godsends to the attentive.

Illustrations by Jean Lagarrigue

# WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, IT'S EASIER TO BE A FELLA

ARTICLE BY DAVID DALTON

"Walk, walk, walk. Pivot! You hear that kick-boom, kick-boom?" asks Ms. Traum, referring to a recording of what sounds like the sultry chanting of temple maidens from a Maria Montez movie.

"Kick that dress away from you. Very nice—that was done very naturally, Dusty."

During a lull in the chanting, she checks to see if her 12-year-old daughter is still watching TV in the other room. We wouldn't want her to come in unexpectedly and catch sight of this reporter in his pink bikini panties and garter belt, practicing the Powers Glide Walk up and down the hallway to the tune of *Ann Rand Live at the Howard Burlesque*, would we?

Here at the Feminization School, I am Dusty. In her Cinderella trance, Traum actually cannot remember my real name. "Isn't that absurd?" she says coyly.

And what is a more or less normal male doing here?

It wasn't the fashionable talk about bisexuality. It wasn't the proliferation of drag-queen shows and transvestite (hereafter, tv) taxi-dance halls. It wasn't the "Dear Abby" letter from a six-foot ex-Green Beret with a penchant for frothy undergarments. It wasn't the glittering *disco* scene where it has become fashionable to appear bisexual. It wasn't Bette Midler. It wasn't Jan Morris chattering on national TV. It wasn't the fight that broke out at the annual A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention over the International Ladies Garment Workers Union muscling in on the men's garment industry. It wasn't even Nixon's plucked eyebrows and Pan-Cake make-up.

It was all of this and more—a real trend, blatant in New York and Los Angeles and storming out of the closet everywhere in between. Decadence had entered the mainstream. Something was going on, even though we didn't know precisely what, and from its radiant surface, it appeared to be a national gender shift.

It was the trail of this gender shift that led me to the door of Manhattan's Feminization School, where Traum teaches tvs and would-be transsexuals how to walk, talk and behave just like women. I had heard about the Feminization School from an editor who had asked George Plimpton to enroll there. Plimpton decided that this was not a ball he could run with, and he declined the assignment. When it was offered to me, I realized that there was an element of risk—but the prospect of viewing the very heart of the national gender shift firsthand was too much to refuse. I thought I might also gain some insight into the anima lurking inside me.

I had to enroll in the Feminization School under cover, so I paid a visit to the Erickson Foundation, a referral service for transsexuals or people thinking about becoming transsexuals. The Erickson Foundation offers information on operations, psychiatric help, legal counsel and hormone shots. It also funds John Money's research in gender identity at Johns Hopkins University.

The Foundation's Miss Suplee helpfully explained the purpose of the organization—the aid of those possessed of "limited human potential"—and that the namesake of the foundation, Reed Erickson, is a philanthropist in the process of building a transsexual consciousness-raising Xanadu somewhere in Mexico. Suplee sighed with relief when I

Illustration by Guy Fery

MY
LIFE
AS
A
WOMAN

**MY LIFE AS A WOMAN** *Most cross dressers are happily married doctors, lawyers and engineers. A typical tv's history begins with an aggressive mother and a withdrawn father.*

assured her that the purpose of my visit is not to inquire about a sex change. I said that I was acting in a women's lib movie about the Profumo affair in which all of the men are played by women and vice versa. Without batting an eyelash, she put me on the phone with Ms. Traum and we made a date for my first $50 feminization session.

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Ms. Traum greets me at the door with charm-school gloss. A smart-looking ex-model, she is wearing an oversized straw hat, sunglasses and a pants suit with an astrological sign on the belt. For my first lesson, she has outfitted an easel with a giant drugstore-display card for a perfume. On it is the face of a beautiful blonde. Some say the woman has the most beautiful face in the world—doelike innocence with a hint of danger, skin like porcelain. "When you saw this in the drugstore," says Ms. Traum, "I bet you said 'Boy, is she natural!' Well, there's at least two hours of make-up on this face. She's used Negro make-up for contour; then she's obviously used a light-bronze-coated-with-pink lip gloss. See how she cuts down the puffiness? You'll never see this gal full face—her face is too round. She wants to have plastic surgery on one of her upper lids, which you'll notice is drooping a bit."

I have almost recovered from the disillusionment of this cosmetological dissection when Ms. Traum "reads" me. (Being "read" is the opposite of "passing" in tv talk.) "You're really into it, aren't you?" she says coyly. "You don't have to pretend with me, dear." And so I confess my secret desire to dress as a woman. I ask why men such as I are driven to this secret vice.

"A man has so many pressures in his life," Ms. Traum says philosophically. "Earning a living, daily competition around the office, all that weight on his shoulders. Besides, there are rigid codes to which men must conform. A man can't wear a dress on the street, but I can smoke a cigar if I want."

Most of her clients are sedate businessmen, she continues. Some are grandfathers. She's been coaching one 63-year-old who has just graduated from silver wigs to strawberry blond. "There's nothing wrong with wanting to put on women's clothes," Ms. Traum declares. "If you're not a sports-minded person, it's sort of like a hobby."

Ms. Traum's approach is scientific. "I once spotted a transsexual by her tongue," she says. "Did you know that women have pointed tongues? A man's is usually round. His lips are flat and stringy."

Ms. Traum—who also gives voice therapy to children with dental problems—explains that talking like a woman requires "extremely fine muscle coordination." It has little to do with lisping or speaking in a high voice. "Think of Lauren Bacall," she says. "Does she talk like Minnie Mouse? It's more a question of inflection. Your Ts, Ds, Ns and Ls are dead giveaways," Ms. Traum warns.

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"Not a single U. S. vehicle ever got into space that did not pass through the hands of a transvestite." I read this thought-provoking sentence in one of the many magazines devoted to cross dressing in Michael Salem's TV and Exotic Boutique on East 57th. "Possibly no weapon, tank, plane or electronic instrument used in Vietnam was not in part designed by a transvestite," the article went on, "since engineers constitute the largest proportion of any occupation among transvestites."

The store is obviously special. The window display features rubber bloomers, size 40 baby-doll pajamas with open-crotch panties and a flesh-colored breastplate with red latex nipples.

Predictably, the biggest part of the store's business is mail order. Salem has a mailing list of some 60,000 names in his vault (there are an estimated 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 transvestites in America). He will send, on special order, a pair of expensive, wet-look Gothic boots with six-inch steel heels or a custom-made black-and-white satin French maid's uniform, with white frills and cap, for only $125, both in extralarge sizes. The tv specialty that uses these uniforms is commonly called "petticoat punishment" and it's a big favorite among middle-aged execs who, after a hard day at the office, like to crawl across cold white tiles while some woman pussy-whips them.

From an editorial in *Transvestia*, the oldest of the publications in the tv field (founded in the Fifties by the *grande dame* of transvestism Virginia—actually, Charles—Prince), I learned one of the basic tenets of transvestism: that the average tv is heterosexual. "Our brothers of other sexual persuasions," noted Prince's editorial, can be distinguished from transvestites thusly:

> Tvs are father haters. Homosexuals are mother haters. Transvestism is an individual personality expression, while homosexuality requires a partner. Tvs, therefore, don't solicit; homosexuals must. A homosexual is always a homosexual; tvs alternate their roles. Homosexuals often display effeminate characteristics; a tv is all man in the bedroom.

According to the predominant tv theory, most cross dressers are happily married doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers and, of course, engineers. A typical tv's history begins with an aggressive mother and a withdrawn father. Children's dress-up becomes fetishism during adolescence, thanks to family tension. But transvestism usually remains latent well into adult life, until a crisis—often so-called male menopause—arises, and pressure is released through role change.

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One of the things I am beginning to find out is how time consuming it is to be a woman. My girlfriend says even a normal girl spends at least one night a week working on herself—shaving her legs, shampooing, rinsing, tinting—not to mention shopping. I learned about shopping first.

After four hours of shopping for women's shoes, my feet are killing me. I have been to at least a dozen shoe stores. My girlfriend, a Polish giantess whose foot size is the same as mine, has accompanied me. Finally I abandon my vision of Carmen Miranda platforms and settle for a simple pair of low heels in a tall-gal shop.

Another afternoon I spent looking for a dress, garter belt, stockings with seams and make-up. Aurora Beige is "my color," so I buy a tube of it, along with lipstick, rouge, blusher, eye shadow and mascara. It's not easy—there are 225 shades of lipstick alone.

At home in front of the mirror, the satisfaction of trying on my outfit for tonight's class has not allayed certain anxieties that have been developing over the past week. I have learned that friends who encouraged me in this clownish adventure would never dream of dressing up themselves. One said, "It sounds more dangerous than going to Cuba." I am also tired of the jokes and being asked out on dates. Even after I have given them my now-tedious explanation that tvs are not gay, they remain incredulous. Gay friends, it turns out, are supercilious. At dinner, an old friend propositions me. "It would be my first heterosexual experience," he says.

I begin dressing for class. I slip into my garter belt and nylons. While there is something sexually arousing about getting into the clothes, when I see myself standing *(Continued on page 105)*

# STRANGE VANISHINGS

## Lock up your loved ones and your prize possessions; the void's stomach is growling

**ARTICLE BY CURTIS SUTHERLY**

Strange vanishments—as opposed to disappearances that can be explained rationally—have a profound, lasting effect on the human psyche. Put another way: They scare the hell out of us.

Entertainer Dick Cavett, for example, writes in his autobiography about a relative who vanished while on a Sunday outing in Colorado. "They never found hide nor hair of her," Cavett writes. "This had a terrific effect on me, and whenever I was out alone, I would try to imagine what horrible thing came at her and hauled her away."

Booga-booga. Cavett's compulsive fascination is widely shared and helps to account for the popular success of the Bermuda Triangle books and the fact that an obscure New York State judge named Joseph Crater became an American cliché when he vanished without a trace in August 1930 (see *Vanished Persons Hall of Fame*, page 83).

Such vanishments are not, however, widely isolated occurrences. Each year hundreds of objects and individuals dematerialize and are never seen or heard from again, and that's not even counting TV serials, *People* celebrities and "the next big rock sound." Why, just during the past few years, the following strange occurrences have taken place.

•

People living near the town of Salem in Marion County, Illinois, were confronted with a rash of unexplained hog vanishings in May and June 1970. During the first week of June, Deputy Sheriff G. M. Walker reported that 24 hogs disappeared without a clue within a three-week period, the most recent missing-hog case occurring on the farm of one A. J. Stephens, near Salem. Furthermore, said Walker, "many more than that" had occurred during the previous three months. The best the authorities could do by way of explanation was to speculate that the hogs had all been taken by one or more individuals—perhaps someone who was planning a giant pork-chop roast.

•

An inoperative earth-mover sitting on the property of the J. T. Evanick Co., in Scranton, Pennsylvania, was apparently duck soup for the forces of dematerialization, despite the vehicle's dead engine. According to the AP, corporation officials took four days to report the bulldozer's disappearance "because they just could not believe it." The 'dozer weighed about 25 tons and had been out of operation ever since its engine was accidentally filled with sand. The incident occurred during January 1971, and to date not a treadmark has been found.

•

According to the Coles County, Illinois, sheriff's office, approximately 1400 feet of copper wire vanished from the farm of one Ed Grant, of Humboldt, Illinois, sometime in early 1971.

•

On February 20, 1971, the news media reported that the Coast Guard had found and taken under tow the Danish yacht Frilo floating in the Atlantic Ocean. The Frilo, owned and piloted by 51-year-old Bjorn Christian Lohr, had departed Denmark on December 31, 1970, on a solo Atlantic crossing. Although the Frilo was undamaged and, in

Illustrations by Fred Nelson

fact, quite seaworthy when it was discovered, Lohr was nowhere to be found.

•

It isn't every day that police have the opportunity to investigate a missing-cannon report, but during March 1971, Centralia, Illinois, authorities were able to do just that. The cannon, a 500-pound Civil War piece, had been hauled from Centralia's Elmwood Park, and police speculated that the culprit was a winch-trucking cannon-bandit. However, no truck tracks were reported at the site and the cannon, so far as is known, has never been recovered. At about the same time as the cannon vanishment, a mysterious force tore the porch from a vacant house two miles west of Centralia and knocked the chimney from the roof. Again, authorities speculated that a phantom winch truck was involved.

•

During the early-morning hours of March 18, 1971, a railroad switching engine was mysteriously transported from its berth in the Chicago and Northwestern Railway switching yard at Crystal Lake, Illinois, to a point 27 miles away, where it was found rammed into a standing suburban train containing sleeping crewmen (fortunately unharmed). According to a rail spokesman: "Someone had to take that engine out of the yard and get it up to the branch line. There are several switches that have to be pulled and a main line has to be crossed." The spokesman did not explain how this someone was able to execute these maneuvers without alerting the necessary railroad personnel all along the route.

New love is always a difficult road to travel, but for Mrs. Mirfat Ahmed Shihata and her husband, it proved impassable. On March 28, 1973, the bride of only four months vanished—literally swallowed up by the earth. According to the Middle East News Agency, 20-year-old Mrs. Shihata was walking with her husband along a street in Alexandria, Egypt, when she dropped into a crevice that had abruptly opened in the roadway and then closed just as quickly. Rescue workers summoned to the scene dug down ten yards without finding a trace of her.

•

In mid April 1973, Mrs. David Griffon, of Newton, Utah, returned home from a three-day trip to find her barn missing. While everything else was exactly as Mrs. Griffon had left it, she couldn't find her barn anywhere. The incident was reported to police, who were of no help at all.

•

Loran Dowling, proud owner of the Dowling Construction Company, Indianapolis, Indiana, was no doubt a perplexed owner when he learned in July 1973 that the company's five-ton wrecker ball had vanished. When last seen, the sphere had been suspended from a crane cable about 200 feet above the ground. Workers reported it missing.

•

On June 28, 1971, a farmer living near Dobbiaco, Italy, discovered that an old five-ton iron bridge had vanished from an isolated spot on his property. Police suggested that the structure had been dismantled and hauled away by some Latin bridge-lover; the farmer wondered how such a person would have even found the bridge, as he himself would not have noticed it missing had he not happened upon the remote location.

•

November 22, 1972, is known in Naples, Italy, as the night the windshields vanished. During the course of that evening some 40 windshields disappeared from autos parked around the city, and police turned no clue against the tide of angry motorist protests.

In July 1974, Air Force Lieutenant W. T. Day and Flight Officer D. R. Steward, took off in a single-engine aircraft on a routine patrol over the Arabian desert. They never returned. The following day a search party found their plane parked on the desert sand; the plane was still in working order and there was gasoline in the tanks. The footprints of the two fliers were visible in the sand. The tracks led away from the airplane for a short way, then simply stopped cold.

•

According to an account published in the April 1971 issue of *Pursuit*, the journal of the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained, you can talk to plants and sing to plants—just don't open a knife in their presence. As the report states, an unidentified society member was attempting to cut a patch of wild sassafras plants when his pocketknife suddenly vanished. He noted: "I literally felt the knife twist in my gloved hand just as I applied pressure to the wood. . . . There was sort of a blurring effect, but I didn't really see the knife go. Nor did I hear any sound of impact on the dry leaves or piled dead brush. It was just gone." Months later, after repeatedly searching the area for the knife, the object reappeared. Its owner reported: "I swear that I saw my knife while I was still some 20-odd feet away. It was lying on the bare soil, about 18 inches from the bush that I'd been cutting when it vanished." The blade did not have a speck of rust on it. (In a footnote, a *Pursuit* editor wrote: "We know this gentleman well enough to state positively that he is not

a liar; his account must therefore be taken at face value.")

•

According to John A. Keel, a researcher/writer of the paranormal, weather vanes have been vanishing from the roofs and chimneys of buildings throughout New England. In the past five years, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts have all been victimized by vane vandals who, Keel proposes, fly over the target building in bright orange helicopters and lasso the vanes, yanking them free as they fly past. Authorities have been unable to trace any criminal helicopters, however, and Keel himself admits that "your average helicopter owner can find easier legal ways to make a dollar."

•

In January 1976, a 500-pound tree stump vanished from a fire-company lot in Ridgeway, Illinois, where it had been uprooted to make way for a small building. The stump reappeared a couple of nights later, only to vanish a second time, according to a UPI account dated February 9, 1976. But it didn't stay lost. In the course of its meanderings, the stump appeared and disappeared in a garage, in a van, on the front lawns of several homes and finally on the front steps of the home of Mayor J. B. Holmes. The mayor's wife, Iona Holmes, said she tied a red ribbon to the stump and then it vanished again. "It was out in front of our house for two nights," she said. "We didn't see it leave."

•

As a boy of 12, the writer can recall spinning a cardboard tablet down a flight of stairs and watching it fall behind an ironing board standing against a wall. The area at the base of the stairway was closet space about four feet square, completely enclosed. The only objects in that area were the ironing board and a small sewing box. When the boy moved the ironing board to retrieve the tablet, it wasn't there. Nor was it under the sewing box.

Tonight, before cuddling under the blankets, take a fast count of your family and a quick look around. Something may be missing. ▣

# VANISHED PERSONS HALL OF FAME

**Benjamin Bathurst,** British representative at the Viennese court, vanished in 1809, in the town of Perleberg, Germany. While inspecting his coach and team, Bathurst walked around the horses and was never seen again.

**Charley Ross,** four years old, vanished after being kidnaped from his Philadelphia home in 1874. His abductors were later slain in a burglary attempt, but one of them said before dying that the child was still alive; Charley, however, was never found.

**Dorothy Arnold,** a 25-year-old society girl, vanished while strolling through downtown Manhattan in 1910. There were no clues as to her fate.

**Victor Grayson,** a member of the British Parliament, vanished one night in June 1920 while on a train ride from Liverpool to Hull.

**B. Holding,** British flying officer, vanished in 1922 while flying from England to Wales over densely populated country in broad daylight.

**Joseph Force Crater,** 41-year-old New York State Supreme Court Justice, vanished in Manhattan on the night of August 6, 1930. After dining with friends, he hailed a taxi to go to a Broadway theater, and that was the last anyone ever saw of Judge Crater.

**Amelia Earhart,** world-famous daredevil aviatrix, vanished in 1937 while flying over the Pacific on a round-the-world journey. Rumors persist that Earhart is still living on some remote Pacific Island.

**James Kidd** vanished on November 9, 1949, after telling a Phoenix neighbor of plans to drive into the Superstition Mountains. The neighbor heard a car leave Kidd's residence that morning, but no one ever saw Kidd again.

**Richard Cox,** 21, vanished from West Point Military Academy on January 14, 1950, after having been visited in the preceding days by a mysterious man named George. The case was investigated by the CIA and FBI, but no trace was ever found of Cox.

**Hale Boggs,** the majority leader of the House of Representatives, vanished along with three others on a flight over Alaska's Chugach Mountains in October 1972. Although some 2700 hours were spent searching, no trace of Boggs, his party or the twin-engine aircraft was ever found. ▣

# THREE SHORT ESSAYS ON THE SECRET LIFE OF MODERN CITIES

**Photography by Helmut Newton**
**Text by David Mamet**

The automobile is a sexual phenomenon. It is part of our extended genitalia. There we go: encapsulated, dangerous, most of the time out of control—or barely in control. We speed through the city. We are potent. We are transient. We form relationships at stop lights. Folks honk at us. We form antipathies whose resolution ought to be spilled blood. We move on and discover eternal love. But where are those men and women with whom we form liaisons at an intersection? Is there one of us who has not sworn that we will love them in memory forever? We are all suckers for a short affair. And where are they now? They have all gone home in their automobiles.

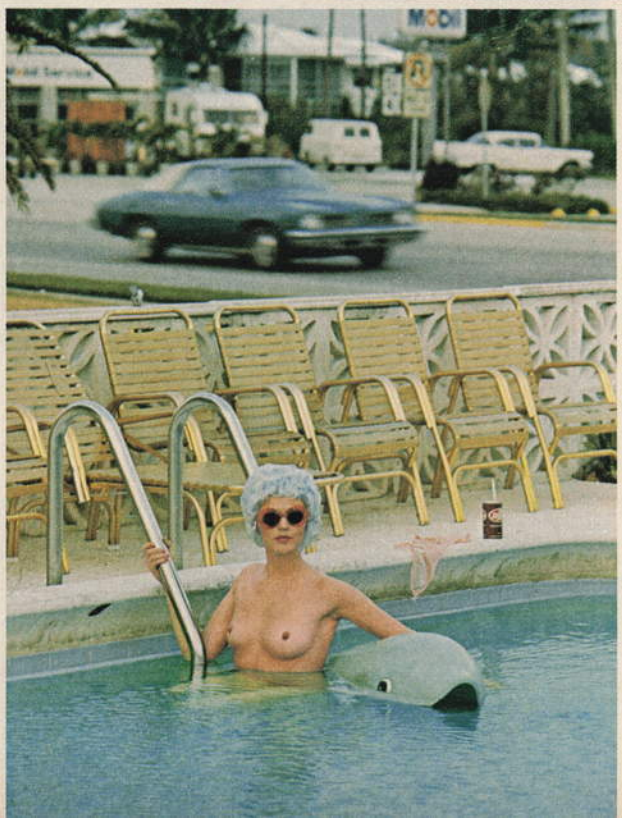
POSES
EN
4 MINUTES
2
IOTOGRAPHIEZ-VOUS
Couleurs
2 poses
2F
e photo en 4 minutes
PHOTOS
DELIVREES
EN 4 MINUTES

# ROUTINE WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE

It's easy to stagnate. We have all come so far from the farm that we find it easy to dismiss the simpler pleasures. New places. New experiences. Who indeed are we to determine what is corny? What of a walk *au naturel* or a trip to the photo booth in the penny arcade? Or hanging around naked under a warm coat on the *quais* in Paris? Why do we scorn these? Habit is the great deadener. We all should get out more. Break out of those useless habits. They make us into beef Wellington. We must bust out of our shell, lest our habits make us stale. We all must learn to listen to the teenage portion of ourselves. There is a whole world out there. So go out to that circus or to that boat ride, that new store or restaurant. Sit in the park and dream. Get out more. That's what you need. It's good for the system—and for small business, too. Remember, when you're standing in the elevator going down and your fellow passengers are morose because they're going home to the same things they went home to yesterday, you have the luxury of thinking: "Tomorrow I will tell them that last night *I* spent the evening in the railway terminal." Have a happy!

# AMERICA IS THE BEST DAMNED COUNTRY

You should never knock America. It's easy to criticize. It's easy to find fault, but things go on, and 100 years from now, where will *you* be? So just remember that. This country has recently celebrated its 200th birthday, and everybody's sick to death of all the talk about it. No one in the whole country can stand another smidgen of talk about it. Another round of talk about this Bicentennial and everyone will go out the window. Well, that's also the way we feel when you knock America. We get nauseated. Our head swims every time you bring up the stuff about what is wrong with America. Don't knock it. Love it. We have all learned to love our cars, even though they rarely work and they are lethal and they are expensive. We are fond of our children—others' and our own—and they aren't perfect by a long shot. Just a touch of national pride is what's needed. Look around you at all the products Americans create and the things you have to amuse yourself. Many things. Too many to list here. We create countless things and products for the betterment of life. So, *please* remember that the next time you're inclined to knock America.



TELEPHONE

# THE FBI HAS YOU BY THE FILES

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN UNSTOPPABLE FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT MEETS AN IMMOVABLE GOVERNMENT STONE WALL

ARTICLE BY
ROBERT S. WIEDER

There's a clammy, echolike quality to recent political headlines; a sort of Tom-and-Becky-lost-in-the-cavern, "Haven't-we-been-this-way-already?" feeling to the news. Especially these shit-oh-dear! headlines about Federal domestic snooping. This is just Golden Oldy journalism. Civilian files are virtual Government tradition. And so is all the hue and cry thereover. I recall September 1970, stopping in Washington en route to North Africa. At the time, the media were crimson with sociorighteousness over news that the Justice Department was compiling great drifts of security

**THE FBI HAS YOU BY THE FILES** *I went out through a rotunda and into the office of Internal Security, where I got a smile tighter than a snail's asshole from a lady of maybe 50.*

files on persons whose activities were about as sinister as those of the Ice Capades. "What's the deal?" the Senate frothed. Those up for re-election that November frothed with especial fury.

I'd been living in Berkeley since 1962 and had gotten into a lot of behavior in which criminal activity and/or tear gas was included. I wondered: Did I have a file? Anything was possible. In 1968, they'd busted persons for possession of incendiary devices; the devices were matches. I decided to find out.

•

The Justice Department building was a huge, block-square mausoleum of glittering stone. Inside, there were no titles on the doors; just numbers. SILENCE PLEASE YOU ARE IN A WORKING AREA THANK YOU signs abounded. Nobody was working the Visitors Information Desk. A bulletin board decreed: "New programs and policies must be applied . . . career employees have already committed their support . . . I welcome your full participation . . . I assure you of a constant receptivity. . . ."—President Richard M. Nixon.

I hit the directory, which told me where to find the Attorney General, Office of Public Information, Solicitor General, the Deputy A.G.s of Antitrust, Civil Rights, Criminal, Internal Security, etc., the Bureau of Narcotics & Dangerous Drugs, the FBI, lots more. Hairy and ill-clothed, I went to room 5111, office of the main fuse, Johno Topcat Mitchell, the Big *Menudo.*

His secretary was an attractive blond lady from the young-suburban-mother mold. The office was done in a pseudo leather and plush-red-carpet Hooton's-of-Anaheim look. Copies of *Time* and *Newsweek* scattered on end tables testified that the A.G. was, after all, just an ordinary joe—another sucker for the idea that there's sufficient news each week to warrant whole magazines.

The latest *Newsweek* cover bore a huge smoldering reefer and the boldface proposition: "MARIJUANA: TIME TO CHANGE THE LAW?" Shades of Tom, Becky and the cavern.

"Can I help you?" the secretary asked. She looked very much at my eyes and away from the unsightly rest of me. Almost visible lines of *umwelt* went up—in animal ethology, the area of potential alarm. The basic American religion is Normalcy, and I was clearly an infidel in this cathedral. I smiled.

"I'd like to see the Attorney General."

"I'm sorry"—she did a little genuine-sorrow take—"he's testifying on the Hill today."

"Good for him. Actually, I'd just like to see my file."

This puzzled her. She shook her head to show me. "You mean civil rights? Criminal?"

I shrugged. "Hard to say. I heard you're keeping files on suspicious types and I thought mine might make good reading."

She appraised me with a thoughtful, experienced eye. "You probably mean Internal Security," she decided.

I was astonished. "You don't *know*? You don't get twenty people a week in here to check their FBI sheets?"

She shook her head. First time she'd ever heard of such a request. It was quite unusual. Not done. Whatever gave me the idea people fooled around this way? She wrote down the number of the Internal Security Division for me.

I went out through a rotunda, down a hall, up some stairs, and into the office of Internal Security, where I got a smile tighter than a snail's asshole from a sandy-haired lady of maybe 50 who inquired after my presence there. "I'm supposed to see the Assistant Attorney General about my file," I said. She blinked. "The Attorney General's secretary sent me," I added.

"Well," she arranged her desk, "he can't see you today; he's preparing to testify on the Hill tomorrow. Just what did you want?"

*A parking-lot concession on the Hill,* I thought, but said: "I understand you keep files on suspect Americans. I'd like to see mine."

Her brow knit cautiously. "How do you know you have one?"

"I don't," I said. "But I heard that you keep dossiers on people who join things, demonstrate, write stuff. I've done some of that."

She came up in her chair like a Baptist accused of selling bad booze. "Well, that's a lot of malarkey," she said, and would make a point of showing me. She took down my name, and then led me down the hall, with the inexorable measured tread of the civil servant, to the office of Kevin T. Maroney, the Executive Assistant Attorney General in charge of Internal Security. According to the press, he'd been doing a bum job lately.

Maroney's office was quietly paneled and hung with the testimonial trappings of public service. The decor was pure Carload Executive. Maroney was a neat, distinguished, early-40s Don Porter type with a clean linear face that displayed about as much imagination as an almond.

Maroney didn't offer his hand, didn't engage the gears of patronization. Nor did he offer me the chair I took. "Can I see my file?" I said.

"I'm afraid not," he smiled at me sympathetically.

"Can I find out if I *have* a file?"

"I'm afraid not," he repeated. He would say afraid a lot.

"Why not?"

"It's against the law."

"What law?"

"It's called the Freedom of Information Act."

"Fantastic. How's this law work?"

"It stipulates that all Justice Department files are open to the public, with some specified exceptions."

"What are those exceptions?"

Alas, Maroney was afraid he was forbidden by law to tell me that.

"Did Congress pass this law?"

"That's right."

"Can a Congressman see *his* file?"

"No."

"Can *anybody* see his own file?"

"No."

"Then who looks at the files?"

"A member of the FBI or the Executive Branch of the Government on official business." The Nixon clan. Great.

"You mean my file isn't my official business?"

Maroney raised his palms. "I guess I do."

I whistled with admiration. "That's some catch-22 you got there. How do you acquire these files?"

"They just come to us through FBI investigations. Say, why do you want to know if you have a file?" His curiosity was real.

"Will the FBI tell me if I've been investigated?"

"Of course not," he chuckled. "Why do you want to know if you have a file?"

"Am I *really* the first person to come in and ask to see his file?"

"As long as *I've* been here." He was getting a bang out of it. "Why do you want to know if——"

"I want to find out what I've been up to!"

"What?" said Maroney.

"How do I know I'm not on one of your Bad News lists? I could be in some Commie *bund* and not even know it! One day the DuBois Club is just another bunch of misfits—the next day it's on the A.G.'s rap sheet! I want to know if *(Continued on page 114)*

Blachon

# HOLLYWOOD'S KILLER B'S

## Low-budget exploitation films have provided the ideas for some of the Seventies' biggest box-office hits

**Article by Mitch Tuchman**

A traveler boards the S.S. Poseidon on a one-way passage to jeopardy; a shark devours unsuspecting swimmers; a city shimmies and shatters; two planes go bump in the night. These are not the stuff of conventional drama but the clever ideas that hucksters have made famous, and vice versa. They are what the movies do well, and so the movies do them over and over again—sometimes on a grand scale, usually on the cheap.

People don't go to *Jaws* for the story. *The Exorcist* could be cut to a half-hour short subject containing just "the good stuff." The plot of *Airport* is patently absurd. Reduced to the gimmicks that make them tick and make them click with mass audiences, these new movies are as old as the hills. So-called "originals" are, more likely than not, remakes in filmy disguise. If *Jaws* (1975) and *Reptilicus* (1962) are sister and brother, *Airport* (1970) and *Jet over the Atlantic* (1959) are identical twins.

"The majors are not *copying* these little films," says Roger Corman, a producer who knows as much about commercial exploitation as anyone. "What they are doing is taking the exploitable ideas that have worked in little films and turning those ideas into big-budget pictures." At bottom, an exploitable idea is all that a movie needs for successful advertising, word of mouth and box office.

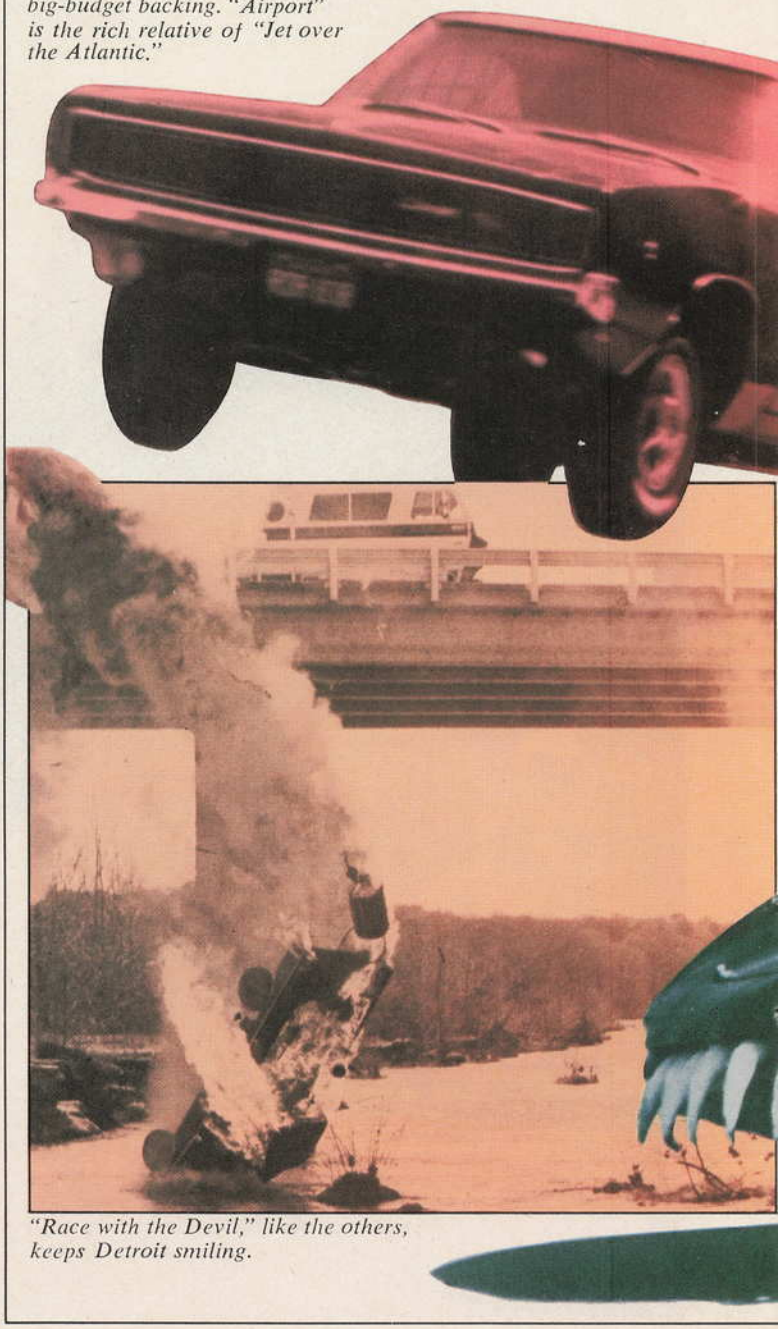
The chase-and-demolish shaggy-car story shows how a single idea can be recycled through several motion pictures. The recent trend was begun by *Bullitt*, in which the only memorable scene was the car chase; the race between car and train in *The French Connection*—same producer, Philip D'Antoni—followed. Suddenly, in the wake of these successes, the streets of the nation's screens became one great demolition derby. Cars replaced actors as characters. Children in the audience, who might have aspired to the Presidency in an earlier age, now dreamed of growing up to become stunt men.

But the race across the screen is leisurely compared with the one behind it. Film begets film—a dozen carbon-copy production models. *Vanishing Point*, *Two-Lane Blacktop*, *Dirty Mary Crazy Larry*, *Race with the Devil*, *Death Race 2000*, *Deathworld*, *Cannonball*, *Eat My Dust*, *Moving Violation* and *The Gumball Rally* are all exploitation movies whose common idea is kept fresh by infinitesimal changes in styling.

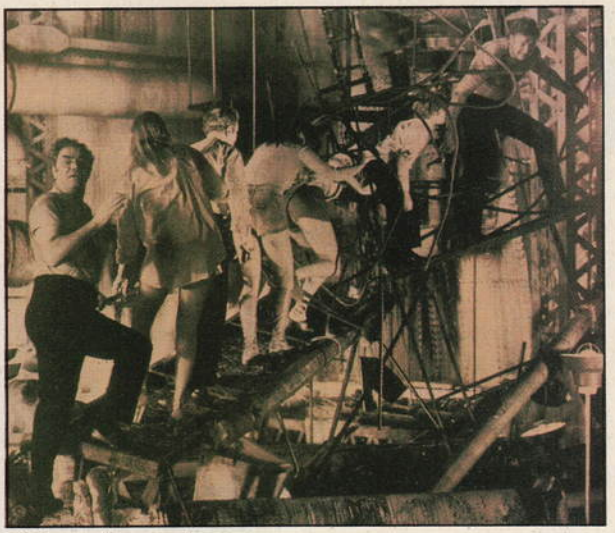
*Gone in 60 Seconds*, the cheapest of the lot, is also the quintessential, since the producer, writer, director and star is one H. B. Halicki, the owner of Hawk House Motors in Gardena, California, a firm engaged in acquiring and dismantling cars. SEE 93 CARS DESTROYED, his billboards brayed, IN THE MOST INCREDIBLE CHASE EVER FILMED.

Eventually, when the theaters are choked as if by smog, the major film studios send in their variants, less likely prototypes than overhauls. Item: Universal Pictures' *The Car*, about a killer auto

*Take a low-budget idea and give big-budget backing. "Airport" is the rich relative of "Jet over the Atlantic."*

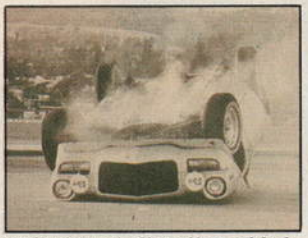


*"Race with the Devil," like the others, keeps Detroit smiling.*

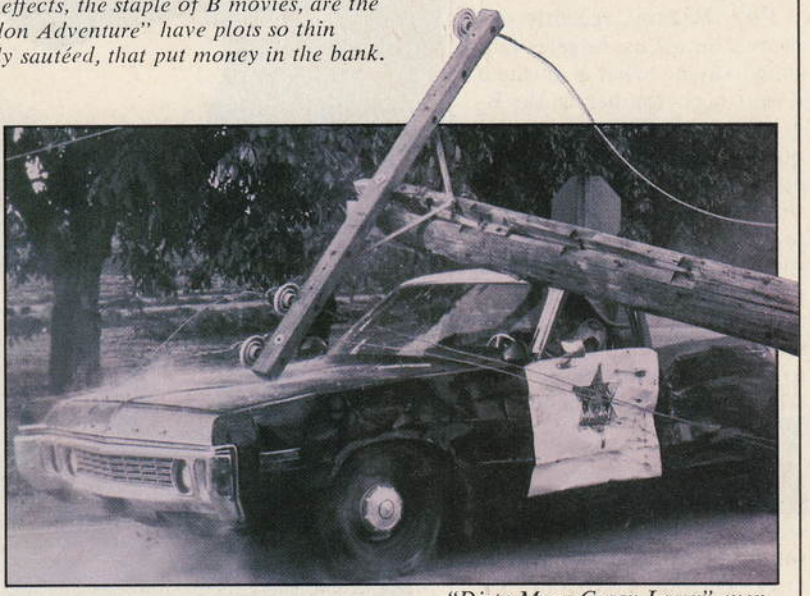


*People don't go to see disaster movies for the story. Special effects, the staple of B movies, are the draw. "The Towering Inferno," "Earthquake" and "The Poseidon Adventure" have plots so thin they don't even show up on film. It's the shake, rattle 'n' roll, lightly sautéed, that put money in the bank.*

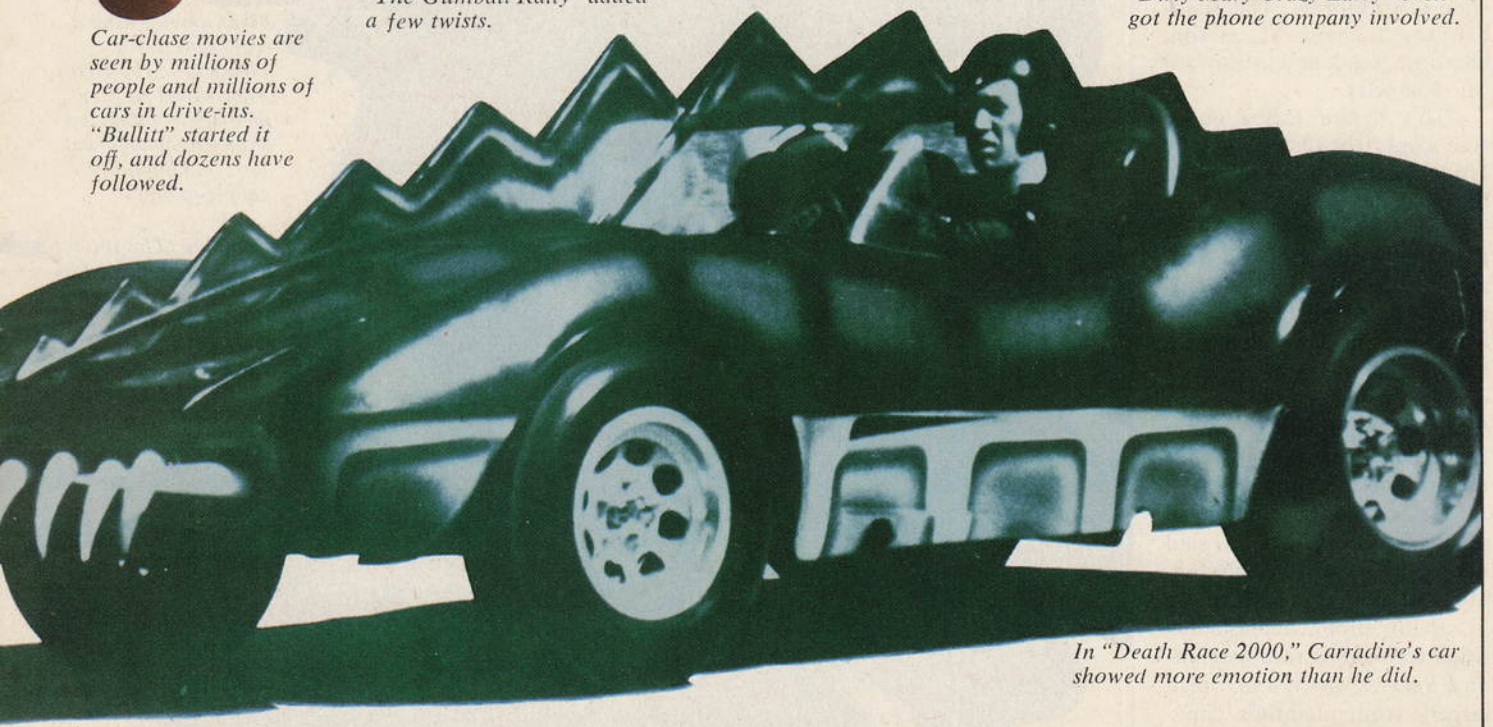
*Car-chase movies are seen by millions of people and millions of cars in drive-ins. "Bullitt" started it off, and dozens have followed.*



*"The Gumball Rally" added a few twists.*



*"Dirty Mary Crazy Larry" even got the phone company involved.*



*In "Death Race 2000," Carradine's car showed more emotion than he did.*

possessed by the Devil. *Bullitt* meets *The Exorcist.*

Pictures go from B to A. People do, too. Here are some of today's A people and the B's in which they earlier appeared: Steve McQueen, *The Blob*; Michael Landon, the monster in *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*; Nancy Davis, later Mrs. Ronald Reagan, *Hellcats of the Navy*; James Arness, *The Thing*; Leonard Nimoy, *The Brain Eaters*; Jack Nicholson, *The Little Shop of Horrors*; Cloris Leachman, *Kiss of Death.*

Edy Williams recently appeared on a Los Angeles talk show, saying what a mistake it had been for her to do B-grade porno; that, as a consequence, no one took her seriously as an actress and that she has had to go to Europe to find dramatic roles. Now she has completed a European production called *Scandal in the Family*, and she reports with satisfaction that she got to scrub floors in the picture. Can the A list be far behind?

*Lawsuits we'd like to see:* On July 31, 1976, the following civil suit was filed in U. S. District Court, in the state of California; The plaintiff was Richard M. Nixon, and the defendant was Edward M. Kennedy.

"This action arises under the copyright laws of the United States (Title 17, United States Code).

"On September 23, 1952, Plaintiff, Richard Nixon, created an original photoplay titled *Nixon's Checkers Speech.* Said photoplay contains a large amount of material wholly original with said Richard Nixon and is copyrightable subject matter under the laws of the United States.

"Defendant has infringed plaintiff's copyrights in said photoplay by writing, producing and publicly performing in, all for profit, a photoplay titled *Kennedy's Chappaquiddick Speech*, which was copied largely from plaintiff's copyrighted photoplay.

*Pictures go from B to A. So do actors. Here's Jack Nicholson with a full head of hair in "The Little Shop of Horrors."*

*Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan in "Hellcats of the Navy."*

*Biker movies were a real boon to B's. Thank God the Hell's Angels died so that their style could stop bothering people and start making other people money.*

*Brando's "The Wild One" was followed by Peter Fonda in "The Wild Angels," Bruce Dern in "Cycle Savages," Robert Redford in "Little Fauss and Big Halsy."*

*Michael Landon in "I Was a Teenage Werewolf."*

*Some B actors give inspiration to aspiring B actors. Nixon's Checkers speech might have inspired Kennedy's Chappaquiddick address.*

*"Easy Rider" mythologized a whole generation.*

*"C.C. and Company" made that whole generation throw up.*

"By writing, producing and publicly performing in said photoplay, defendant has engaged in unfair trade practices against plaintiff to plaintiff's irreparable damage.

"Plaintiff is presentably unable to ascertain the full nature and extent of monetary damages he has suffered by reason of defendant's acts as aforesaid. Plaintiff is informed and believes, however, and, on the basis of such information and belief alleges, that said damages are presently in an amount in excess of $1,000,000."

*Hearts and Minds*, that embattled documentary about the war in Vietnam, looked like a liberal's dream—caustic, antiwar—but it was really just a motorcycle movie with dollars where the wheels go. When the Hell's Angels died and were turned away from heaven, there was only one other place for them to apply: Saigon. The B movie makers could not help but take notice, given their long fascination with motorcycles.

Bikes gleaming, leather steaming, muscles rippling, lips curling, Marlon Brando roared into town as *The Wild One* in the first of the B's cycle cycle; Brando was followed, at a respectable distance, by Peter Fonda in *The Wild Angels*, Bruce Dern in *Cycle Savages*, John Cassavetes in *Devil's Angels*, Jeremy Slate in *Hell's Belles*, William Smith in *Run, Angel, Run*, Tom Stern in *Hell's Angels '69*, Adam Roarke in *The Savage Seven* and the bad seed herself, Patty McCormack, in *The Mini-Skirt Mob*; Billy Jack (Tom Laughlin) first appeared as a character in a biker picture called *Born Losers*.

Only when the motorcycle genre had run its course did the major studios give it a whirl with two overstuffed items called *C.C. and Company* (with Joe Namath) and *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* (with Robert Redford); the latter production was so grand that it could afford eight cameras running simultaneously to film the big race.

You would think the ultimate motorcycle movie might have been producer Joe Solomon's bikerized remake of *The Dirty Dozen*, which was shot in the Philippines in 1970 under the glorious working title *Hell's Angels in Vietnam* (it was actually released as *The Losers*). But, oh, no.

In the late Sixties, just as the cycle genre was ending, canny studio executives, caught in a dollar slump, discovered the youth market; and the majors were soon pursuing young film-making talents who could deliver pictures that kids would pay first-run prices to see. The studios wrote contracts right and left with TV directors, commercial directors and assorted underground types for "relevant" pictures, and otherwise tried to compete with the exploitation industry. The results were mixed: *The Strawberry Statement* (an A picture) was good next to *The Activist* (a B); *The Revolutionary* (A) was a stroke of genius compared with *Revolution* (B); but *Adam at 6 A.M.*, *Changes*, *Hail, Hero*, *Summertree* and *The Young Runaways*—all A's—were failed quasi-exploitation pictures aimed at the audience that had made the genuine B article *Wild in the Streets* a $5,000,000 hit.

Then came *Easy Rider* (1969), which starred Peter Fonda of *The Wild Angels*, Dennis Hopper of *The Glory Stompers* and Jack Nicholson of *Hell's Angels on Wheels*—and it was the A-movie apotheosis of the B-movie biker genre. *Easy Rider* was the second feature project of a new, well-heeled production company called Raybert, after founder-backers Bob Rafelson and Bert Schneider. Together with a new partner, Steve Blauner, Rafelson and Schneider formed BBS. On the basis of *Easy Rider*'s then $7,000,000 gross (it has now grossed a total of $19,000,000) and the fact that Schneider's father was chairman of the board of Columbia Pictures and his brother was president of same, BBS got a six-picture deal from Columbia that included an artistic-integrity

clause: If budgets stayed in the semi-exploitation range (below $1,000,000), Columbia had no right of project approval. BBS could produce whatever cheap picture it pleased and Columbia would distribute it.

Overnight BBS became the most important maverick in Hollywood and the center of a clique of film-world intelligentsia—the ambitious, but not run-of-the-mill, hucksters. BBS types wore long hair and buckskins, and represented themselves as members of a youth splinter movement—socially concerned, decent, American sentimentalists—well above the general run of film entrepreneurs in short hair and sharkskins.

There were the writers—Robert Towne (*Chinatown*) and Carol Eastman (*Five Easy Pieces*)—and the performers—Nicholson and Hopper and Fonda and Candice Bergen and Karen Black—and "men about movie town"—Peter Bogdanovich, Henry Jaglom and Rafelson, who used BBS as a springboard for a motion-picture directing career. And in the center of it all was the enigmatic Bert Schneider, an establishment anti-establishment figure with connections and political interests.

Every BBS film (with the possible exception of the self-consciously mythic *The Last Picture Show*) featured disaffected protagonists treading the exploitable narrows between "straight" America's assorted hypocrisies and equally assorted alternative lifestyles—political, pharmaceutical, or delusional. *Five Easy Pieces*, *Drive, He Said* and *A Safe Place* had all the earmarks of youth-market pictures except, increasingly, youth. Instead of the Pepsi generation, the films starred the middle-aged BBS generation. Had the protagonists been film makers, their political-message film would have been *Hearts and Minds*: the socially conscious BBS exploitation epic enshrined.

Soft-core pornographers caught Patty Hearst with her revolutionary panties down in *Abduction* and *The Passionate Legend of Tania and Cinque*. The legend soured, however, before the doddering major studios could even say the Syberation Limbionese Whatchamacallit.

Exploitation epitomizes capitalism, which epitomizes the film industry. Artistic integrity is merely a shibboleth. Exploitation is the heart of the matter. Adaptability is what makes the film industry and capitalism so resilient and funny.

The public becomes inured to current events so quickly that only the nimblest film makers can get the news into theaters fast enough. The major studios learned this to their dismay when they tried, unsuccessfully, to reverse a box-office slump with campus-rebellion and drug pictures a few years ago. When feminism came along, they would have no part of it; they left the women's movement to independent, low-budget producers, who thrive on material that the majors won't handle. Subsequently the exploiters released a slew of feminist pictures shaped to their market; these were the girl-gang pictures, a genre that was to become the Playtex art of disposable feminism.

*Battle of the Amazons*, *The Big Bird Cage*, *The Big Doll House*, *Women in Chains*, *Women in Cages*, *The Hot Box*, *Truck Stop Women*, *Mama's Dirty Girls* and *Hell's Belles* exploit women's aspirations for equality and self-determination. These pictures are also the only filmed metaphor for those aspirations. Tough talk, rough humor, blood, gore, guts, chiffon, chains and hot leather. These women think. They make decisions that change their lives, and when they have made a decision, their resolve is strong. It is one thing to do *Wonder Woman* on television, as she is just a man in drag; it is quite another to have women take an aggressive stance in the goings-on.

By the time the major studios woke up to the dollars that could be made by exploiting the public's interest in

*B movies cross dress. Pam Grier plays Woody Strode to Margaret Markov's Kirk Douglas in "The Arena," a remake of "Spartacus."*

*White films go black: "The Informer" becomes "Uptight."*

*Warners sued the makers of "Abby" for ripping off "The Exorcist."*

*"Black Mama, White Mama" improves upon "The Defiant Ones." Grier plays Poitier, and Markov apes Curtis.*

women's rights, the parade had nearly passed them by. Columbia's late entry, *Doctors' Wives*, made flaccid use of an old formula that Corman used for such pictures as *The Student Nurses* (three girls arrive in Los Angeles to study nursing and fuck) and *The Student Teachers* (three girls arrive in Los Angeles to study teaching and fuck).

Neither were the B-grade tough-lady films devoid of the derivative syndrome. The earliest girl-gang pictures were, in fact, remakes of even earlier boy-gang pictures: *Black Mama, White Mama* was a remake of—and improvement on—*The Defiant Ones* in which Pam Grier played Sidney Poitier and Margaret Markov played Tony Curtis. Later, Grier played Woody Strode to Markov's Kirk Douglas in a remake of *Spartacus* called *The Arena.*

It seems as if the so-called black eyes—Shaft, Cleopatra Jones, and Mister Tibbs—have always been with us, but there was a time when film distributors didn't quite know how to exploit the taste of black audiences for exploitation pictures. For a fleeting, funny moment, black films were white films in blackface: *Slaves* was a remake of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Cool Breeze* had been *The Asphalt Jungle*, *Uptight* was *The Informer*, *Hit Man* was originally *Get Carter*, *Lady Cocoa* was remade from *Tight Spot*, *The Slams* was a Jack Palance over-the-wall picture called *House of Numbers*, and *Blacula* wasn't very good.

Warner sued the makers of the black-casted *Abby* for plagiarism ("Copied largely from plaintiff's copyrighted photoplay *The Exorcist* . . .") at about the same time that Universal announced that it would remake *The Seduction of Mimi* with Richard Pryor as the star.

Back in the days when every studio maintained a unit to produce B movies exclusively, remakes were more an exigency of studio economics than an exploitation of public viscera. In the Thirties, Briney Foy ran Warner Bros.' B-movie unit, grinding out 35 B's a year for distribution as second features to Warner A's. Twenty writers, five directors and five line producers worked full time under Foy's supervision. Even so, the pace was too swift to devise a new screenplay for every film. So Foy would "switch stories."

"Some time ago, while I was first producing at Warner Bros.," Foy recalls autobiographically, "I saw a picture made by Howard Hawks that was called *Tiger Shark*. It was a triangle—two men and a girl—and at the end of the story, the villain got his just deserts by being thrown to the sharks. I was impressed by the picture, which had been very well done, and it occurred to me that if the story had served Hawks so well, it should serve me also.

"So I switched it around, gave it an entirely different angle as far as hero, heroine and villain were concerned, laid it in a circus background and called it *Bengal Tiger*. Needless to say, the villain met his end by falling into a cage full of tigers.

"Well, *Bengal Tiger* was very successful, believe it or not, so naturally the theme still haunted me. As time passed, I looked around for another way to use it and eventually came up with another switch: a lumberjack story laid in the Northwest. This time, instead of flinging the heavy to the sharks and the tigers, I crushed him under a giant tree that he had planned to drop on the hero.

"In all, I switched that story around five times, always for Warner Bros., and oddly enough the boys in the studio never recognized it, even though they had grown up with it.

"Later it occurred to me that perhaps I hadn't done quite right by Hawks. I thought I had better tell him about it. 'Howard,' I said, 'I've never forgotten your great picture *Tiger Shark*. In fact, I was so moved by it, I have

done it five times myself. I hope you're not angry.' Howard said, 'Why, that's all right, Briney. I'm glad it worked for you, because, to tell you the truth, I switched it from a play I once saw called *They Knew What They Wanted*.' "

During the Sixties, every major studio faced the question of whether or not it should do war pictures set in Vietnam. In 1968, Stirling Siliphant, an extraordinarily successful screenwriter, was told by the production heads of every studio that, by the time his Vietnam script, *Groundswell*, could be filmed, the war would be over and no one would care about it any more. Similarly Henry Jaglom's *Tracks* (recently released with Dennis Hopper) was rejected all over town. William Bushnell sent around *Prisoners*, his script about the interrogation and torture of a POW. MGM told him, "You're five years too early." Warner Bros. told him, "You're five years too late." Fox responded, "This is definitely not our teaspoonful of heroin."

Only the low-budget makers of "idea films" could get a handle on the war and then only within their customary specialty genres. One remnant of the war, for example, that fit every production schedule was the-returning-Vietnam-veteran-as-perfect-Seventies'-protagonist. Guerrilla-warfare training had made him tougher than tough. He was one violent son of a bitch in a season when violent sons of bitches were the rage. His nation had sent him off a boy and brought him back a savage. His frustration, his compassion, his confusion, his repression suited him admirably to any violent tale. He was *Billy Jack* for rebellious gum-poppers, *Slaughter* for black masses, *Norwood* and *The Angry Breed* for motorcycle movie buffs; he was *Walking Tall* and *Vanishing Point*, *Jud* and *Captain Milkshake*; and when he didn't care for the tenor of his home town, he leveled it, as in *Welcome Home, Soldier Boys*.

No major producer could touch him, though, because that would have required acknowledging a war that the producers had no idea how to deal with. Five years too early and five years too late, Francis Ford Coppola has produced *Apocalypse Now* from a script written in the late Sixties. It took more than $15,000,000 and over 200 days to make a picture about a war with no exploitable "ideas" whatsoever.

Bruce was one of three 24-foot great white sharks created by Bob Mattey for *Jaws*, at a cost of about $150,000 apiece. Bruce weighed 3000 pounds, was constructed of welded tubular steel, hinged in sections, and was operated hydraulically by more than 20 pneumatic motors. His skin was made of polyurethane and coated with number-40 silica (sandblasting sand) and $30-a-gallon paint.

The nameless monster created by Dice, Inc., for *Attack of the Crab Monsters* in 1957 cost only $1200 (the entire film cost $80,000). The crab monster was eight feet wide and built of papier-mâché with a resin coating. Each of its legs was hinged in the center with a piece of piano wire hooked to the hinge and at the other end to a pole placed just beyond camera range. Prop men ran along outside the shot jerking the poles up and down and making the crab monster's legs ripple. The body itself was moved along by actor Ed Nelson, who carried the monster's weight on his back and worked its eyes with piano wires; it was always necessary to have rocks in the foreground of a monster shot, so as to mask out Nelson's tennis sneakers. (There is a shot in the film—just after scientist Pamela Duncan looks at the monster and says, "Now we're in real trouble"—in which Nelson's tennis shoes actually appear onscreen.) In addition to playing the crab monster, Nelson played a Navy pilot.

Universal Pictures took the outtakes from a disappointing war picture called *Tobruk*, starring Rock Hudson and George Peppard, combined them with an additional week's worth of footage shot in Mexico, featuring Richard Burton, and released it as a disappointing war picture called *Raid on Rommel*.

The mastermind behind this cinematic sleight of hand is Harry Tatelman, the unsung hero of Universal's balance sheet. Legend credits him with adding a full hour of outtakes to the television version of *Earthquake* and with splicing together several Charles Bronson TV guest shots to create some of old Leatherface's greatest hits.

Director William Wyler visited director John Ford shortly before Ford died. "Bill," the old man said, "it's your turn to do *Three Godfathers*." This was the title of a talkie that Ford directed in 1948, being a remake of a silent, *Marked Men*, he had done in 1920. In the interim, Wyler had directed the same story and called it *Hell's Heroes*. Remaking a film of one's own is commonplace in Hollywood.

Phenix City, Alabama, was the bedroom of Fort Benning, Georgia, after World War Two. Prostitution and gambling were rampant, and Phenix City had the highest venereal-disease rate in the nation. In 1954, a reform candidate for state attorney general, Albert Patterson, was gunned down on the steps of his Phenix City law office. Within weeks, Phil Karlson shot an inexpensive exposé, *The Phenix City Story*, on location.

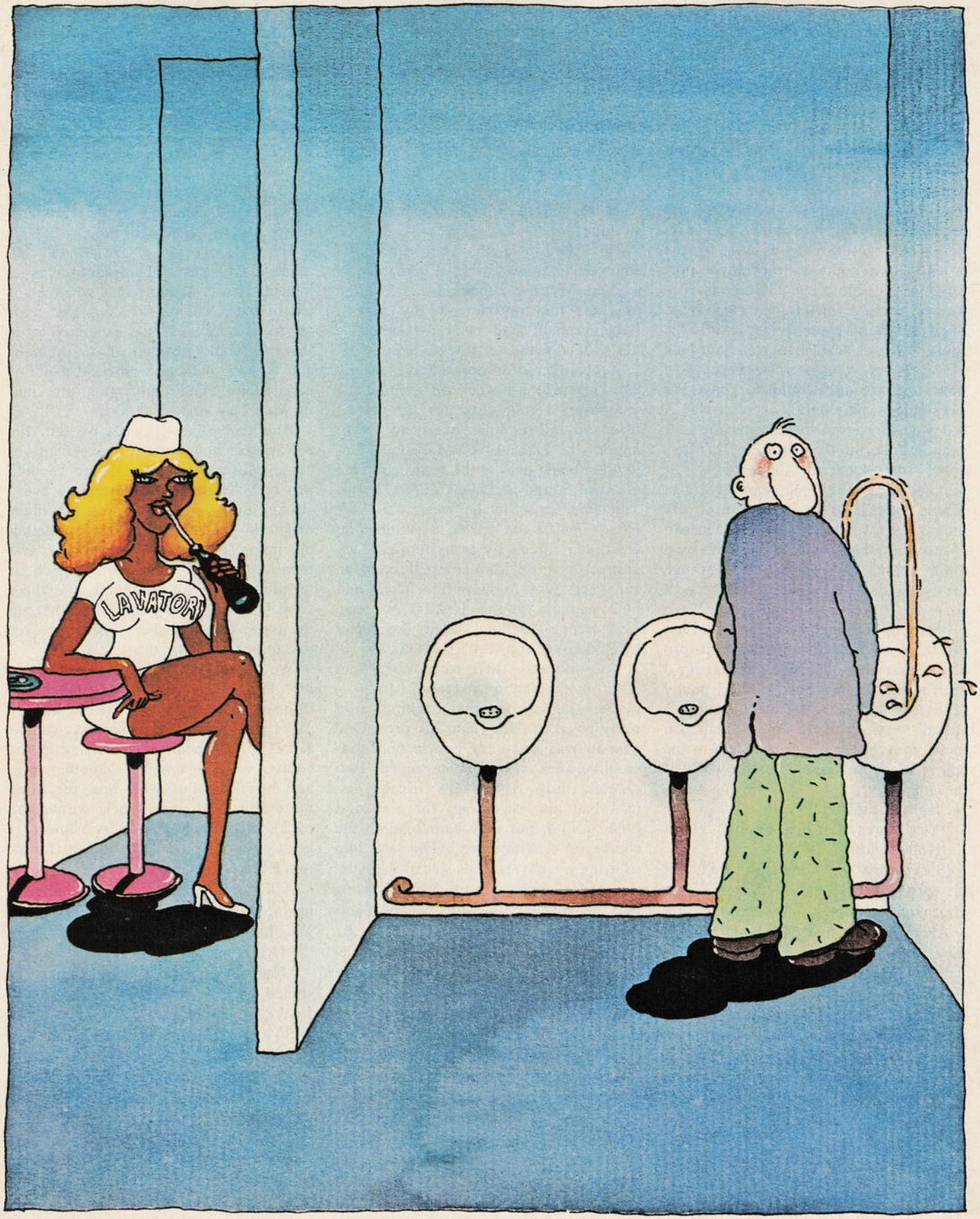
Karlson took liberties with the story. His hero, John Patterson (Richard Kiley), was presented as the son of the dead man. A war-crimes prosecutor returning to his home town, he is reluctant initially to interfere in local politics, but his father's murder goads him. Eventually he launches an all-out, solitary battle to clean up the town.

In 1972, Karlson remade *The Phenix City Story* and called it *Walking Tall*. Ostensibly basing *Tall* on the life of Tennessee lawman Buford Pusser, Karlson again took liberties, changing Pusser's story to match John Patterson's. The only concession to passing time was that Pusser (Joe Don Baker) was a veteran of the Vietnam war.

William Wyler directed *These Three* at a time when it was forbidden to mention the lesbian relationship at the center of *The Children's Hour*, the play on which *These Three* was based; when censorship eased in the Sixties, Wyler remade his film as *The Children's Hour* with the lesbian relationship restored. Frank Capra remade *Broadway Bill* as the musical *Riding High*; Howard Hawks did the same with *Ball of Fire* (as *A Song Is Born*) and Raoul Walsh turned his *The Strawberry Blonde* into the musical *One Sunday Afternoon*.

In all, more than a dozen directors have remade their own films. Alfred Hitchcock did two versions of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*; Cecil B. De Mille made *The Ten Commandments* twice; Sidney Franklin did *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* twice; Joseph Kane did *Oh! Susanna* twice; Frank Capra remade *Lady for a Day* as *Pocketful of Miracles*; Raoul Walsh remade *High Sierra* as *Colorado Territory*; George Cukor remade *What Price Hollywood?* as *A Star Is Born*; Leo McCarey remade *Love Affair* as *An Affair to Remember*; Jean Negulesco remade *Three Coins in the Fountain* as *The Pleasure Seekers*; Mitchell Leisen remade *Midnight* as *Masquerade in Mexico*; John Farrow remade *Five Came Back* as *Back from Eternity*; and George Marshall remade *Destry Rides Again* as *Destry*.

The moral to this fable seems to lie in the fact that only in Hitchcock's and Cukor's cases did the remake garner the acclaim of the original. ▣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**CONFESSIONS OF A YEAR-ROUND TENNIS ADDICT** *I spent six hours on court each day, with an extra masochistic hour during which I took on the ball machine singlehandedly. It always won.*

*(Continued from page 60)* it: *Had* tennis replaced sex? I don't mean totally—for nature had endowed us both with plenty of the primeval urge—but sex, formerly our only passion, had definitely lost ground to tennis.

Our vacation at the Colony temporarily at least confirmed that feeling. We would wake at seven in the morning, ready and eager to play—tennis. A romp in bed at that hour meant missing breakfast, which would make us unfit for the grueling two hours of morning clinic. Missing the morning clinic was, obviously, unthinkable. Lunch came next. Then there was a clear choice: back to the courts, or back to bed. If we chose bed, we knew we'd collapse afterward; we'd wake and the day would be gone. We were here to play tennis, weren't we? A bed would always be there, somewhere. A good fast court in the warm Florida afternoon sun—such an opportunity, if shunned, does not come again except in winter dreams. So we would put on dry socks, play two sets of singles, then two of mixed doubles. Back in our suite we'd think about why we breezed through the first set six–three and blew the next six–two. This had to be analyzed. Then a hot bath. Drink before dinner? First I'd want to talk to the assistant pro about that new fiberglass racket he'd been using. Then a good dinner, plenty of protein and a bottle of Marques de Riscal to wash it down. A walk on the Colony beach under the stars in the balmy night air. Listen to the wash of the surf.

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes. Christ, I'm beat. You?"

"Knocked out."

"Let's turn in. Tomorrow we'll get up early, or we'll take a siesta in the afternoon, or——"

And then one fine day, boats against the current, baby, we'll make it.

We flew north after that idyl in the Gulf Coast sun, feeling relaxed, trim, sun-tanned; we figured we must now be surfeited with tennis. But if tennis is a mental game, life is even more so. It rained in the Hamptons for nearly a week, and Southampton College, under a new policy, closed its gym to outsiders. There was no tennis. There was plenty of sleeping late, however, and there were siestas—so it was early to bed with a rediscovery of pleasures as ancient as those of the *Kama Sutra*. March arrived—a wet, gloomy month. I wrote a few more paragraphs of my novel. My feeling of well-being swung toward restlessness. I missed the sun. Say it, you coward! I missed tennis.

"It was fun down there," I told V., "but maybe it was *too* much fun. It wasn't intense enough. I need one of those kill-or-cure clinics, tennis ranches, whatever you call them. I've got to get better. Do you know what I want? I want to win the club tournament this summer."

I had said it, finally. That *was* what I wanted. That was what I had always wanted. My first summer I hadn't dared to enter the tournament. But now a sleeping giant had been awakened, a desire filled with a terrible resolve.

I encountered no opposition from my lady, and within a week we were on the second leg of our quest for the perfect forehand and the killer overhead. Destination: the Laver-Emerson Tennis Clinic, then being held at the resort complex of April Sound at Lake Conroe, Texas. The chief pro for the week was Lew Hoad, one of the greats, a Wimbledon champion forced by a mysterious back ailment to retire from competition at an early age. Working with him, Hoad had nine peppery young U.S.P.T.A. pros, who used a teaching system developed by Rod Laver and Roy Emerson.

The students—there were fewer than 30 of us, ranging in age from 21 to 50—met in the bar the first evening, at a party given by Hoad and his pros. One woman was there for her second consecutive week; was *she* determined. Two cheerful birds from New Orleans, sisters, had also signed up for a second time around, but they hadn't taken the course for a whole year. The rest, like us, were neophytes. It was what the Aussies call a dinkum time, which means that everyone gets very friendly and mildly drunk, which is, apparently, the Australian vision of heaven. The bachelors and the pros paired off with the sisters and other unescorted females. We drank and danced until midnight. Then I dragged V. away.

"Tennis tomorrow, remember? Six hours of tennis. The last thing I need is a hangover."

But the last thing I needed was precisely what I got, as is true so often in life. The Texas sun filtered through the morning haze to bake my beer-soaked brain. We gathered in a loose circle on the grass adjoining the courts, with Hoad in the center. Everyone looked a little ashen, except the Aussies, for whom a night of beer drinking was evidently a tonic. I thought of the six hours of instruction that loomed ahead. I wondered if anyone had bothered with a medical checkup. I hadn't. "Pace yourself," I whispered to V. "Sit in the shade when you're not on court. Drink lots of water."

"The stroke of the day, mates," Hoad announced cheerfully, "is the forehand drive. And this is how it's done."

He was, of course, sensational. He made it look easy. His analysis was so logical. It was obvious that when I got out of there, if I did so alive, I was going to be a killer. It was explained to us that we would now go off to different courts, each with two other students of equal ability and one young pro, and do what Lew Hoad had done.

And that's exactly what we did. It's remarkable how good a hacker can become with an enthusiastic and capable pro at his right hand, correcting every stroke and misplacement of shoulder and foot—not to mention a Wimbledon champion popping in every now and then to add just that extra nuance of technique. We hit forehands for three solid hours, stopping only to gather up the balls, to wipe sweat from our eyes and to guzzle Gatorade.

We broke for lunch. I had figured to lose five or six pounds of rubber tire during this week, but I was so hungry that I ate a lunch that would have stuffed King Kong. Then we went back to the courts, were assigned to another pro, and hit forehands with him for three more hours. At five o'clock, we walked back to our cottage—very slowly. I knew how I would feel the next morning. Everything ached.

After dinner, where I gorged myself again, we joined Hoad and his lively gang in the bar.

"Drink, mate?"

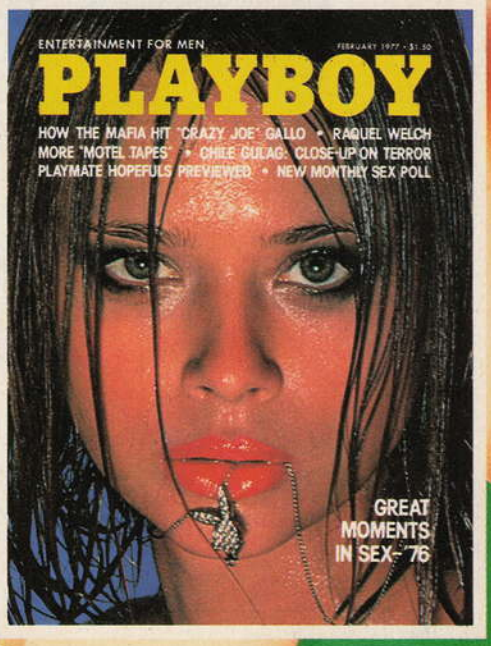
"Not tonight, mate, but thanks." I smiled wearily. At ten o'clock, V. and I were sleeping the sleep of innocents.

So it went for five more days, through backhand drive, serve, return of serve, forehand and backhand volley, overhead smash, lob, singles- and doubles-play strategy. I spent six hours on court each day, with an extra masochistic hour during which I took on the ball machine singlehandedly. The ball machine always won.

But the essential confession I have to make is this: It wasn't torture; it was pure pleasure—an almost undiluted

# Raquel cries! Joey dies! Dictators rise!

It all happens in PLAYBOY. Starting with an intimate profile of Raquel Welch as she struggles to overcome the sex-symbol tag she feels has limited her career. Then the man who set up the hit on mobster Joey Gallo tells how the crime was pulled off in *Crazy Joe Must Die*. And, in *A Very Quiet Horror*, you'll learn how Chile has been turned into a new Auschwitz by its military dictators. That's only part of the excitement in the February PLAYBOY. Look for it at your local newsstand.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concentration on the perfection of a physical and mental skill. Upon reflection, it occurs to me that human beings can engage in few activities that are more healthful and less apt to harm other human beings than tennis.

If this madness, this addiction, needs any justification, there it is. The doctor can kill as well as cure; the philosopher and poet confound as often as they illuminate; but the tennis addict can do neither more nor less than win or lose, hit the ball well or poorly—and that is strictly *his* problem, or his joy.

Such rhapsodizing on my part, I should admit, did not happen until after the week at April Sound. During the week at April Sound, it was all I could do just to hang in there. At the final banquet, a jovial Hoad, drinking champagne instead of beer, handed out awards: Most Improved, Winner of Tournament, etc. V. received a certificate signifying that as far as the pros were concerned, she was a battler. I received, officially, in the form of a card I could hang round my neck, the "$998 Forehand—$1.50 Backhand—50¢ Serve Award." I'm still not quite sure what it meant, but I was not displeased.

Once again, we flew home to East Hampton, but now the moment of truth had come. It was immediately and absolutely necessary to get on the telephone. "Hello, Larry. Hi, Bill. Yes, just got back. A little hot down there, but we survived. Good clinic—terrific, in fact. The first two days were tough, then we got into a rhythm. Yes, I think I learned a little something. Uh, want to play tomorrow?"

Did I improve dramatically? Did I win steadily? Did I thrash Larry and Bill and men I'd never beaten before? Well, sometimes. The problem was that I didn't have Hoad or even my own private pro there at my elbow.

Next question: Did I become club champion? The tournament was held in early August. I was knocked out of it in the very first round, six–three, three–six, six–one, by a man I reckoned I could beat under normal circumstances. There were two equally valid reasons for my defeat: I pulled a muscle in my leg at the beginning of the third set, and he played better than I did. Was I depressed? Better believe it. I yelled at V., I took long, gloomy walks and I stayed off the courts for a full week.

But I was finally vouchsafed a vision. I was as good a tennis player then as I would ever be, and that wasn't really very good. I had glutted myself with tennis, but the feast was over. Then, for the first time, I realized I could live with that. I could even finish my novel. It grew awfully hot in East Hampton toward the end of summer, and we spent a lot of time in the bedroom, which caught the cool ocean breeze.

In early September, we went to Forest Hills for the U. S. Open. Nastase was playing Ramirez in the late afternoon, a thrilling five-set match. We sat high in the stadium. The distant, manicured grass courts were being used by members of the West Side Tennis Club even as the tournament took place. There, in the distance, we spotted four white-haired men, dressed in white, of course, hobbling their way around one of the grass courts in a mildly spirited doubles match. The crowd roared. Nastase had just sliced a backhand to achieve match point against Ramirez. The four old men just played on. They had to be addicts. A little insane, probably. I wondered how many times they'd sworn off the game and then come back to it. I had a chilly premonition.

But, as I said, at least they weren't hurting anyone. ▣

**MY LIFE AS A WOMAN** *By the time I have shaved both legs, one hour after I started, I have cut myself nine times. Then I notice that my toes are covered with wild tufts.*

*(Continued from page 80)* fully dressed in front of the full-length mirror I realize that this is not funny. I cancel my class and go out drinking with a couple of buddies.

A week later, I begin again. I follow instructions, diagrams and rituals. Getting ready for class, I draw a bath, following instructions in Salem's book *How to Impersonate a Woman*. I put in some salts and get in to luxuriate. After ten minutes, I am shriveled like a mummy. The next step is shaving my legs, but my TRAC II will not penetrate the thick, wiry growth. I get out of the tub, put on some clothes, trot to the drugstore and buy an old-fashioned safety razor. It seems to work. About 20 minutes later, one leg is shaved. I inspect its satiny, smooth sheen and find myself actually aroused by this unfamiliar, shapely thing. By comparison with its hairy mate, it is—yes—sexy. By the time I have shaved both legs, one hour after I started, I have cut myself nine times. Then, to my chagrin, I notice that my toes are covered with wild tufts that spoil the whole effect. Shaving a toe is like shaving an okra. I skip my underarms, but the arms themselves have to be shaved—that takes 20 minutes—and my nails have to be filed, which takes ten more. Before departing, I contemplate what name I'll use for my transformed self. I settle on Dusty in honor of my disintegrating bathroom plaster—and because it has a kind of gun-moll ring.

On the way to my second session, I run through my exercise list of pronunciations. When I arrive, I tell Ms. Traum I've been having a little trouble with my dead-giveaway Ts, Ds, Ns and Ls. When I pronounce them clearly, I fall back into a British accent that I have spent ten years erasing.

"There's nothing more feminine than a British accent, Dusty," she assures me. When I ask her to zip me into the pink sheath I've brought along, she notices a bruise on my arm. Without losing a lilt, she asks, "Are you into B&D or S&M?"

"What's B&D?"

"Bondage and discipline, dear."

I explain that the demon who took a bite out of my arm earlier that morning is only a friend. She gives me a knowing smile. What if this class is just a sophisticated cover? Would she, if I implored her, tie my hands and feet to her Louis XIV chair? After all, for $50 a shot, one might expect something more than a make-up lesson. But the next two hours turn out to be a little more than that.

We start my face with foundation: It's an absolute necessity for tvs to cover beard and rough skin. But once put on—using only our ring fingers, of course, so as to spread it delicately—it looks ghastly, like corpse coating. "Every woman gets frightened when she looks at herself in foundation," Ms. Traum reassures me in her purring, you-are-not-weird voice. Then my nose is straightened with clown white, a scar is erased and my eyes "corrected"—I have fleshy lids. Despite the expert application of paints, I see a mummy in the mirror. At best, I look like an ugly girl.

•

By the time my third class rolls around, my nails have grown to late-Mandarin length; they grate on plates, clack like claws on the keys of my typewriter, make zippers awkward and masturbation precarious. I've also noticed that my recent attention to detail has brought out a certain slave mentality. I am making hospital corners on my bed, sweeping, washing the dishes after every meal, lining up cups and saucers and emptying ashtrays.

When I arrive for class, Ms. Traum is just finishing up with another tv. He is in his mid-20s, shy and balding—not in the least effeminate. After he leaves, Ms. Traum announces, "Jane has got to go!" She explains that after a year of feminization, the boy who just left us had developed his female twin so successfully that she had begun slipping out in his place, showing up unexpectedly at board meetings and business lunches. Now she has to de-train him. Suddenly Dusty begins to alarm me.

I emerge from the bathroom wearing pink bikini pants and a garter belt. Today I am learning to walk. The Powers Glide Walk and the Seductive Walk. Ms. Traum does a slow-burn Jane Russell trampy bump-and-grind stroll, while great movie themes play in the background.

"Just try it yourself, one time now," she says with a naughty smile. "Walk-twist-walk-twist-hip-hip-hip-shift-shift-shift." I feel as if I am seducing myself as I walk this sweet gauntlet under her titillating gaze. "Basketball!" shouts Ms. Traum, pulling me back from the edge. "You've played basketball. Do that twist the way you'd do a pivot shot. You know, turn on your heel, slowly now." The thought of Keds and the Knicks has saved me from my shady reverie. But it begins again. "Once more, Dusty dear, now hold it on the pivot. Chest out. Head back and slightly down, pouty. Good. Turn slowly and catch a look at yourself in the mirror." I hardly dare look; the words alone are getting me hot.

"Now, dear," she says, "you can imagine the line of the black hose, can't you?" There's no question about it—I do look gorgeous. The wig, the heels, the nylons, the haughty turn of the head. I have passed without realizing it from terror to boredom to vanity to actual enthusiasm for the way I look.

•

Stella (nee Stanley) and I are talking over drinks. She is showing me "before" photographs. I find it hard to believe that the nebbish pre-law student with glasses and mustache in the picture is also the gaunt blonde across the table from me, flirting distractedly with the air. After seven years of being a tv, Stanley sold his motorbike last year to pay for the operation that made him Stella.

I've been thinking about going out in drag, so I tell Stella about my apprehensions. "My secrecy about dressing up was torture," she says. "My greatest desire was to be seen in women's clothes. The first time I dressed and went out I felt a tremendous relief. I had planned it for three or four years—waiting to get up the nerve. One night I decided that it was time. There was an old lady who always sat on the steps of my building. I was afraid she would recognize me and I waited for her to go home. I thought she would never leave. Finally she went away. I slipped out and went around the corner to buy a newspaper. Two guys passed me on the street and one of them said, 'What a doll, huh?' and I felt better."

Stella told me about Stefan, who holds tv socials at his house. They're no longer as common as they were in the Fifties and early Sixties when it was necessary for tvs to meet in secret. There were secret tv conventions, tv Odd Fellows halls, tv sororities and even weekend retreats with cabins and masked balls.

In a thick middle-European accent, Stefan puts me off at first on the phone. When I ask if I could come by with my girlfriend, his tone changes instantly. "Perhaps tonight?" We settle for the weekend.

"Stefan will be with you shortly," his delicate wife announces as I enter the apartment. "He's dressing." As we wait in the quaint room, decorated in red and white with touches of ethnic crafts, I imagine a Hungarian dwarf with tassel boots, lace shawl, pleated blouse and castanets.

Stefan strides into the room with an absurd march. His long hair is lightly

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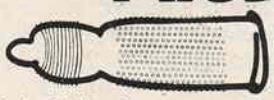

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**MY LIFE AS A WOMAN** *Eddie hoists up his mini. He has rigged a G string with a net that holds his plumbing.*

frosted and he wears slacks and a string of pearls. He looks like an attractive woman in her late 30s. There is only the slightest hint of embarrassment. After a little chitchat, he fixes me with a stare. "Why don't you get dressed?" he asks. "What are you so shy about?"

With false modesty, I retire to the bathroom and begin to apply the layers of cosmetics in their cabalistic order so painstakingly learned at Ms. Traum's academy. What other tvs have had such elaborate training? I feel a flush of vanity that debutantes in *couturier* gowns must feel.

When I slip into the room with my Powers Glide Walk, Stefan looks up, almost amused: "Why do you want to put all of that junk on? You look like a hooker. What woman in her right mind wears that much make-up today? Anyway, it's too hot. Don't you feel uncomfortable in all that? Why don't you just wear slacks like a girl your age?"

An hour later, another guest arrives with a suitcase. Under the dark shades he has worn on the subway from Brooklyn, his lashes are coated with gluey mascara and blue shadow. He's over six feet tall and is built like a giant teardrop. "Hi, I'm Eddie," he says heartily, and retires to the bathroom. In a few minutes, Eddie reappears, posing in the doorway in a red micro miniskirt that barely covers his crotch, matching patent-leather pumps, Dynel curls and screaming-pink lipstick and rouge. I have to bite my hand to stifle a laugh, but no one else gives it a thought. Eddie's red delirium is taken for granted, whereas I am put down because I am trying to impersonate a genetic girl.

Talk turns casually to sales of tv clothing. Stefan recalls seeing peasant women dressed in their traditional garb as they went to Mass on Sunday. "As a little boy, I would stand at the garden gate and watch them pass. The women's skirts were made of beautiful velvet, either red or green and very full. They would wear about eight starched crinolines. They wore stockings with gold spangles and soft white blouses that were very sexy. That was when I began to envy them because of the clothes they could wear. What can men do? They match their socks with their hankies."

It's a steaming, hot midsummer night—not tv weather. Eddie uses this as an excuse to change. "I have a few tricks under here," he says, pointing to his miniskirt. "I always believe girls should share their secrets, don't you? Would you like to see how I create the effect of a vagina, so that nothing pops out when I'm squatting with the girls? Do you like to go into ladies' rooms? I think it's the greatest thrill."

Eddie hoists up his mini. He has rigged up a G string with a net that holds his external plumbing and tucks it away. With his huge pot belly rolling down to a little fake *mons Veneris*, the effect is like something out of *Satyricon*. "I may have a spare one here," he says as he rummages through a suitcase packed with panties, stockings, corsets and even a douche bag; but the spare G string doesn't turn up.

•

Dr. Leo Wollman, who holds teas on alternate Sundays and has performed a number of sex-change operations, functions these days more as a counselor than as a surgeon. One associates this sort of surgeon with sanitariums in Switzerland, but Dr. Wollman's clinic is situated in the rather seedy Mermaid Avenue area of Coney Island, among juju shops and languid Puerto Rican hookers in pink Afros, lolling against the walls of sleazy hotels.

Wollman's walls are dripping with testimonials, garish photos, news clippings, Polaroids of grateful patients and degrees in sexology. The doctor is only too delighted to take me on a brisk tour of his bizarre picture gallery. The subjects are about equally divided between black, white and Hispanic, and—not surprisingly, considering the neighborhood—most are plainly *not* professional people. In fact, when I mentioned the "harassed-professional" theory of Ms. Traum and the magazines, Wollman scoffed. "You find these people in every walk of life," he says. "You're only going to hear about the more literate, educated types, naturally. But I run across all kinds: barbers, dockworkers——" He produces a photo of a husky teamster, who keeps his breasts bandaged to his chest while driving a semi. Other photos show elegant transsexuals in Givenchy scarves. One he is especially proud of is an ex–New York City cop, now an airline stewardess, with legs erotically splayed, split-beaver fashion, to show the successful outcome of her operation. "Cute, huh?" asks Wollman, with a disturbingly unprofessional wink.

Wollman, who began his practice as a gynecologist, leans toward an endocrinological explanation of tvs and ts's, dismissing the classic Freudian interpretation of sexual role changing as the fantasy of "a neurologist who couldn't bear to look his patients in the eye."

A few days later, I visit Dr. Lee Steiner, a psychiatrist who treats the problems of tvs and would-be ts's. Dr. Steiner is a forthright old girl, and when

I ask her if she went along with the theory that the operation released "the girl within," she lets me know in no uncertain terms.

"No, sir. We don't take much stock in those calcified notions. Ts's come in here, suicidal and depressed, thinking the operation is going to solve all their problems. You see, it's just another form of suicide. They want to destroy this life and become another person. They come here saying they feel like a woman, but let me ask you what in the hell does it feel like to feel like a woman? Most of the people in this field are men, and *they* don't know. They're so caught up in the technical side of these operations that they forget what a sex-changed person is going to do with his life or where he's going to fit in.

"A heterosexual doesn't want him—you can't tell me a heterosexual man with an ounce of experience can't tell the difference between the perineal muscles of a vagina and a hole, for God's sake—or between real breasts and silicone. A homosexual doesn't want him sexually, either. He wants a man. And women won't have anything to do with him; they feel that ts's are just parodying them."

One thing both Steiner and Wollman agree on, however, is Freud. Steiner says, "We've inherited this crappy notion from upper-class Vienna—that boys are tough and aggressive and little girls are all sugar and spice. We're living in a world populated with Freudian clichés. This is unquestionably harder on men. Girls don't have to be good in sports; they don't have to get jobs; they don't have to be good at anything. Somebody takes care of them. Nobody really cares what a woman does because it doesn't matter. If you're a girl, you're nothing; all you have to do is stay home and cuddle.

"I think that's what the tv and the ts want: a smaller, simpler life."

•

Ms. Traum asks me to bring leotards. Instead, I wear a pair of wine-colored panty hose, a red bikini and a blue-and-white Quāālude T-shirt. The effect is Clark-Kent-out-of-the-closet. This is my last class. I am to be initiated into the ultimate mysteries of feminine postures and movements. "The only women who are truly feminine are the ones who've taken lessons," Ms. Traum assures me. "Girls learn how to be girls. It isn't something they're born with. The glow that comes from a truly feminine woman starts in her appearance, her gestures, what she's wearing."

She proceeds to show me the correct deployment of various bodily parts.

*"For the last time, Oedipus, you'll have to learn to take your milk from a cup like any other fourteen-year-old."*

Head: "If we want to know how to coordinate our entire bodies in a feminine way, we have to start at the top. If there's something I can't stand, it's a woman who walks around with a bobbing head. Actually a woman is very subtle—never jerky or obvious. If you were sitting in a chair, for instance, there would be, oh, just the *slightest* tilt of the head."

Hands: "We put our hands together in the yoga mudra position, thumb and middle finger together, something like a flower's petals. If we put our wrists together, we make a flower."

After we have reviewed posture, we move on to some more-complicated maneuvers: dinner by candlelight. We sit down at the table with two place settings to rehearse the logistics of intimacy. I ask Ms. Traum if it's going to be a TV dinner. She's heard it before. I learn how to open a napkin, pick up the wineglass with two fingers and drink like a doe, smoke a cigarette, wipe my mouth, pick my teeth with discretion and go to the ladies' room. Then we flirt. "Flirting is fun, fun, fun!" Ms. Traum explodes. "You can't do it with dry lipstick. Your lipstick should be very, very moist with a coat of lip gloss over it to get the utmost flexibility from your lips."

Then we exercise our orifices, saying "oooooh" and concentrating on making the hole as small as possible. "Make sure," she says with an almost obscene wink, "that a coffee cup or glass never goes in your mouth farther than a half inch. This way you create the puckering effect you want." Ms. Traum says she could go on teaching me facial tricks for three hours—and she nearly does.

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The course is over. I have opened the doors of many musty closets and let loose a host of my own latent demons. I have endured the discipline of the tongue, run the gauntlet of the Powers Glide Walk, scrutinized my awful face under layers of Maybelline, Estee Lauder and Clinique; I have eaten a dinner in full drag, in the company of phallic females. I have closely observed the mysteries of monstrous machines of sexuality, tvs careening deliriously toward mumlike lacy locomotives. I have offered my innocence on altars of paint

and powder, sacrificed my dignity to the thousand shocks flesh is heir to, rendered up my *machismo* and dreamed awful dreams of nights in pink panty hose. I have undergone all these humiliations, terrors and titillations, but not, like some, to progress on the path toward the light, or to gain admittance to a tribe, or even the Elks Club. I did it for a fucking article. Then I received this note from my editor:

> Dear David,
> There are two things you still haven't dealt with in this piece.
> 1. The idea of men coming on to you.
> 2. Passing.

Soon writers will be asked to undergo mutation to fulfill the appetite of journalism. Hasn't my editor already suggested I take a few hormone shots?

I devise an ingenious plan. I will make the run on Halloween. That way I'm covered: If discovered, I can simply say "It's just a costume, man. If you can't tell the difference that's your problem, not mine." I don't have to worry about my street, because just down the block is the infamous Eighty-Two Club, New York's premier drag show for more than 20 years. The real problem is making it to the street. Even on Halloween, my outfit will be hard to explain to Carlos, all-seeing Selnia or Tony the Giant who works in the minideli downstairs. Not to mention the people I don't know who live in my building. I'm already conspicuous enough as the resident honkie. The *señora* in the tent dress, the balloon girl who never sleeps: Until the middle of November, the street is their home.

Halloween night. At 8:30, they'll head upstairs to watch the *Iris Chacon Show* on the tube. I keep going up to the roof to look down and see if they've gone in. One thing tv life has taught me is incredible patience: It's already taken an hour and a half of primping to complete my drag. I creep furtively out of my door and tiptoe down the hall, past the misspelled graffito RAMON IS A FAGET on the first landing. My "costume" rubs along the wall like nails on a blackboard. I feel like a species of crustacean in a coral cave, slowly oozing toward I know not what. I am torn between the terror that I might not pass and the terror that I might.

As soon as I hit the street, I realize that I have miscalculated. I will be less visible under the cover of darkness. Then I realize that I am a woman, and a woman alone on this street at night is prey. A bum from the men's shelter reels diagonally across the street. "Hey, baby, didn't I see you in church?" In church? I am getting confused.

A guy screeches into the service station in a purple Barracuda and leans out of the window. He's going to say something; I hold my breath. He and his buddy watch me, leering, for what seems like an eternity. I am alone and defenseless, without a genetic woman's experience of how to deal with these morons. I am being examined like a Waring blender, like a V8 engine—like, yes, like a sex object. I am about ten feet from the car and my hearing has grown paranoidally acute. He says something like "Cute doll" to his buddy, and they laugh. Finally a cab rescues me. I am sweating. I wonder whether my mascara is running. I keep telling myself to relax. It's Halloween. I'm on assignment. If those Ivy League bruisers in the CIA can do it, so can I.

I know almost everybody at the party, so it isn't exactly an ordeal. In fact, the brother of a girl I know starts coming on to me and asks me for a date. Only one other person is in drag—somewhat clunkily. He came as Carmen Miranda. He thinks my costume is a bit "too good." Petty jealousy.

Afterward, as I am waiting for a cab, a well-dressed man in his late 40s walks over to me. I cross the street as the light changes, and he follows. "I noticed you at the party," he says calmly. "You did?" I answer, my voice thin and terrified. I don't look at his face. Why don't I just tell him it's a costume and have a good hearty male laugh, "Fooled ya, eh? Getting past it, buddy? Heh, heh"? One reason I don't say this is that I am unable to speak. He asks me where I live and I manage to tell him, thinking he can't live that far downtown. It turns out that he's meeting a friend at a bar on West Broadway and it's not out of his way. He'll drop me off.

He's pretty loaded and horny or myopic enough not to notice that my tongue isn't pointed. After about 20 blocks, he casually slings his arm around me. I lurch away. He gives me a pat.

For the time being, he conceals his ardor with eloquence, charming me with his voice as he tells his tale. He's a lawyer, it turns out, and he represents a number of artists. Conceptual artists. "Do you know what conceptual art is?" he asks patronizingly. But I've gone mute, despite what I'd like to tell him. He is interested in forming some sort of commune that would help artists and left-wing causes and wolves in Minnesota. The more apprehensive I become, the more enthusiastically he sprinkles me with his cherished illusions. His clichés are as bad as my Dynel wig. Much as he loves art, his real love is words. Just had something published in the *SoHo News*. Just happened to have it with him. Would I like to see it? I long to reveal my identity—undercover writer—and arrest him in the name of grammar. Instead, I say nothing and he continues to beguile me with his flatulent fantasies as we hurtle down Broadway in this golden coach of dreams and desires. I am ashamed for my entire sex, for the impotent ideals of the West, for the ludicrous sham of mating calls based on record albums, even, perhaps for primates.

When we reach my street, he tells the driver to go on. Desperately I attempt to protest, but only a shrill, desiccated croak erupts from my larynx. I am overpowered. When we get out, I tell him sheepishly but firmly that I don't want to have a drink with his friend in the bar. To my delight, he concedes. But again I am checked. He's got the keys to the friend's loft. We can go have a drink there alone, put on some records, look at some paintings and talk. I shake my head violently. "Aw, c'mon," he says, almost whining. "Just for a few minutes. Don't say no." It's a very bad line. I don't want to get into a scene on the street. The cab ride has numbed me, but once inside, I think, I will just come out and tell him.

He pours a couple of drinks and puts on a Joni Mitchell album. He comes up behind me, coils his arm around me and feels around. My heart goes into my mouth as I teeter on my heels. I scan his face a bit guiltily. "You—you're a guy?"

He is in shock. Disenchanted and angry. Then he glowers and shrugs: "Well, are you going to give me a blow job?" he demands.

I tell him that isn't my scene. "I'm straight, man!" I say. How can I explain? Should I make him take a semester at John Money's gender-identity clinic, treat him to an introductory lesson at Ms. Traum's academy, or set him up with Eddie, the salacious teardrop in red? He's in a rage. He just doesn't understand.

"Well, you don't expect *me* to blow *you*, do you?" He demands to know why I have led him on. I haven't led him anywhere, but I have tricked him. Why? I am about to tell him, when I decide that one trick is enough for Halloween. ▣

# WHO

Mark Sennet/Camera 5

## Valerie Perrine has her dog days

It's not unusual for a movie actress to take out an insurance policy on her legs or breasts. Valerie Perrine didn't do that, although her legs and breasts would be in good hands with Allstate. The $1,000,000 worth of insurance that Valerie recently bought has nothing to do with her body; it has to do with her dogs, Thurber, Oscar, Ching and Sascha. See, 200-pound great Danes chew on anything they want to, and someday, Valerie feared, they might chew out the wrong interloper. Don't the dogs get restless being cooped up all day? "Naw," she says, "I've got three and a half acres of yard for them to play in, and on rainy days, I wrap an old fur coat around my arm and let them gnaw on that for a few hours or so."

## Truman Capote's eyewitness nose

Truman Capote has taken a lot of flak for his gossipy tome *Answered Prayers*. His former friends won't talk to him anymore. Worse, they no longer invite him to their parties. They say that he's lost his sanity, become an alcoholic and eats small children for breakfast. OUI asked Capote what he had to say about all this. Well put, Capote.

Harry Benson

Mark Sennet

## Lauren Hutton: trying to click with a new image

Rumor has it that model-turned-actress Lauren Hutton has turned to yet another pursuit: photographing people's back yards. At least, that's how she spent her breaks during the shooting of *Viva Knievel!* in Los Angeles.

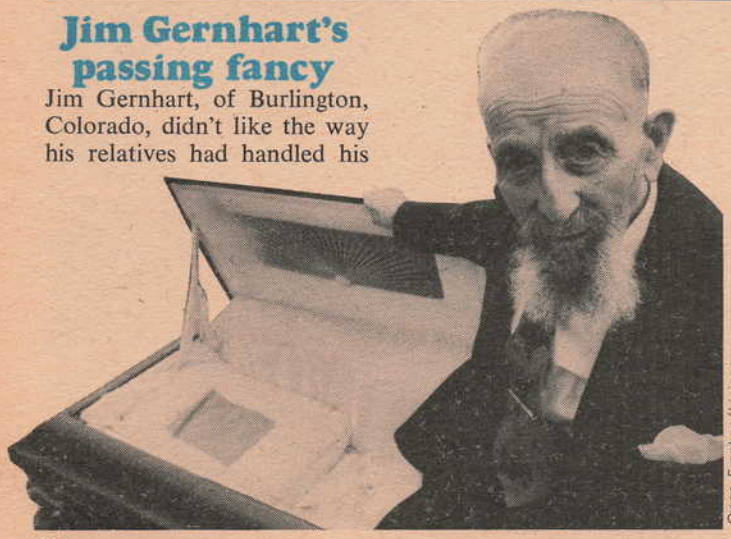
Mark Sennet

## Lynda Carter: mail fantasies

"When the mailman arrives and catches me in my old terrycloth bathrobe, he is awfully disappointed," says the former Miss U.S.A., Lynda Carter, who is currently camping it up as ABC-TV's *Wonder Woman*. "He'd prefer to see me in my spangled briefs and gold bra."

## Jim Gernhart's passing fancy

Jim Gernhart, of Burlington, Colorado, didn't like the way his relatives had handled his sister's funeral, so he decided to test run his own funeral in order to get it right. That was in 1951 when Jim was 74 years old. He's been celebrating his funeral annually ever since and it has become the town's most popular event. Some of the locals weren't real happy with old Jim's notion of how to poke fun at death, and he decided to store his casket across the state line in the neighboring town of Goodland, Kansas. When Jim finally does go, he plans to be buried in Goodland, not in Burlington. He says, "I wouldn't be caught dead in this town."

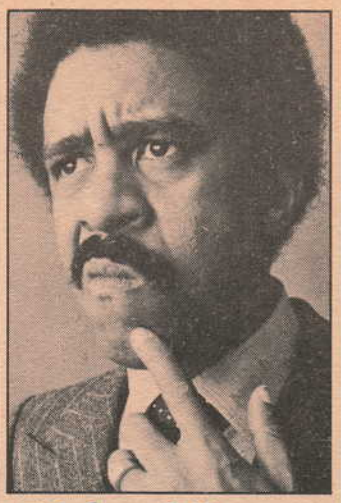


Owen Franken/Liaison

## Miss O'Connor learns the facts

With a face like hers, it's no wonder that winsome Glynnis O'Connor is afraid that she'll be typecast forever as a sweet young thing, especially since she scored a success as the sweet young thing in the movie *Ode to Billy Joe*. So it's not hard to understand why she jumped at the chance to play a Western heroine in the movie *Vendetta*. Was her image change successful? "Well, I get to learn the facts of life from Jim Brown." That ought to do it, Glynnis.

Mark Sennet

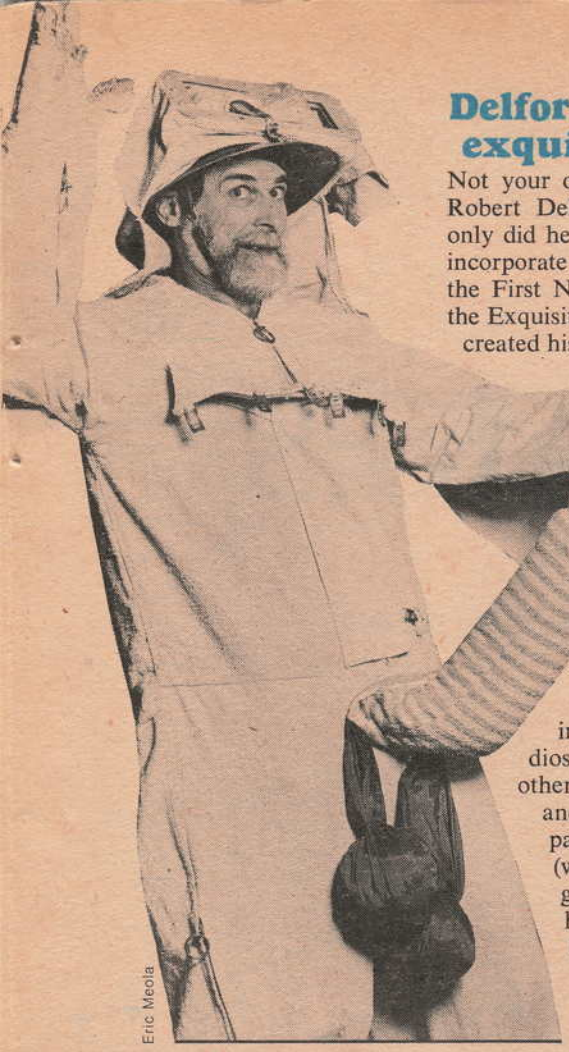


## Richard Pryor is no pimp

Why is this man frowning? He's probably wondering what to do with all the coins rolling in. Richard Pryor was a smash in last year's *Car Wash*, is even funnier in the new *Which Way Is Up?* and is at his raunchy best on the hot-selling comedy album *Bicentennial Nigger*. Now he's signed a writer-actor contract with Universal. "No more pimp movies," he says. "There're other ways to make money."

## Delford Brown's exquisite panic

Not your ordinary guru, this Robert Delford Brown. Not only did he found and legally incorporate his own church, the First National Church of the Exquisite Panic—he's also created his own sect, Yunkapaganism.



Eric Meola

In an effort to entice converts, Brown sells all sorts of Yunkapagan products, including metaphysical radios (which tune in to other people's thoughts) and chewy Yunkapagan majoon bars (whose essential ingredient, hashish, has been left out because the U. S. Government considers it hazardous to your health).

Leonid D. Lubianitsky

## Mr. Corea is the latest in jazz/rock Chick

Chick Corea was one of the first jazz pianists to blend rock rhythms and electric sounds successfully (read commercially). He attracted some of the best young musicians around to join him in the now wildly popular jazz/rock combo Return to Forever. A member of the mind-bending Church of Scientology, Chick also functions as the group's guru. Some say that's why they're forever returning to the scene with new personnel.

Harry Benson

## Elliott Gould by Groucho

We didn't know what to say about this ridiculous picture of Elliott Gould looking cross-eyed and smoking a cigar, so we went to his friend Groucho Marx and asked him for a comment: "This is the most ridiculous photo of Elliott I've ever seen," said Groucho, grinning, "and believe me, I've seen him at his most ridiculous. I notice that he's taken up cigar smoking, a pastime at which I'm an expert. I recall once walking into a cigar-making factory in Havana during the period when I was having my cheroots smuggled into the U. S. from Cuba. A hundred cigar makers gave me a standing ovation. As a respected cigar expert, then, I'd like to welcome Mr. Gould to the ranks of a distinguished list of stogie stokers that includes Winston Churchill and Attila the Hun—who smoked only while plundering his neighbors. That's when Elliott smokes, too. But his neighbor is a shapely blonde."

Les Wollam

## Hannah Wilke's Bazooka period

Hannah Wilke is a feminist artist who really puts herself into her work. Usually she works as a model for her own chewing-gum sculpture—shapes that remind some of penis heads and others of vaginal folds. "They're both right," she says. Chew on that for a while.

# SHORT TAKES

## ANTHONY PELLICANO

### The nation's foremost expert on locating missing persons explains how he does it

*If you call his Westchester, Illinois, office, his secretary puts you on hold and switches on the "Theme from The Godfather, Part II." Heavy, very heavy. In person, however, Anthony Pellicano is a soft-spoken, well-dressed, 140-pound detective who finds it unnecessary to carry a gun because, as he says, "My hands are lethal weapons." At 32, Pellicano is one of the world's leading experts on locating missing persons. Americans seem to be disappearing at an incredible rate these days—see "Vanishings," page 81, in this issue—so* OUI *went to Pellicano to find out if it is possible to vanish completely.*

**OUI:** How many people have you found in your career?

**PELLICANO:** Nearly 4000.

**OUI:** How many misses?

**PELLICANO:** None. Of course, I'm still looking for about ten people. I never give up.

**OUI:** Who are the runaways?

**PELLICANO:** Kids, husbands, wives—I also get a number of adopted kids looking for their natural parents and vice versa. The newest trend is child abduction—one parent kidnaps a child from the other parent.

**OUI:** How do you go about finding a runaway?

**PELLICANO:** First of all, I have to find out why the person ran away, what kind of dream he or she might have of a better life. Once I know the person's identity, I use logic, common sense and a tremendous amount of imagination. I never actually look for the missing person; instead, I look for the one guy who knows where the missing person is. Then I get *him* to tell me. For example, say that you have run away and are in a drugstore, where a druggist is filling a prescription for you. Right now, he's the one person who knows where you are. My job is to find that druggist.

**OUI:** Do you use contacts?

**PELLICANO:** For starters, yes. The hard part is setting up all the pieces of information as if they were chess pieces and then playing the game with the object being checkmate. The opposition consists of all the obstacles: uncooperative relatives, lack of documents, stuff like that. It's almost like going through a maze; you may go down a hallway and then hit a locked door, so you have to turn back and start over. One thing I never do is use other people's leads.

**OUI:** Is there ever a case where all the doors are locked?

**PELLICANO:** Once I was trying to locate a woman whose parents had exhausted several other detective agencies. Every lead was a dead end. Finally I sat down in my office and drew a little black dot on the wall, and I sat there and stared at it and tried to become that lost woman and to duplicate her state of mind. It was like self-hypnosis or deep meditation. After 15 minutes, I picked up a phone and called a mental hospital. The woman was there.

**OUI:** Was that your most difficult case?

**PELLICANO:** Hard to say. How would you like to solve this one: One day a young man gets off the bus in Whitehall, Wisconsin. He's a stranger. He tells people that his name is Lea Erikson and that he's a Vietnam veteran who has just escorted a dead body from Vietnam to Wisconsin. He needs a place to stay and a sympathetic soul puts him onto a family that boards people. Two weeks later he runs off with the daughter of that family and her baby. The parents call me and I find out that everything the guy ever said was a lie: his name, his Vietnam career, everything.

**OUI:** What about the girl?

**PELLICANO:** She'd fallen in love with him. She left everybody; nobody knew where she was. I traced her path all across the country. Finally found them both.

**OUI:** Could you have found Patty Hearst?

**PELLICANO:** I predicted a year in advance where she'd be found. Ask *Penthouse* editor Bob Guccione. He was afraid to put my prediction in his magazine for fear I'd be wrong and he'd look stupid.

**OUI:** If a person wanted to vanish completely, what would he have to do?

**PELLICANO:** He'd have to do a complete character change: change his career, his habits, his hobbies. He'd have to drop all contacts with his former life, leave all his possessions and live as a totally different human being. It's not easy.

**OUI:** Could *you* do it?

**PELLICANO:** Yeah, sure, but I wouldn't want to.

**OUI:** What if someone were after you?

**PELLICANO:** I'd just confront him. I don't really experience fear. That gives me an advantage over most people.

**OUI:** Do you have enemies?

**PELLICANO:** There are some people who don't like me, but I'm not afraid of them. I live by an old Chinese proverb: A man who knows how to live can walk abroad without fear of rhinoceros or tiger. He will not be wounded in battle, for in him, the rhinoceros has no place to use his horn nor the tiger a place to use his claw. And he will not die for death has no place to enter.

**OUI:** Are you always so serious? What was the funniest case you ever had?

**PELLICANO:** Well, one woman came in and wanted me to find a little orange man who came to visit her every night and who hadn't been there for a couple of weeks. Honest. And then there was the guy who wanted me to find him a woman, any woman.

**OUI:** Not much of a fee in those, huh? By the way, how much is your average fee?

**PELLICANO:** Between $500 and $2000. Depends on how much time the case takes.

**OUI:** Ever do cases for free?

**PELLICANO:** Sometimes. If I think the person is sincere.

**OUI:** How many of the sincere people are young and female?

**PELLICANO:** Funny you should ask. Quite a few.

—SHARON O'HARA

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# Old Gold pleasure!

## Taste is why.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

**THE FBI HAS YOU BY THE FILES** *To mess with a Government agency is to tap-dance on quicksand. I was fixing to go up against the La Brea tar pit of this breed: the Department of Justice.*

*(Continued from page 92)* I've been doing anything wrong, so I can shape up, keep my nose clean. I don't want to court the hot poker by association."

"Well," grinned Maroney, "what've you been up to?"

"How should I know! *You're* the ones with the file! Show me my file and I can tell you what I've been up to."

"I told you," he told me, "the files aren't public."

"*Do I look like the public?*" I looked like Mark Rudd.

"I'm sorry. The files are private."

"The FBI and Justice Department can look at them. Are they considered *private* institutions?"

"I have a personnel file myself," he said, changing the subject. "And I can't see it. What're you worried about?"

"I'm not worried about *your* file. Look, could I have a file without being a subversive?"

"Certainly," he said indulgently, "if you were under FBI investigation."

"*Have* I been the subject of an FBI investigation?"

"I can't tell you that," said Maroney. The guy had a great future as a recorded message.

"Could I find out if I've been under suspicion?"

"I'm afraid not." He belittled it with a gesture. "Don't be so concerned. We need firm cause and evidence to indict anyone."

"But not to gather a file."

"No. But you'd know if you were breaking the law."

"Are you kidding?" I snapped. "I came here without knowing I was about ready to break the Freedom Of Information law!" Maroney lit a Kent. He didn't look comfortable. The system is in ultimate trouble when the commoners perceive of themselves as art. "What if one of my neighbors falsely testified against me? What if I've been the unwitting dupe of a subversive organization?"

"Oh," said Maroney, coming to life. He saw familiar terrain here. "You must mean antiwar. We *couldn't* make files on all the people in antiwar."

"Hard times. But you make files on *some* of them, right?"

"Yes."

"Am I one?"

"I can't tell you that." Put a tread on this man and he'd be dangerous.

"Christ, Maroney, a man is supposed to be faced by his accuser in this country, and I can't even see my file!"

"Oh, come on," he was impatient. "How do you think we work?"

"Nobody *knows* how you work. That's the point!"

We killed maybe another five minutes along these lines. When I rose to go, Maroney loosened with relief and became cordial; he shifted into the benign Administration position that we were not so much traitors as just victims of a kind of psychonoma, or cancer of the attitude. I was from Berkeley? Well, well. Seeing the country? Oh, *leaving* the country. To where? Morocco? He was delighted. "My son just went to Morocco this spring, spent a day in Tangiers."

I perked up. "Did he have a diplomatic passport?"

"No."

"Pity," I said. "He could have smuggled back some megavolt hash."

Maroney laughed humorlessly, like a man waiting to be alone to scratch himself, and walked me out.

•

The above, of course, was seven years ago. Mitchell now belongs to the ages. I hope they have better luck with him than I did. And I understand that Maroney is no longer in the employ of the U. S. Department of Justice. Maybe the poor son of a bitch just talked too much. Or visited with too many Morocco-bound Berkeley troublemakers. Only his file knows for sure.

Anyway, I banged out a record of this dialog—pure reflex—and forgot the whole thing.

Until the first predeluge trickles of Bicentennialia began, that is. The super-Bi was being universally observed in ways and with a civic altruism that must have had Barnum going around in his grave like a flywheel. My part in this orgasm of patriotic poor taste was obvious. I'd go after my file again.

The Freedom Of Information Act was still in business. Passed in 1966, it had finally been given some baby teeth by Congress in late 1974. Over Ford's veto, the F.O.I.A. was amended, according to *The New York Times*, "to clarify the all-important exceptions, and to deal with the bureaucratic delays and abuses that had made the Act more loophole than law."

The key word in all this was bureaucratic. To mess with a Government agency of any kind is to tap-dance on quicksand. And I was fixing to go up against the La Brea tar pit of this breed: the Department of Justice.

Well, what the hell. Nothing ventured, nothing written. But if I had any real desire to get a look at whatever the Feds had on me by the Fourth of July 1976, I'd best get off the blocks at least a year ahead of time. So on April 29, 1975, I called the Berkeley FBI office, which would be familiar with requests such as this one if anybody was. I was told to write to the office's Special FBI Agent in Charge of F.O.I.A. Requests. I should refer to Title 5, U. S. Code, Section 552. "We've got a special unit in our headquarters just to handle these requests because they've been so numerous from all over the country," phewed the G-man.

On May first—May Day seemed a nice touch of theater—I requested in writing the divulgence, to me, by the Government, of any intelligence/informational files the FBI or Justice Department might have on me. I thanked them for their cooperation. Ha, ha.

On May ninth, I got a letter from Charles W. Bates, head of the FBI's San Francisco office, telling me that "the matter has been forwarded to FBI Headquarters, Washington, D.C., for research and consideration," and that I would soon receive a reply.

The next day I did get another letter from Bates. It was an *exact duplicate* of the first.

About this time, the director of Ralph Nader's Center for Study of Responsive Law told *The New York Times* that the FBI was obliged to release the poop on you "unless disclosure would interfere with a pending proceeding, violate an individual's privacy, or compromise a confidential source." I didn't have to hold my breath. On June fourth, I got a letter telling me that the Bureau did indeed have a file on me, but that its contents were exempt from public disclosure because of pending proceedings, because it would constitute an invasion of personal privacy and because the data had been furnished "in circumstances of confidentiality."

Two items, however, *could* be released to me. The first was my Selective Service registration, which, since I already knew the specifics of it, wouldn't be sent to me. Why bother? I'd been a flaming draft dodger for three years and had paraded the fact. The second was a copy of a letter I'd written in February 1969 to a local newspaper, suggesting ways of crippling a major university without violating laws or creating excuses for bloody police reprisals. The letter ended "Ché lives!"—one of the more hopeless of the rad-left slogans of the time. It was all somewhat embarrassing, after six years, but hardly of file quality.

The last paragraph of the FBI's reply was a masterpiece.

"You have 30 days from receipt

of this letter to appeal to the Attorney General from any denial contained herein. . . . Following the Attorney General's decision, judicial review is available in the district of your residence . . . or in the District of Columbia, where the records are situated. A copy of your letter has been sent to the Office of the Deputy Attorney General to determine whether other Divisions in the Department of Justice may have information pertaining to you."

The letter cited something called "Title 5, U. S. Code, Section 552 (b)(5), (b)(7)(C) and (D)" and was signed by FBI ramrod Clarence Kelley himself.

Immediately I realized just what kind of sick civil-service Odyssey I was heading into. I was looking down the barrel of, to quote Jimmy Breslin, "the ultimate weapon of the bureaucracy—paper." Correspondence is indeed the siege cannon of Government, from whose assault many citizens never recover.

There was some sinister business popping up, too. *What* pending proceeding were they talking about, and *whose* personal privacy, and *which* confidential sources? The guy next door? Paid informants? Government agents? Whooooo! Had my request for my file gone *into* my file, or, for that matter, started a new volume? Would my appeal do likewise?

Undaunted, on the Fourth of July—more theater—I threw my letter of appeal to the process: "Because it's *my* personal privacy we're talking about here, and because of the Constitutional right to confront one's accuser, and for a number of other philosophical and legal reasons, I wish to appeal Kelley's decision. Kelley is stretching these exemptions to the point of transparency, and it's preposterous that *my* file is unavailable *to me* for such reasons." In a headstrong mood, I gave them 20 working days to reply.

On July 30th, I got a note from Richard M. Rogers, Deputy Chief of the F.O.I.A. Unit, telling me my appeal had arrived on July ninth. I took the rest of the day off.

On August sixth, Rogers wrote again, to say, "Although we fully expected that the processing of your appeal would be completed by today, it has proven to be impossible to do so as the result of circumstances within the purview of 5 U.S.C. 552 (a)(6)(B). . . . We will make every effort to advise you . . . not later than August 20, 1975."

The days passed like geese heading for the marshes. In no time at all, they mounted into six weeks. No surprise. It was quite natural that the sleazy band of pathologs and clothheads who run things would respond to this flow of F.O.I.A. requests with the American euphemism for "No," which is "Later."

This reluctance to cooperate wasn't political, but systemic. Most bureaucrats have puffballs for brains, the personalities of great-neck clams and no more genuine politics than a soufflé. But they do have *rules*. And people with unreasonable, pigheaded, self-righteous convictions that lead them to demand the end of whole wars, the impeachment of corrupt honchos, the repeal of egregious laws and the recognition of all manner of rottenness—such people's irreverence for rules can make life a real lead enema for a civil servant.

Nobody was going to bust ass doing me any favors here.

On September 17th, I wrote to Rogers: "For some four and a half months I've been trying to run my files to earth, with nothing a sane man would call success. Clarence Kelley hit me with Title 5, U.S.C. 552 (b)(5), (b)(7)(C) and (D). I appealed. Then you hit me with Title 5 U.S.C. 552 (a)(6)(B)—a combination that never even *occurred* to Kelley—and said 'every effort' would be made to reach a decision by August 20th. Already, August 20th burns dim in the memory, and 'every effort' is doing me about as much good as it did the Red Sox. I hope this letter can help to grease the wheels. I'm keeping a file on all this, by the way. Catching, isn't it?"

The Government reacted to this the way it reacted to Billy Mitchell's Pearl Harbor warnings. The days grew short, and on October 15th, I batted off an ultimatum of sorts to friend Rogers, giving him a final deadline of October 20th to clean the boards. I made vague threats of escalation. "Of what nature this will be, I'm not quite sure, but I think it'll involve lawyers and a lot more mail. Maybe some publicity, too. Why get into all that? Do let me know what's going on, would you? You guys are doing a helluva job, really."

By November 15th, I was getting edgy. Consider the events. While living in an anarchist collective in Berkeley, you throw a sequence of litigative hassles at the Justice Department. The place you live in has big neon signs out in front flashing SMASH THE STATE and DON'T VOTE! Coincidentally, in August, you move to Sacramento, and a week

later, Freaky Squomm tries to put a slug in Ford there, and in a few more days, it's learned the S.L.A. recently hid out and did a spot of armed robbery and homicide there. Ominous silence from the Feds. By now, they could have a file you could use for a footstool.

*What gives?* you wonder. You know how treacherous these ferrets can be; the company mentality: "Kill him; it's easier than doing the paperwork." Paranoia is merely preparation for the worst. You never know when you'll get up some morning and the toaster will give you a busy signal. We're dealing here with FBI men who have an image of impenetrability, real by-the-book androids, the phone company with guns.

I called my editor at OUI. "Jesus Christ!" I said. The editor, who was behind me about 17 percent, said to call some guy on Nader's legal team and stop being so melodramatic. Fine advice; nobody's making plaster casts of *your* tire treads.

I moved my typewriter away from the window. The coward dies a thousand deaths and the brave man only one; but the brave man gets *buried* afterward.

I called Larry Ellsworth of Nader's F.O.I.A. Clearinghouse. He said I had two alternatives: Wait them out or take them to court. Everybody was requesting files, and the FBI was dragging ass with a vengeance.

"The Justice Department doesn't control the FBI. The FBI says no; the Justice Department affirms that denial. They used to deny requests on the basis that it would invade *your* privacy. I don't think they're that dumb anymore, but they still do a lot of things like that. They used to charge you for the time it took them to decide whether to give you the papers, until Congress said no more—but, of course, the FBI just ignored that," he said.

"If you ask to see your file," I asked, "will that *start* a file?"

"Whenever you make a request to the FBI, they always start a file on you, whether or not they had one before," he said.

"Then anyone who asks to see his file and is told he doesn't have one is being lied to *by definition*?"

"Well, that depends on—hello?—you still there?"

"Yeah."

"Huh. Some interference or something on the phone."

"Ha, ha. Wonder what it could be?"

"Yeah. I called home today and the

# WHAT SIX NICE PEOPLE FOUND IN THE GOVERNMENT'S DRAWERS

## Memories, souvenirs and a lot of stuff they'd forgotten about

### Compiled by Anita Hoffman

**JULIAN BOND:** My FBI file had 78 pages of material, most of it having to do with speeches I'd made. Almost all of it was information that could have been obtained from any newspaper.

A little of it was about an assassination threat against me, and it let me know for the very first time that not only had my life been threatened, but someone had been arrested, tried and convicted for the threat. I had known about the threat previously, but that's all I had known. I still don't know who made the threat.

I'm a senator now, but most of the material I received covered the time I

was in the state house. It began in 1966 when I was kept out of the legislature, and it started with reports from FBI agents about demonstrations being held on my behalf. One of them was a biography of me. It said I had hazel eyes or something like that. Maroon eyes, that's it. Maroon eyes!

**JANE FONDA:** Both Tom Hayden and I have filed for our dossiers under the Freedom of Information Act and we have received quite a substantial amount of

material. Obviously we have been denied access to a large portion of it; we now have to appeal that and try to obtain more. I think everybody should file for his dossier. We should keep the FBI agents as busy as possible—and when they deny us access to particular files, we should appeal.

The parts of my file that the Government has sent me contain extensive material about the Free the Army Show and our travels in Europe. It was interesting to find out how frightened they were about the Free the Army Show. There were reports from the Philippines and Okinawa about the extent to which they felt it was disturbing, that it could influence American Servicemen and stir up trouble in the Philippines just prior to its takeover by martial law.

**DANIEL SCHORR:** I tried to get the FBI file about its investigation of me in 1971—which President Nixon had ordered—applying under the Freedom of Information

Act to Clarence Kelley, director of the FBI, who turned me down. On appeal, however, Attorney General William Saxbe released the file to me.

I was, generally speaking, surprised by the sheer inefficiency of the FBI. It took them two days from the time they started investigating me to find out that I was in Washington. They looked for me in Germany because an outdated *Who's Who* reference had listed me as being a correspondent there. I had not worked in Germany for five years.

**ALLEN GINSBERG:** My DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration] file begins in 1961 when Norman Mailer and myself and Ashley Montagu had a discussion of marijuana on John Crosby's television show, and we recommended legalization. On that occasion, the Treasury Department Narcotics Bureau began a file on me, and most of my file has to do with my opposition to the laws and the behavior of the drug agency.

Then there are many reports on the LeMar organization, which has been trying to legalize marijuana through public demonstrations since 1965.

Around that time, there was an attempt to set me up for a drug bust, which was noted in *The New York Times* and mentioned in a public trial. The file has nothing on that. Nothing on the attempt to set me up for a bust, as reported in the *Times*. I complained to my Congressman, Charles Joelson of Paterson, about that, and from that point on, the file gets very thick. There are letters from me to my Congressman—which he sent them—and an interoffice memorandum trying to figure out how to answer him. The memorandum of August 23, 1965, by a narcotics agent whose name is crossed out, is four solid pages of discussion on how to answer Joelson's letter, most of

which is blacked out. But at the very end, as part of preparing ammunition to discredit me to Congressman Joelson, there are a number of quotations from a Czechoslovakian Communist youth newspaper accusing me of "homosexuality, narcomania, alcoholism, posing and a social extremism verging on orgies."

Then there's a DEA report made in New York, September 28, 1967, by a narcotics agent whose name is deleted: "Subject of this memorandum: Photograph of Allen Ginsberg. Recommendation: Pending. On this date, I received a photograph of Allen Ginsberg where he is pictured in an indecent pose. For possible future use, the photograph has been placed in a locked sealed envelope, marked 'photograph of Allen Ginsberg—General File: Allen Ginsberg.' The locked sealed envelope has been placed in the vault of this office for safekeeping." The signatures of the narcotics agent and the district supervisor have been obliterated. Now the covering letter from the DEA of April 10, 1975, signed by John Bartels, who resigned under pressure, says: "In one DEA document that will be released to you, reference is made to an obscene photograph of Mr. Ginsberg contained in DEA's New York Regional Office. A search has been made in the New York Regional Office and it has been determined that the referred-to photograph was destroyed seven years ago."

In other words, in 1967 they had what they thought was an obscene photo, which may have been the cover of *Evergreen Review*—a photo of me and Peter

Orlovsky by Richard Avedon—or they might have had a secret drug agent/informer photographing me through his asshole, I don't know. In any case, they felt they had something there. Then they claim that they destroyed the photograph, though I think they're probably lying.

The Customs Bureau sent me a funny thing. In 1965, it sent around a memorandum placing me on a suspect list—suspected of international trafficking in opium. The reasons for placing me on it were "travel abroad which appeared on Interpol files, planned and applied for passport validation for Cuba trip," and my association with LeMar. That led, a half year later, to my being stopped, stripped and searched by New York Customs when I came back from Prague.

Customs has a note, from February 1970, that they had caught me with pictures of "nude women in suggestive poses" in my suitcase. That was a copy of a Canadian underground newspaper in which I had some poetry.

In 1972, the Secret Service had a photograph of me that was apparently a blow-up of a newspaper photograph of me walking around in the snow. Remember the POT IS FUN poster? Well, they had a cutout of it, just my face, looking very ghostly because it was blown up. That was their identification photo.

The CIA file has a copy of a handwritten letter that I sent to Richard Helms. I met him at a party, and I'd asked him about opium dealing and gotten into a big, funny argument with him. I made a bet with him: If I was right that the CIA was dealing, he had to sit down and meditate for one hour a day for the rest of his life. So it's a letter of June 28, 1972, checking back with him, saying, "Are you convinced yet?"

There was one very funny literary biography of me done by the FBI in 1965. The subject was internal security regarding Cuba, because I had applied to go to Cuba. Agents had read a long article I wrote about consciousness revolution and Cuban revolution. They wrote: "Allen Ginsberg admits using narcotics, having homosexual experiences and homosexual love affairs. He describes himself as a person who decided to be a laboring people's hero. He describes his background as Jewish, left wing, atheist, Russian . . . [and] refers to various individuals such as Van Doren, Kerouac, Neal, Bill, Humphrey, Peter, Trilling. An editor's note identifies these individuals as Mark Van Doren, a Columbia University professor, American writers Peter Orlovsky, Neal Cassady, William Burroughs, Hubert Humphrey and Columbia University professor Lionel Trilling."

In 1965, I had written a very brief letter in *Jewish Currents* defending Le Roi Jones, saying that Le Roi Jones was a good guy and he once kissed me. So there was a three-page document saying that *Jewish Currents*, formerly known as *Jewish Life*, is a Communist-front organization and that it was cited to be one in 1946.

The CIA has nothing, hardly anything, in the files about my accusations that the CIA was involved with opium, nor does the FBI, nor does the DEA.

**RAMSEY CLARK:** I was Attorney General when the original Freedom of Information Act became law on that happy day, July 4, 1967. Nobody wanted it; it was just incredible to feel all the opposition throughout the Government. But we finally got a bill through that was a blow,

though a small one, and I wrote an introduction to it, urging people in the Government to open up.

Then I had the unhappy experience of being the attorney in the first case under the Freedom of Information Act. We argued in the U.S. Supreme Court. We were trying to find out the truth about some Atomic Energy Commission testing under Amchitka Island, in the Aleutians, where the AEC drilled a $200,000,000 hole 6000 feet down and was about to set off a five-megaton device—if you can imagine. And I found that the Supreme Court itself was afraid of the truth, didn't really believe that Congress intended, or that it could compel the disclosure of the facts that were necessary even to preserve life.

I haven't written away on my own behalf. The principle is of utmost importance, I think, but I don't feel any significant concern in my own situation.

**JACK ANDERSON:** I have the FBI files on several prominent persons. I got them back in 1971. In those days, I was the first to get alarmed over this FBI, CIA and Secret Service spying on innocent Americans, prominent people largely, who had committed no crimes and were not likely to commit any crimes. I wrote then that these dossiers were being kept. And right after my first two or three columns appeared, the acting head of the FBI, L. Patrick Gray, called a press confer-

ence to deny that the FBI kept such files. He said, "We don't have any dossiers."

I followed his press conference with a column saying, "Well, Pat's new around there, and because he's new, we'll help him out." So we printed the dossier numbers and quoted excerpts from some of the sensitive files. I got these files in order to prove that they existed; of course, I still have the files. These files are on such people as Groucho Marx and Rock Hudson and Jane Fonda. Fonda is basing a lawsuit against the Government upon the files I obtained; when she asked for them, I gave them to her. Tony Randall asked for his file, and I gave it to him. Marlon Brando asked for his file, and I gave it to him.

I haven't written away for my personal records because I don't need to. I have sources quite good enough to keep me advised of my own personal records. I have used the Freedom of Information Act to blast loose information and documents, but I have used it effectively in just a few cases. My experience has been that the Government usually finds some way to obstruct us—usually some technicality to delay the news. ▣

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**IT'S A RED-HOT RIP-OFF!**

SEE PAGE 31.

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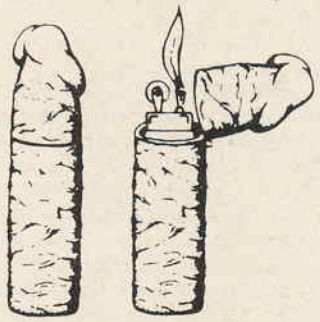

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**THE FBI HAS YOU BY THE FILES** *The letter indicated I was packing for Canada—true—and had best be watched—also true.*

phone was busy, although there's nobody there."

"Cute."

"Listen, I'm getting a tremendous amount of feedback. Why don't you call me back in about ten minutes. Maybe we'll get a different connection or whoever is on the line'll get off."

I didn't bother calling back. Why encourage them?

Fall shrank into winter, which unfolded into spring, and nothing went on between me and my Government, which is a sound relationship. Then on April 7, 1976, our 200th year, came a letter from Harold R. Tyler, Jr., Deputy Attorney General of this place.

The letter said that after careful consideration, he would modify Kelley's denial and release "all documents pertaining to you." This was glorious news, until I read the next line. "Certain information contained in several documents is, however, in my opinion, exempt from mandatory disclosure under the Act, solely to protect the identities of confidential sources." Which meant I'd get everything but whatever they didn't want me to get. This is how Nixon released the tapes.

I was also told that I could appeal this decision in the nearest U. S. District Court. I laughed, and went out and drank like a writer.

On May tenth, *I got my files*; in a plain brown envelope. With them was a letter from Kelley telling me that nine pages of material were being released to me. Below this was typed: "Enclosures (7)." Nine, seven—who counts?

There was an FBI memo that on 12/8/67, (Blank) of the University of California had furnished agent (Blank) with a Xerox copy of a letter turned in by (Blank) of the Lost & Found, that apparently had been written by a ROBERT S. WIEDER. Look, Ma, I'm capitalized. According to the memo, the letter indicated that I was 1-A but was packing for Canada—which was true—that I was living on Hearst Avenue across from the chancellor's house—also true—and that I had best be watched—again, true.

There was a Xerox of the letter in question. It also mentioned that I dropped acid when I got my induction notice. And how my draft lawyer had just lost 600 cases when the Supreme Court threw out the Berkeley Free Speech Movement appeals. And how I had run in the Oakland streets like a hyena during Stop the Draft Week. There were some hot words regarding violence and revolutionary change, which are still fairly applicable, and more talk about various drugs, and some personal gossip, and that's about it.

Then there was a series of telexes between the FBI and the state Selective Service, with the S.S. insisting that I wasn't *registered* for any draft. This was in 1968, when I was getting induction notices like gas bills. Lovely.

There was a memo from the S.F. FBI to the L.A. FBI that summarized the first memo and added a lot of university records, furnished by (Blank). And there was a copy of my letter to the editor.

That was the size of it.

There were no surprises. In fact, I felt a bit of gratification at finding those two specific letters in my file, since they'd originally been written to get me into a file. The first had been written to the son of a high-level Strategic Air Command topkick, and the second to the student newspaper. They were *designed* to be read by the Feds.

Look, a leading draft-dodge gambit in 1968 was to make known, public and flagrant, the undesirability of your being given a gun and trained to use it. Taking part in marches, demonstrations, illegal protests and trash-ins was a good way to do this. Public utterances were dandy. Getting pinched was even better. And writing letters shot full of seditious resolve wasn't bad, either, especially when you sent them where the powers couldn't miss them.

We knew that half a dozen domestic gestapos were filing all this bad data away for the hour of reckoning, but if you looked at the system closely, you saw a labyrinthine inefficiency that couldn't round up and book the Harlem Globetrotters.

What do we learn from all this? Well, I obviously *did* have a file, even as the Log Cabin oozed from Kevin T. Maroney. We can also assume that my request to see my file is in my file, though nobody bothered to mention that. That the Justice Department bullshits us is not surprising, or even dismaying, but at least now it's certain. We always knew they were Wally Cox Nazis; now we can prove it in barroom arguments.

And we learn two final, ponderable facts. One: Your Government is composed mostly of people who couldn't understand you even if you came with a full set of instructions. And two: Insofar as it insulates us from its follies, the Government creates a protective environment for fools. ▣

**GRACE SLICK** *People come up and they do weird things. Like, you're standing there talking to, like, 12 people and you feel something on your leg. And there's some turkey standing there rubbing your leg.*

*(Continued from page 72)* myself, too. What I do is suck off everybody I read and every classical musician I've ever heard. So we're all dopey. So everybody's lame, but they're all talented, or something.

**OUI:** Was there that much variety in the Airplane?

**SLICK:** No. Toward the end of Airplane, the band was doing what other people wanted it to do and it got stale. And maybe the Starship is that way now, but I think, right now, Starship people appreciate the difference between us and the Airplane. Or at least they are amused by the difference, and find us entertaining.

**OUI:** You mean the people who listen to you or the people who play in the band?

**SLICK:** The people who play. I have never heard the Airplane out in front, obviously. But I've often thought about it, because when Marty's doing two songs in a row, I've got time. But it's too much trouble. People ask me questions on the way. They're not trying to be annoying or anything but it would take me half an hour to get out front. So I don't do it, because it's impossible. But I'd like to hear it. I need a blond wig, because I really have gray hair.

**OUI:** You do?

**SLICK:** Oh, yeah. Tons of it! This is dyed. I've got tons of gray hair, and it's like David Freiberg's hair. Kinky. I've had this gray since I was about 23. I dyed it for a long time. Nobody knows that. People thought, "Oh, it's too bad you went gray." Now, I've gone back to dying it and wearing bangs, so people can recognize me. My hair is just the way it was back in 1965.

**OUI:** Are you bothered by people who recognize you?

**SLICK:** I don't go out of my room. People try to be pleasant and I really like that. But they don't know what to say. It's weird. They come up and say the weirdest shit. People come up and they do weird things. Like, you're standing there talking to, like, 12 people and you feel something on your leg. And there's some turkey standing there rubbing your leg. It's not mean or anything. He doesn't even know what he's doing. You turn around and when you look at him, he thinks, "Yeah. Right. That's weird." He realizes that the behavior is weird. I don't know what he wants to get. I try to think back to when I saw famous people when I was little; I never wanted to go talk to them. Or touch them. Fame is a mirage, and I don't want to fuck it up by looking at its pimples. And I never went up and—*Odetta!* Yes. I did it once to Odetta. But I was living in New York. I was about 17. I went back to her dressing room and said, "Where's Odetta?" She was at some folk club or something. Like, ten fucking people are in the room. And they say, "She's not here." I say, "Well, where's her dressing room?" They say, "It's right there." They didn't give a shit. So I went in. Her goddamn guitar's sitting there. All her clothes and everything. So I sat there and played a song. Now, the door to the dressing room's behind me. Odetta comes in and I didn't know she was there. And I was sitting there *playing her fucking guitar!* Now, if I came into my dressing room and I found somebody playing my goddamn guitar, I'd say, "Hey! Turkey!" You know? But I'm sitting there playing and she says, "That's very nice, young lady."

**OUI:** Do the kids who hang out around the Airplane house in San Francisco ever bother you?

**SLICK:** They're unpleasant only when they're violent. They break into the house occasionally. They break windows, climb in and tear the place up. They're real high on reds or acid or some combination of alcohol and cocaine, or something. A guy came in one time and tore the shit out of everything. It was at night. I was the first person to see it. I came in and everything was torn the fuck up, and the house is real big, so I didn't know if anybody was still in it. I knew Paul had a gun upstairs. So I crept up to his room, very quietly, thinking, "I hope he doesn't jump out before I get to that gun." I went upstairs and sat on Paul's bed with a gun aimed at the door. And David Crosby walked in. I almost blew his fucking head off. And it was great because he was real calm. He had come in about ten minutes after me, and he knew what was going on by looking at the place. He'd done the same thing I did, thinking, "There's a nut in here." So I heard these footsteps coming toward the door, and no voice. So I aimed the gun at the door. But Crosby was real cool. He looked at me and said, "Good girl." I said, "I damn near blew your head off! What do you mean, good girl?"

**OUI:** Was that the first time you ever used a gun?

**SLICK:** I used one only once before, when I was alone with my kid, China, and there was a rat in the house. And I didn't want to go to sleep, not knowing what rats do. I didn't want it going up and fucking with China. So I blew a rat away with a .38. But that's the only time I ever shot a gun. And I got him from 40 feet, so I thought, "OK." I'm not that nuts about killing. I don't like the idea. Mothers are, in any instance, like that, OK? We're going to protect the child. I wasn't going to actually shoot Crosby. I just wanted anybody who walked through the door to have a gun pointed at him. That's all. If the guy had a gun, and he aimed it at me, I'd shoot first. But if there's somebody without a gun, I wouldn't shoot him.

**OUI:** Freaks everywhere can sleep peacefully tonight. Did that experience change your attitude about drugs?

**SLICK:** No, I'll snort anything. Shit. I wonder if anybody's got any good blow. If I had it myself, my brain would be falling out. I love it when other people have it, though. It's great. The only problem with saying that is—I don't know where it's going to go. People read stuff and think, "Oh, Greg Allman takes 40 mikes of heroin a day. Gee. That must be great." So you can't say stuff like that. It's not that I'm in a position to influence anybody. It's that people are in a position to read something and *be* influenced because they've decided to read. I could say what I like and what gets me off, as far as drugs or whatever, but at the moment I don't really want to say shit about it. It's likely to fuck people up something fierce. What works for this body doesn't work for that one. Paul can sit around and smoke 14 fucking joints a day. Thai weed. I'm talking about some strong shit. I take one drag off a Thai stick and I'm fucking blotto for two hours. Now, the first half hour's real blotto. I can't even remember if I had a toke. The other day we were driving along. We had some Thai weed. All of a sudden I ask Paul, "Did I just have any of that?" And if you have to ask if you just had any, that means it was Thai. Anyway, Paul can do that, 14 a day. He doesn't drink at all. If he drank as much as I used to drink he'd be puking his guts out. Everybody's got different chemistry. You go around and say, "OK, everybody ought to take acid." But they'd go crazy. I've seen a lot of bonkers. After a concert, some chick came up; she was 17 years old. Two years earlier she'd been straight. A little kid. But she'd listened to fucking *White Rabbit* and she's talking like an idiot. And I think, "Oh, man! Oh, God." So we've turned a lot of people into fucking nuts by allowing them to misinterpret the words "feed

your head." Feed your head doesn't mean take every fucking drug that comes along. Feed your head means read.

**OUI:** Oh, come on. That isn't really what it means, is it?

**SLICK:** You bet your ass, man. It means read everything you can get your fucking hands on. Listen and read. It does *not* mean take every drug that somebody offers you. That's the only song that really makes me feel bad about misinterpreted lyrics. The other songs are so obscure that the lyrics don't matter. People can smoke dope and think, "James Joyce." Or something like that. But *White Rabbit* is a weird one. People like it a lot; I'm not nuts about it.

**OUI:** What do you like?

**SLICK:** I like right where I am. I like almost everywhere, unless I'm throwing up. People don't want to talk to you, you know, if you're throwing up. Particularly if you're doing it in their room. If I throw up in my room, it's all right. As long as you hit the toilet, it's all right. Sounds like a comedy routine. But I'm really serious. Throwing up is one of the unfortunate parts of—uhh——

**OUI:** Human existence?

**SLICK:** Yes. It's bad.

**OUI:** But you're not drinking much nowadays, are you?

**SLICK:** I'm not drinking at all. Because I'm not good at it. And one drink doesn't do anything for me. Because I don't like the taste of alcohol. What I like to do is get high. But unfortunately, while it's really pleasant for me, it's really unpleasant for everyone else. So that's just the end. No more. Zero.

**OUI:** Forever?

**SLICK:** Well, yeah. I mean, when I get to be 75 years old and want to get drunk, maybe I will. But as long as I have to work with a lot of people, and be around people all the time—no. Because I get really sarcastic and objectionable. Alcohol was going to turn me into some kind of creature. So I figured I'd skip it.

**OUI:** Forever?

**SLICK:** Well, yes. As long as I'm with a bunch of people. I haven't had anything at all for several months. I'm not putting booze down for other people, though. I like the way most people get drunk. I just don't like the way I do it. But there's no reason why everybody else shouldn't get swacked.

**OUI:** When you get drunk and obnoxious, do you realize that you're drunk and obnoxious?

**SLICK:** No. I think I'm having a great time and being moderately funny on a sarcastic level. I don't realize until later how what I've said has gone down and how people don't understand.

**OUI:** So now you're back on dope.

**SLICK:** Back on it? Yes, but I don't smoke as much dope as the rest of the group. And it's good for fucking.

**OUI:** How old were you when you started smoking pot?

**SLICK:** Twenty. No, wait a minute. Eighteen. University of Miami. Yes. Florida. And it was great. There was a big split among kids at the time. The Jewish kids sat around in an area that wasn't an area. I mean it was nothing. It was just where everybody sat around and it was called The Snakepit. And none of the gentiles knew that everybody was sitting around there smoking pot. I started going around with the kids who were Jewish because they were funnier. The gentiles were a little on the dumb side. They were like football players. Kind of lame. Suntans. And we'd sit around in The Snakepit and smoke dope and nobody knew it—at the time. It was 1958. Everybody figured marijuana was something you'd go to another town and lock yourself in a gas-station bathroom to do.

**OUI:** There was good dope in Miami?

**SLICK:** Oh, yes. Cubans were bringing it in. Most of the time we'd go down to night clubs and hang out with the Cubans and smoke their dope. It was great.

**OUI:** Were there any other drugs around at that time?

**SLICK:** I imagine there were. But the people I knew weren't that big on any other drugs. There were a couple of heroin people, but that was real closet stuff. Everybody knew about them, but you didn't sit around and watch them shoot up or anything. It was the same as with masturbating. We knew about it, but we didn't walk into someone's room and say, "Hi there. How's your dick? You getting it off?" You know. So we just used to sit around and get high and nobody knew.

**OUI:** Didn't you get kicked out of Princeton for doing the dirty bop or something?

**SLICK:** Yes. That was with a chick who was married to John Huston, the director. Her name was Cece Shane. It was with her. And it wasn't really a dirty bop, but I guess on the East Coast anything from California's dirty, you know? I was singing a dirty song. It was an Oscar Brand song. And if anyone knows Oscar Brand, they know it was a dirty song. I was singing and playing on guitar and she was dancing. And they told us both to leave because we were being dirty. It wasn't the proctors, either. It was the kids. The guys told us that. So I didn't fit in too well at Princeton, as you can see; however, I *was* the Tiger Girl of the Week for the Tiger Inn eating club. Oh, God! Strange stuff. Strange stuff.

**OUI:** When did you start getting into acid? During Airplane?

**SLICK:** Yes. I think coke and acid were a California experience. I didn't do those drugs in college. Acid was mainly in San Francisco. There were two people making acid: the guy that everybody knows about—Owsley—and another guy that nobody knows about, who was before Owsley. He worked for Shell Oil and he invented the glue that sticks those little white knobs to the center of the road. He drove an old Rolls-Royce and he looked sort of like a pansy, because he had real pink cheeks and white skin, and he was sort of big around the middle for a guy. Very strange. He said, "Here, I want you to try blah blah blah." He made acid and he gave us peyote as well. That was before I met Owsley.

**OUI:** Ever have any bad experiences on acid?

**SLICK:** Not really. I had so much once that it was real hard to think straight. But I knew that it was acid. I mean, the problem with going crazy on that stuff is when you think, "I'm going crazy." And then you freak out. And then you hyperventilate, because you get so nervous. But if you always remind yourself that it's a drug and that it goes away in 12 hours, then you don't think you've slid off into the cosmos. Eventually you're going to come down, but you will *not* come down if you psych yourself out. If you do that, you're in bad trouble. People have to talk you out of it for years in some cell, you know? No, thanks.

**OUI:** Did any friend of yours ever go crazy on acid?

**SLICK:** No. I've heard people say, "Oh, my God. I'm too high." And they took Thorazine. But I've never seen anybody go all the way out. That I know—though maybe I just don't notice, because I'm in the zone myself.

**OUI:** Is it true that you once tried to put acid in Tricia Nixon's punch bowl?

**SLICK:** Not in the punch bowl. Because I didn't want *everyone* to get high. But if her old man had been around, or her old lady, I maybe would have done it. Tricia was having an invitational tea for her classmates at Finch College. They didn't know who I was. They sent the

invitation to Grace Wing—which is my real name. I would've kept it but it sounded too corny with Jefferson Airplane. It would have sounded made up. And so I went. But I was with Abbie Hoffman. And I thought that it was a tea for the girls and their fiancés or something, so I took Abbie as my fiancé. Of course, it turned out that the tea was for just the women. So Abbie looked real funny being the only man among all those women. The security guys checked him out, and one of them recognized him. They said to me, "You can't come in, either. Even by yourself. Without Abbie. Because you're a security risk." Their reasoning was that anybody who was with Abbie Hoffman was bound to be a security risk. So they wouldn't let me in.

**OUI:** Abbie has appeared in OUI a couple of times. Have you heard from him lately?

**SLICK:** I'm not going to say anything about that. Abbie is funnier than shit. Some people know where he is. But nobody who's going to do him any damage. And he keeps saying, "Ha ha ha! Look at me!" And then running away. I think it's great.

**OUI:** You have your own house now, don't you?

**SLICK:** Well, I call it the Combination Palace; actually, it's a town house. It's in what looks to be a middle-class, suburban sort of apartment building, which I thought it was for two months, because I never saw anybody. I'd see maybe one person coming out of a doorway once a week. And then on Easter Sunday it was real warm and beautiful. They've got a pool there. I went to the pool, and all the people who live in the apartment were at the pool that day, for some reason. I know they hadn't been there before, because I'd been going to the pool every day. I'd lie around. Read books. Swim. Get tan. Nobody there. Easter Sunday everybody's there. It looked as if a bunch of wasted drug dealers lived there. And I don't know where they were coming from. Or what happened. There was one guy, weighed about 300 pounds. He was doing needlework out by the pool. And then there was another guy, about 50 years old. Hair down to the middle of his back. Tied in a knot. Real tan. Real wrinkled. A chick who never got out of her chair and it took her about five minutes to get a cigarette up to her mouth. Like a heroin case. All of her clothes on. Not getting a tan. Glasses on. I couldn't see her eyes. And I don't know how they're all affording $400 a month. Maybe they're dealers or something. But it blew me away. Because previously I had


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## SAY GOOD NIGHT, GRACIE
## An anthology of anecdotes about the most anecdoted woman in music

**Mrs. Wing, Grace's mother:** Once, when she was five years old, Grace was a cowgirl in a May Day parade in Palo Alto. She wore long golden curls and carried a shotgun. Later, everybody went over to the Elks Club, where we sang songs and had ice cream and stuff, and someone in charge said, "Is there anybody in the audience who would like to sing a song?" Now, this was a May Day celebration. Well, Grace said she'd just love to sing a song, and she got up on the stage and sang *Silent Night* all the way through. And she just brought down the house because the song was so inappropriate and funny. She was right on tune. And you can imagine her with the cowgirl outfit and the golden curls and about three feet high. Isn't that funny?

**Bill Thompson, Starship manager:** One night she was on the Tom Donahue show at KSAN-FM in San Francisco. Grace was taking sulfa because she had a kidney disease. When she drank a beer, she got wiped out totally; she kind of blanked out and did all sorts of weird shit. She did an interview for the Starship's *Dragonfly* album with Tom Donahue. Paul and Grace were there and Paul left the studio when it was over. Grace didn't. Tom was reading commercials and stuff and she was wrapping her legs around his neck and she wouldn't leave. Then Van Morrison came in. So Grace said something to him like "You can't sing your way out of a fucking paper bag." She said this to him. So he said, "Why don't you get out of here? I don't care if your name is Daphne Dildo." I wasn't there, but Tom did call me at three in the morning with the story. And Grace had also been chasing around Bonnie Simmons, who is the program director there, trying to cut her hair off with scissors, evidently. Anyway, Tom and Van Morrison went into the studio and locked the door to do an interview, and, of course, Grace wanted in. One of the station's jocks was listening to the thing at home and all he could hear was this crashing sound and someone mumbling obscenities in the background. It was Crash! Bang! "Open the fucking door!" Smash! He said he thought construction work was going on.

Finally a couple of gay guys came into the station to listen in person. Grace evidently grabbed one of the guys and took him into the rest room with her. The guy came out crying, saying, "I've never had a woman before. I just came in here to listen." The last that they saw of Grace, she was sitting at the curb around two in the morning with her feet in the gutter. Some strange-looking guy came by and picked her up in a Cadillac and they went off into the night.

Another one: We went to Kansas City for our first show of a tour and Grace had again taken sulfa. It was the first show we had ever done in about three years as the Starship. She had just one beer and she was off. She couldn't sing. After the show, we were sitting in the hotel and Grace came in barefoot. This guy who was head of the place told her to put her shoes on. She did and then kicked him a couple of times. Later that night, one of the guys I had been playing backgammon with earlier came back and said, "You'd better get Grace." It seems Grace was in the hallway with three guys in white suits—I guess they were security people. Grace was standing there assuming kung-fu poses, saying, "Come on, come on. You want some? Come on over here. I'll give it to you." These guys didn't know what to do. They didn't know she couldn't knock out a six-year-old kid. I was worried that she might get busted because they might find a joint on her or something. I tried to get her room key but couldn't approach her. All she said was "Fuck you, you asshole." So I called down to get her room key and our road manager threw her into her room. She crashed and that was that.

There's one other one that I remember: We did the *Johnny Carson Show*, and they had the set decorated with rocking horses for some reason. Now Carson at that time was a ———. He looks like he's more relaxed since he moved to the West Coast, but at that time, he was very uptight. Of course, the Airplane was into smoking hash in the dressing room and you could smell it all the way down the hall. So we did the show and Grace sat on the back of this rocking horse looking right at Carson. At the end of *Somebody to Love*, she took the microphone and shoved it up the horse's ass! She thought she was oncamera and Carson turned white and totally flipped out.

**David Freiberg and Cynthia Bowman:** How about the time she climbed out the window at the hotel after a gig in Madison, Wisconsin? It was raining and there was thunder and lightning and she was out there naked, hoping the lightning would hit her. Every time the lightning flashed you could see her, naked, out on the ledge. Anyway, she was out there screaming back at the storm, communing with the gods of lightning and thunder, and the only voice that answered her back was John Barbatta's. He's the drummer. He leaned out of his window and yelled: "Oh, my God! Grace, this is your drummer talking to you. Get the fuck back in that room!" I had closed my eyes and didn't want to look, but she said, "Oh, OK," and climbed in. Everybody in the band shot red flares back at the lightning over the lake in Madison and it was wonderful. Grace did a show for God and heaven.

**China, Grace's daughter:** I'm not doing interviews today.

—DAVID RENSIN

## GRACE SLICK *I went on two tours with a big stomach.*

thought, "I'm the only weird one here. This is real straight city." But, in fact, everybody in that apartment building was weirder than I ever thought of being. But I like it. Because it's quiet. And the house I was living in before this—28 people every day. It drove me crazy.

**OUI:** Is your daughter living with you?

**SLICK:** She is. Yeah. Part of the time. Part of the time she's with Paul.

**OUI:** How old is she?

**SLICK:** Five.

**OUI:** Why did you decide to have a child?

**SLICK:** I thought it would be interesting. At the time, I thought the polarity between me and Paul was interesting. And I still do. It's not that I think, "Oh, there are Paul's traits and there are mine." She is not me and Paul. She is herself. She is an individual. But for a while I tended to think of her as half me and half Paul. Both positively and negatively. Like, if she'd do something real commanding, I'd think, "Oh, there's Paul being a German again." But I don't do that now, because she's her own person, and I can see she's very definitely not me and she's not Paul, either. And I really like her. I'm having a good time with her. When she stays with me in the apartment, there's nobody else there. So I can talk to her more than before.

**OUI:** Was the decision to have a child a heavy one for you?

**SLICK:** Not really. I was about ready to climb into the sack with Paul. I said, "I think I'd like to have your child." Which I thought was going to blow him away. So I followed up by saying, "But don't worry about it. Because I work. And I can take care of this. So don't worry about it. I just thought it would be an interesting idea." He didn't freak out, and a week later I was pregnant. When my mother asked, "When's it due?" I said, "More or less another six months. Supposedly." She said, "Well, why don't you have it on your father's birthday?" I said, "Very funny." And I had her on my father's birthday. So China was really like clockwork. Real easy. I never threw up or anything. I went on two tours with a big stomach. Never threw up. Never got sick. Childbirth was good. I mean, it went just fine.

**OUI:** Were you living with Paul at the time?

**SLICK:** Yeah. He took me to the hospital, then went to sleep. Through the entire thing.

**OUI:** Do you take China to school now?

**SLICK:** Sometimes. She goes to a nursery school. One day she said, "You know,

it's funny they call that school." I said, "Why is that?" She said, " 'Cause every place is school." I said, "You're right." And she is. I mean, some people prefer to sit around and read and that's the way they learn about things. Some people do it, and that's the way they learn. So feed your head just means open up. Just keep the input going in there. Figure it out. Mull it over.

**OUI:** Do you read a lot?

**SLICK:** I do in spurts. I'll read a whole bunch of books and then I won't read anything for several months. The *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* really tore me away, and I like Kurt Vonnegut's stuff.

**OUI:** Do you usually read fiction?

**SLICK:** No, I'm not that nuts about fiction. I read more magazines now than books.

**OUI:** What magazines?

**SLICK:** Everything. I mean, anything. You name it. On all different subjects. You know. *Newsweek. Hot Rod.* OUI. *People. Time. Playboy. Tattler. National Enquirer. Scientific American.* Anything. I buy about $20 worth of magazines a week. So right now it's magazines. And then I may drop all the magazines and start in on books. I never know.

**OUI:** What else are you doing for input nowadays?

**SLICK:** Well, anything. People, mainly. I just got a Polaroid camera, and I pull it out all the time. I'm more interested in people than almost anything else; I'm not that big on scenery. You can get postcards.

**OUI:** But you also seem to like *things*, if not scenery per se. What kind of car do you drive?

**SLICK:** A 1969 Aston Martin with a Chevrolet engine—the kind James Bond had. That's why I got it. I saw the movie and went, "Hey, look at that." With the spikes coming out. I had thought of getting a Jaguar, but I walked into British Motors, and I thought, "Hey, there's an Aston Martin. I've got to have it! Oh, boy!" You know. I don't have any spikes or machine guns or an ejector seat in front, but it's a good car. I really like it.

**OUI:** Why do you have a Chevrolet engine in it?

**SLICK:** With the Aston Martin engine, it took 45 minutes to get the car started. Of course, once it got started, it was great. Like once I got a ticket. I was going 150 miles an hour by Soledad Prison. I was driving from Los Angeles to San Francisco. And a cop started chasing me. He couldn't catch me. He had to radio ahead to the next town. I guess he told them, "OK. There's an Aston Martin coming through. Catch her at the corner of blah-blah-blah." Which they did. Finally I decided I'd have to let up because they were just going to keep radioing ahead. In every town there was going to be some highway-patrol guy. So I pulled over and the cop said, "A hundred and fifty, huh? Look. I tell you what. . . ." And I said, "What?" I thought, "A hundred and fifty? This is going to be some ticket." He said, "If you let us look at the engine, we'll give you a ticket for eighty." I said, "OK. Great. Have at it! You can sleep in there for all I care." So the guys go up there and they're, you know, leaning over, checking out, saying, "Yes. Yes. Look at the so-and-so." So it was an interesting engine. The trouble was that I had to be places, like, within 15 minutes. I can't wait around for a car to warm up all the time. So I put a Chevy engine in and I really like it. It runs real good.

**OUI:** You're not terrified of run-ins with the law, are you?

**SLICK:** No. I keep a record of almost every day. This is in case somebody says, "We think it was Grace Slick who robbed the bank." I can say, "No. Here I was. This was April the twenty-third." And you can carbon date the finger prints—carbon date anything. Ever since I read about carbon dating, when I was about eight years old, I've always thought that anytime I did anything wrong I'd use carbon dates. And, you know, if I'm not to blame, I'm going to use carbon dates to get out of it. Even if I *am* to blame, I'm going to use carbon dates to get out of it. Hey, I wish this were a live radio broadcast. I'm really in the mood. ▣

## DIANA'S DIARY

*"You sure know how to hurt a girl."*

**THE ALL-AMERICAN DEATH ANGEL** *Tom went back to the car; when he returned, he swam around behind Danny, brought a tire iron quickly up out of the water and quickly down onto Danny's skull.*

*(Continued from page 44)* began, as he recalled, when he couldn't push Dean's body through the small window of the sexton's room. Carrying the thing out the front door and down the steps of the church was totally out of the question. He had to leave it. Creech thought it was the first time that he had left incriminating evidence at the scene of his crimes, and over the ensuing weeks, he could not shake the feeling that things were closing in.

Now, facing jail, Creech decided to let it all out. His court-appointed attorney, Ward Hower, either thought it would do no harm, or—more likely—simply didn't care what Creech did. It was already known that Hower didn't like his job of public defender and that he had lofty ambitions in the political arena. So the two Portland detectives had no trouble getting into the jail to tape interviews with Creech, and no trouble getting Creech to talk. When they left, the two cops were already scanning ahead to extradition proceedings, hearings, a trial and closing out the Billy Dean church-death case.

The detectives didn't know that they would soon be back to record Creech's twangy Southern Ohio voice as it ran down yet another Oregon murder. In fact, they would practically have to wait in line, as law-enforcement officers from ten states arrived with folders, briefcases and notebooks filled with photographs and data relating to unsolved homicide cases about which they wanted to talk with Tom Creech.

Creech was the most agreeable of long-haired punk gunmen; he spilled his beans all over the jail to which he had since been removed, the Ada County facility in Boise. There weren't just three corpses in his past; Creech's own body count was 42—42 snuffs in an eight-year period. The lawmen listened. Tom talked. He provided names, locations, dates, accomplices and employers. Psychiatrists were summoned; sodium amytal, hypnotism and polygraphs were administered. Law-enforcement agencies were contacted in California, Arizona, Nevada, Wyoming, Washington and Montana, and 12 of Creech's murders were confirmed. What the lawmen had thought was braggadocio soon became awesome reality.

What the hell did they have? The number-one murderer in U. S. history? Christ, anything was possible after Manson, Juan Corona and that fag in Houston. The goddamn murder rate was higher than it had ever been, and it wasn't showing signs of slacking. Between 1970 and 1974, more Americans were murdered in the United States than had been killed in the Vietnam war.

While most of these murders occurred between close relations—husband-wife; brother-brother; one-shot moments of murderous derangement—there were these weird slayings climbing up the charts: groups of victims, strung out like perch after a good day's fishing; five, maybe six at a time, at first, then 15, 20, 26, 42. Dedicated hobbyists were out there shooting, stabbing and carving away at quantities of folks. It seemed as though a bad wind had blown out of Benedict Canyon with the Mansonoid mini-holocaust in 1969 and had been wafting up all manner of Wade and Butcher affiliates in the early Seventies. Mass graves yawned open across the country. Zodiacs and Zebras lent death to the urban landscape. Snipers appeared, bringing unsettling diversion to the boredom of the freeways. A character named Herb Mullin wiped out 10 people in order to prevent a major earthquake in California and was put away satisfied with his success, as no major earthquakes had occurred.

Malcolm X's observation on the J.F.K. assassination, that "the chickens were coming home to roost," wasn't quite accurate: These were no common barnyard fowl; these were vampire bats, shrikes, harpies.

Tom Creech is not one of those certified paranoid schizophrenics who float off into compulsive bloodspill simply because their shoelaces keep coming untied or they hear voices coming out of the refrigerator. The worst the shrinks would say of Creech was that he was a sociopath. According to criminal psychiatrist Donald Lunde, a sociopath is a person "who never developed internalized taboos or inhibitions against aggressive behavior . . . a chronic criminal offender . . . who has to be restrained by external controls."

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The most popular book in the summer of 1966 was Truman Capote's account of the Clutter family murders, *In Cold Blood*. The number-one album was the Beatles' latest, *Revolver*:

*Father McKenzie wiping the dirt*
*from his hands*
*As he walks from the grave.*
*No one was saved.*

On September 9, 1966, Tom Creech would turn 16, sweet 16. He was a slight, wiry boy, who had been born in Dayton and raised in the small town of Hamilton, Ohio, the fourth of five children in the family of Harold and Zola Creech. It was a working-class family just barely able to stay above the poverty line, and Tom was propelled into manhood at an early age. He was a combination of criminality and charm, and he was given to impulsive acts like setting the family home on fire.

When Tom was nine years old, someone asked him the inevitable, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Tom replied, "A prisoner or a cop." Prescience is nothing to be sniffed at in a child.

Sometime in August 1966, Tom and two friends were on their way to a gravel pit outside New Miami for some beer and a swim. Tom was riding shotgun; next to him in the front seat was Danny Johnson; a girl, Karen, was driving. When the trio arrived at the gravel pit, it was already late afternoon and they had the pond to themselves. They stripped, scrambled down the steep incline and hit the cool murk. After swimming for a while, Tom went back to the car for a minute; when he returned, he swam around behind Danny, brought a tire iron quickly up out of the water and quickly down onto Danny's skull. Tom and Karen held Danny under the water until the body was still. Then they pulled it to shore, tied on a jack and some rocks, and laboriously hauled the kid's corpse to the center of the pond. There they let it drop.

Tom and Karen sat by the car, drinking the rest of the beer, smoking Kools and watching the shadows stretch up from the pit. Soon Karen was in the back seat with her legs spread. Bracing his knee on the drive-shaft's hump, Tom moved into her. Her thigh rose higher, and her heel came to rest just above his coccyx, then pressed down. On her left buttock, right where his hand squeezed, there was an India-ink tattoo. PROPERTY OF TOM CREECH, it said.

•

*There's people standing round*
*who'll screw you in the ground,*
*They'll fill you in with all their*
*sins.*
*You'll see.*

*—Revolver*

By September, Tom was gone. He stole his parents' checkbook and papered his way around Hamilton to the tune of $500. He had most of the money left when he stepped off a bus in San Francisco and took a three-dollar room at the Windsor Hotel. He intended to make the money last, but by the end of the next day he was flat-ass broke.

In his wanderings that day, Tom gravitated inevitably to the Haight, the burgeoning mecca of the runaway underground. To the spare-changers, he was a Midwestern messiah, dropping

quarters, halves and dollars miraculously before their eyes. They sang to him a litany of hippie beatitudes and Tom felt better with each nail-gnawed hand he greased. But the sprinkling of coin was a highly odoriferous blood scent to the street sharks: This was no prairie godlet; this was a strolling corn-fed prime-rib feast.

Suddenly beauteous company materialized for Tom. She was a Stanyan Street Venus and she *knew*, just *knew*, that Tom was a Virgo and that there was no alternative on the planet but that he should go with her and spend the night with her.

It was true! Everything Tom's radio had promised him was true: *Good Vibrations, California Dreamin', Beautiful People*. All the songs strummed into his head as they walked to her place.

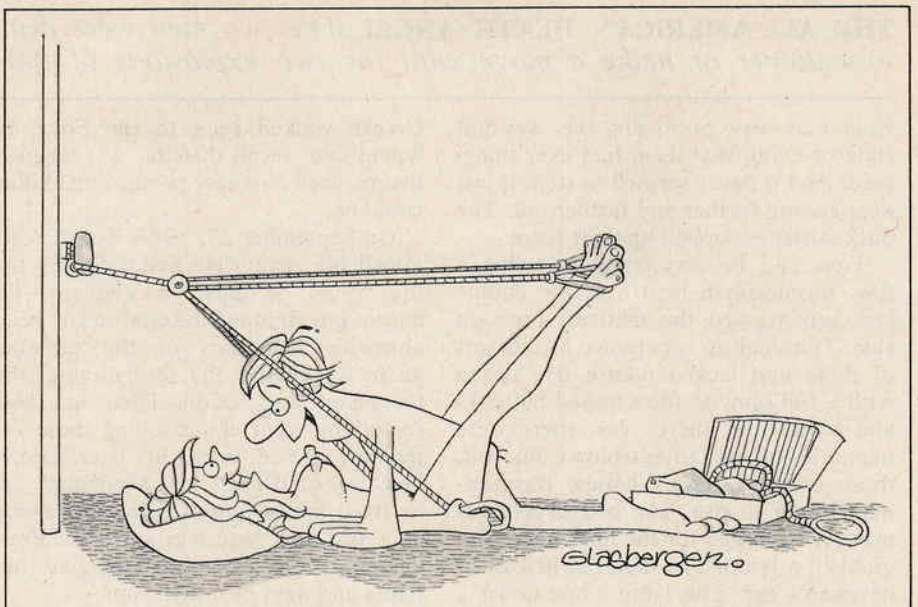
What Tom found there were two people, both of whom were very big, very black and very agitated. They appeared from somewhere behind him, just as he started up the stairs after Venus. She stood above him, looking down. She wasn't happy, but she wasn't afraid either.

"Muthafuck! Whachew doin' wit' my olady?"

Tom made the mistake of thinking this was a question that was meant to be answered. As he was engaging his speech mechanism, his ass, so the saying goes, was theirs. When he came to, he found that his money was as well.

Tom was a quick study, however, and such a thing would never happen to him again. At least not from the receiving end. He admired, in a twisted manner, the way the scam had gone down. Years later he would employ a neat variation on one of his victims.

Tom now found himself among the ranks of the coinless whom only hours earlier he had been gracing with generosity. Like them, Tom had to learn how to survive on the streets; unlike most of them, he was very adept. Within a few days, Tom found himself befriended by two members of the most fearsome, infamous biker club in the world. The Hell's Angels were not merely a gang of mangy, beer-swilling, hog-riding fools who would fuck anything warm this side of a Kodiak bear: They were a social force, a philosophical stance—major figures in the swiftly forming mythos of the Sixties. Ken Kesey invited them to his La Honda digs for a rumble with (then legal) LSD-25. Allen Ginsberg wrote a poem for them. The pre-fear and loathing Hunter Thompson flexed his Gonzoid muscles by hanging out with them and then writing a book titled *Hell's Angels*. Tom Wolfe cruised them in his ice-cream suit. The Angels embodied a style and a philosophy that Tom Creech was to emulate from that summer on, although he was never permitted to formally join the club.




*"See, Mrs. Wilson, exercising can be fun!"*

The second force Tom was to encounter during his 1966 California sojourn was from a realm even more dark and weird than the bikers'. It was a street kid, known as Angel, who invited Tom to meet someone so powerful, so incredible that Tom was assured he would never be the same.

The someone turned out to be none other than Anton Szandor LaVey, a flamboyant figure in San Francisco whose star was rising in Herb Caen's three-dot gossip column in the *Chronicle*. Earlier that year, on April 30, Walpurgis Night, LaVey had shaved his head, donned his witchy basic black and founded the First Church of Satan—hinting that the group's lineage traced back through Crowleyite O.T.O. temples, the Golden Dawn society and the darker Luciferian past. Before this, LaVey had worked in circuses and burlesque houses as a calliope player and organist, and had also done a stint as a police photographer. He had been fascinated by the occult for most of his life; he had read popular and arcane books on mind control, hypnotism and black magic. But LaVey was no wide-eyed true believer: He perceived his role to be that of leader and occultic entrepreneur.

Following the American business dictum of find a need and fill it, LaVey gauged the psychological and spiritual needs of a country that was rapidly drifting from its moorings of God and family; since Christianity denied sex, dope and good times—indeed, identified them as the path of Satan—and since a generation was emerging that blithely endorsed and practiced sinful behavior, why not give them a religion that identified vice as virtue? LaVey was a man with a vision, and he had just the right amount of flash and intelligence to make the scam pay off.

Tom Creech was introduced to LaVey by Angel, and he attended two Church of Satan rituals in late 1966. Tom was enormously impressed by LaVey and became a firm believer in the reality of Satan and Satan's powers.

Tom would have stuck it out that winter in San Francisco, save for an encounter he had in touristy palm-studded Union Square. Tom was feeding the pigeons and watching the secretaries crumple up their paper bags, when an affable business-type fellow sidled up and into conversation. Businessman presently inquired after Tom's appetite and offered a meal. Tom quickly accepted, life having been scuffle city for a few weeks.

They made their way to Businessman's apartment where Tom was offered the use of the shower while lunch was being prepared. Things were looking up for Tom Creech; he even thought there might be some coin in the occasion, somehow. When he got out of the shower, there was Businessman wearing a pair of snazzy nylon briefs. Soon Tom was getting head from a man for the first time. It only mildly surprised him and his cock didn't complain—still, the old fears ran in dark currents through his mind.

Businessman suddenly jumped up and went to the closet. He returned with a demure smile, dreamy eyes and a strap of leather two inches wide. Businessman needed chastisement. Tom needed a beer. He proceeded to put down ten. San

**THE ALL-AMERICAN DEATH ANGEL** *The two men were drunk. They didn't even look at their executioner or make a move until the two explosions of 0-0 buckshot registered their impact.*

Francisco was positively the weirdest state of being that Tom had ever imagined. And it never seemed to stop; it just kept getting farther and farther out. The dark currents stepped up their force.

Tom said he was ready to swing a few. Businessman bent over the double bed and gripped the mattress on each side. Tom had no experience at this sort of thing and lacked finesse. He began with a full blow to the exposed buttocks and built from there. Yes, there were memories of his father's blows, his belt, those strong worker's hands. Businessman began to rise. The belt caught his eye. He screamed for the first time. Tom grabbed a lamp. The metal struck Businessman's ear. The lamp came down a second time. And again.

Tom showered again and dressed. He took $20 from Businessman's wallet; also a watch, a few rings, some clothes. Then he went to a phone and called his parents. They were happy to hear from him. His mother immediately wired his fare home. The next day Tom was on a Greyhound heading east.

•

Creech spent the next year in Hamilton, Ohio, holding down one short-time job after another. Danny Johnson's body had never been found and Karen, the girl, had disappeared, so there were no legal hassles, at least. His mother helped him to get a work deferral from high school; he helped himself by scooping out a till every chance he got. Creech also connected with the Outlaws, the dominant biker gang in Ohio, and got close to a gang member called Freddie—close enough for Creech to confide his killings. Freddie didn't seem too surprised at the murders; in fact, Freddie was looking for someone who wouldn't mind helping him in a few snuffs. A couple of drug dealers, it seems, had been going slack, attempting rip-offs and generally fucking up. Subtle hints and verbal reprimands had failed to convey the Outlaws' displeasure, and terminal measures were in order.

Creech was given a 12-gauge pump-action shotgun, a box of shells and directions to a farmhouse in the country. When he reached the vicinity of the house, Creech pulled his 1953 Ford over to the side of the road. He shut off the motor, got out and opened the trunk. He removed the shotgun, which was already loaded, and continued on foot. He leaped upon the porch and kicked open the door.

The two men inside were drunk. They didn't even look at their executioner or make a move until the two explosions of 0-0 buckshot registered their impact. Creech walked back to the Ford. He would later recall that this was when he first realized how easy professional killing could be.

On September 27, 1967, Tom Creech joined the Army. He had a feeling that life would be great in Vietnam. The heroic possibilities flickered in his head, alongside memories of the sensation he had felt after the shotgunning, that feeling of satisfaction. There had been something *right* about killing those two junkies; it had been, he later said, a "mission of death," an "avenging," and he liked the feeling of being an "avenger." And now here was an entire Presidentially approved war to give him hours and days of satisfaction.

Once inside, though, things went a bit too slowly, and the regimentation and uniformity conflicted with Creech's keen romanticism. But there were some fun things: The rifle range and field maneuvers were like a playground; the M-14, the .45 automatic pistol and the 106 recoilless rifle were interesting new toys. Creech's adult personality had been formed among the satanists and bikers in San Francisco; in the Army, he worked on his techniques.

During Christmas leave in 1967, Creech got married after a two-week courtship. There wasn't much time for a honeymoon, and two days after the wedding he was back on base. The Army was now more of a drag than ever.

Creech went A.W.O.L. and returned to Hamilton. He was caught, went A.W.O.L. again, was caught again, went A.W.O.L. twice more and finally found himself in Leavenworth. When his wife gave birth to a daughter in 1968, Creech once again rose to the occasion and escaped. He spent the next few days stumbling through muddy pastures, hot-wiring cars and ransacking churches until he reached Ohio and was nailed. But not before he saw his daughter.

While Creech served out his time in Leavenworth, his wife obtained a divorce. On June 4, 1969, he was dishonorably discharged from the Army. An appearance on the nightly news mopping up the Cong was not in the cards for Tom Creech.

A little more than a month later, Creech was back in jail on two counts of robbery, and in December, he began serving a two-to-five-year sentence in the Ohio State Reformatory. In the first few weeks, he was scanned as a promising piece of cherry by one of the inmates. When the butch made a grab for his ass, Creech went up side his head. That night three large figures appeared in Creech's cell. When he came to, he was freaking to the nether extremes and was soon transferred to the psych unit in Chillicothe.

The psych unit was considerably looser. Creech began writing country-and-western songs and making pets of the squirrels on the grounds. Meanwhile, however, he became increasingly removed from the other inmates, his trust in anyone other than himself being all but nonexistent. On the last day of May 1970, it vanished completely.

Creech's mother and father had been coming to visit him almost every Sunday since he had gone in. This Sunday followed the usual routine.

Harold Dean Creech was 49 years old, and his life had been going sour for most of his adult years. When Tom Creech was a child, there had been a farm. Nothing elaborate: a roomy house, a small barn and some outbuildings on about 40 acres. A good place to raise a family. There had been six children, but the baby born in 1961 had died after 13 months. And then the investment in the gas station went bad. The farm was lost. Harold Creech, who had led a rigorous Christian life, began to drink. The discipline and strict morality cracked like wheat-paste pillars. One Christmas Day he burst into the house raving drunk and destroyed all of the decorations, even the little cakes that his wife, Zola, had made for the children. The children cowered; the mother and father snarled and raved. Except for the holiday atmosphere, the scene would be repeated again and again and again.

Now here was Harold Dean Creech, sitting in the visitor's room of the Chillicothe Correctional Institute having dinner with his son, a convicted robber. One hell of a way to spend a Sabbath.

Harold Dean lit a cigarette. Creech and his mother were talking. Joey, Creech's younger brother, sat across the table listening. Harold Creech took a drag on his smoke as a blood clot hit the coronary artery and sent a shock wave to his brain. He slumped; his head hit the table.

Creech eased his father to the floor. Harold Creech's hands clawed at his chest. The wave came again. Creech realized what was happening and began to cry. Someone called for oxygen; an inmate left to get it. A nurse appeared and began mouth-to-mouth. The oxygen was still not there, though it was only minutes away. Another nurse left to get it. Creech begged his father not to die. Harold Creech looked up at Tom and, shaking his head, refused his son's plea.

The oxygen arrived 27 minutes after

it had first been called for. Creech's grief now fused with an immediate death vow on the inmate who had originally left for the oxygen. Real and imagined enemies of his father filled his brain. He began picturing them as corpses. His compulsion to avenge was total, pervasive, consuming. Death angel would soon emerge, spewing demise. Bullets. Shattered skulls.

A month after his father's funeral, a rope was found in Creech's cell. A nurse told the guard that Creech had tried to commit suicide. Creech was sent to Lima State Hospital on July 14th and remained there for 17 months before his release on December 2, 1971. By this time, Creech had developed duodenal ulcers and suffered occasional black-outs. They were to plague him from then on. Especially right before a kill.

Creech's homecoming was full of the kind of grief he had come to expect out of life. His middle-aged, miniskirted, dyed-blond mother had remarried almost immediately after her husband's death. But the young stall-kicker had split the scene a few days before Creech was released; the same day he heard this, Creech learned also that his older sister had cancer. There was nothing to do but get drunk.

Later, Creech was to make a stab at entertainment; he played his guitar at the New Speedway Inn in exchange for all he could drink, plus tips. This turned out to be very unrewarding, so Creech lifted a few hundred dollars and three guns. Things got very close in Ohio. Although he was never arrested, Creech was grilled heatedly on the Inn heist. His parole officer was breathing heavy on him. So Creech split. He headed for California and an intensive two years of murder, heroin muling and ritual sacrifice.

•

In California, Creech met a 15-year-old runaway from Eugene, Oregon. Her name was Thomasine and she was a slight, childlike girl of erratic moods. Together they hitchhiked through Northern California. One ride was with an itinerant fence who offered them a job selling hot watches. A few days later, the fence drove off with Thomasine.

Creech hitched back to San Francisco and stayed with a girlfriend of Thomasine's. Two days later, the fence called. He said that Thomasine was in Garberville, a few hundred miles north of San Francisco; Creech went to get her and together they headed east. Near Detroit, Creech took a job at a service station, lifted $300 from the till and left. He and Thomasine scored a driveaway car destined for Salt Lake City, a car that was to be the hookup for Creech's first connection with the big time.

The man to whom the car was delivered held a financial interest in the national auto driveaway company from which Creech had contracted in Detroit. He was also the head of a finance-and-loan company in Salt Lake City. (Years earlier, this businessman had run a profitable porn-publishing house in Monaco, which, according to a former employee, was suspected of being a front for transporting more profitable commodities from Monaco to locations in France.) When he met Creech the businessman offered him additional driveaway jobs handling special types of cars. Creech accepted.

Auto transport companies, as they are formally called, are located in every major city in America. During semester breaks, they are eagerly jockeyed for by vehicleless students bent on getting back to, or away from, home. Deliveries are made to repossessing finance companies, relocating two-car families and to people who would rather fly across country than drive their cars. If one is looking for an inexpensive way to travel, the driveaways have a lot going for them. They are also convenient, as Tom Creech was to learn, for the transportation of heroin.

The operation goes like this: A few hundred kilos of pure smack arrives from Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle at a port somewhere between Seattle and Los Angeles; 20 keys are fitted into the door panels of a repossessed Buick; it is a driveaway—destination, Denver. The name and address given to the unsuspecting driver may not be the final destination. He delivers the car and splits; the car is taken to another location and the heroin is removed.

Sometimes, however, the place where the car is delivered *is* the final drop. And sometimes the driver is not unwitting. Then all expenses are paid, including motels, with a bonus on completion of the run.

According to Creech, his first run was made in October 1972, from Seattle to Denver. Prior to this he had married Thomasine, and the newlyweds supported their nomadic existence by contracting driveaway smackmobiles to points as distant as Miami, Cincinnati and South Carolina. Between trips, Creech and his wife spent most of their time in Nevada and Arizona.

In October 1973, Tom and Thomasine checked into an efficiency room in a Tucson motel. Arriving shortly after them was a 70-year-old retiree from Detroit named Paul Shrader. Shrader was in the terminal stages of emphysema; he had sold his business and moved to Arizona in order to give himself an extension on breathing. The $125,000 he had with him would go a long way in Tucson, longer than Shrader expected to live.

On the evening of October 25th, Shrader returned to his motel room,

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**THE ALL-AMERICAN DEATH ANGEL** *Creech says he was revolted by the manner in which the old man had been taken out.*

tired but elated. He had just bought a mobile home and was looking forward to getting out of the efficiency. The old man was garrulous around other residents at the motel, and in the course of his short stay there, he had laid down most of the details of his life, his illness and his financial situation. Shrader understood that his days were numbered and discussed his death several times.

Terminal disease does not preclude the influence of chance, however. For Paul Shrader, chance struck that very night, and was inflicted with more force than was necessary to snuff the life from his frail, brittle body. Eleven times a knife went into his chest, arms and back. Three times it slashed across his throat. His skull was fractured and five ribs were broken.

The body was found the next morning. Large amounts of cash, travelers checks and jewelry, as well as Shrader's car, were missing. Also missing from the motel was the couple named Creech.

Shrader's car was found in California, where it had been sold. Tom Creech was found in Beaver, Utah, attempting to forge some stolen travelers checks. He was immediately extradited to Tucson to stand trial for first-degree murder. Even though Shrader's travelers checks and car had been linked to Creech, all that seemed to interest the jury was the fact that no blood had been found in Shrader's car. While the murder had taken place in the motel room, this off-the-wall point about the car stuck in the jury's collective craw; that and the fact that the jury believed Creech to be nuts led to a verdict of not guilty. On March 5, 1974, Creech walked. The prosecutor and the homicide detectives were stunned; they had never seen anything like it. Creech's court-appointed defense counsel declared that he never wanted to see Creech's face again. Creech left the jail and a deputy turned to him and asked if he had done it. "It doesn't make any difference," Creech laughed. "There's not a goddamn thing you can do about it. Hell yes, I did it!" And then he walked outside.

Creech now maintains that the Shrader hit was a contract killing, though there doesn't seem to be any evidence to support this contention. According to what Tucson homicide could learn, there was nothing in Shrader's background that would have led to such a killing. Another point that Creech now makes is that he did not actually perform the butchery. The hit was originally a muscle job to extract information from Shrader concerning a money holdout, Creech says. After the information was extracted, Creech phoned the person who had contracted the killing to relay the data and to get further instructions. The instructions were to "go ahead with the hit," but when Creech returned to the other room, Shrader was already a bleeding heap of wounds. Creech says he was revolted by the manner in which the old man had been taken out.

Creech says that his partner in this was a man by the name of Sanchez whom he claims also to have killed. He says that the deed was done two weeks after the acquittal and that he left Sanchez's body outside Denver. The body has never been found, however, and Creech has refused to tell authorities exactly where it is.

Although Thomasine Creech had been at the motel in Tucson at the time of Shrader's murder, she was not charged in the crime. While Creech was in jail awaiting trial in Tucson, Thomasine was picked up hitchhiking by two men who, she told Creech, raped her. Life with Creech had pushed Thomasine close to the edge; following the rape, she ended up in a hospital in Tucson.

After his release, Creech got his wife out of the hospital and the couple drifted to Oregon. Creech felt that his wife's mental state was continuing to deteriorate, so he had her committed to Oregon State Hospital in Salem, the institution that inspired Ken Kesey's *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest.* Creech was ultimately to join her there as an inmate.

On March 29, 1974, Creech was nailed near Portland, Oregon, for second-degree burglary and drug possession. This arrest, Creech said later, was the straw that broke his marriage—though it is difficult to imagine how Thomasine could have endured the hellish traffic Creech moved in, with or without the minor burglary charges. While Creech was in the Rocky Butte jail, Thomasine Creech was released from Salem. Reports are that she fell or jumped—or, according to Creech, was pushed—from a fourth-story window; her skull was fractured and her back was broken in three places. Though she recovered physically, her mental state appeared to deteriorate, and she was returned to the Oregon State Hospital in Salem. She is still there and may remain there for the rest of her life. She is now 19 years old.

Creech got his burglary and possession charges dismissed for lack of evidence, but was nevertheless sent to the state hospital in Salem. At first, he was in maximum security, but soon, through

his remarkable ability to sucker professional-institution types, Creech was placed on an open ward. On the open ward, weekend passes are granted. Though Kesey's messianic McMurphy could not get such a thing, Tom Creech, a killer eight times over, was free to stump on out the door for three days of mayhem.

Creech had learned from his wife the names of the two Tucson rapists. On one weekend pass, he went straight to Tucson, scored a .270 rifle and went to the apartment that the two men shared. As he tells it:

"I went to their house and found only one of them there. As he told me where his friend was, I pulled the trigger. I took his body to the desert and dumped it. Then I went and waited for his friend to get off work. As he drove down the street, I slowly pulled the trigger of the .270 high-powered rifle. The first bullet struck him in the back of the neck; the others went through the door. . . ."

Creech returned to the hospital in time for Sunday-night check-in.

His next killing—again on a pass from Oregon State Hospital—was in Sacramento, California. The victim's name was Vivian Grant Robinson. Creech claims that the hit was contracted by an elite biker group called the Brother-Hood and concerned a drug burn. Robinson was strangled in his bedroom, and fingerprints found at the scene were later confirmed as matching those of Tom Creech. The Sacramento district attorney has joined the long list of lawmen who have applied for Creech's extradition from Idaho.

Creech was released from the mental hospital in July 1974, and his life soon took an even more gruesome and bizarre turn. When sitting in a room listening to Tom Creech recount this period, as best he can, a cynical impulse rises in the listener, a temptation to snap at his statements for their sheer outlandishness—but you stop yourself, since you already know there is substance to what he is saying, from the details that you have previously learned. This leaves you with the morbid knowledge that most of what Creech relates is true.

•

Tom Creech told me of attending several gatherings in a basement in the Seattle suburb of Burien, near the Seattle-Tacoma (Sea-Tac) Airport, at which adolescent women were carved up during the course of satanic rituals. Six or eight times—Creech has trouble remembering—he provided one or more of the sacrificial victims himself. The victims were either hitchhikers or runaways; their ages ranged from 15 to 23.

One such victim was a girl named Sheila, a petite 16-year-old brunette whom Creech picked up in Eugene,

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Oregon, and drove back to Seattle; he recalls that Sheila wore contact lenses. During the month of August 1974, Creech and two others supplied a total of eight victims; three were from the University of Washington in Seattle, two were from Tacoma and three were from Oregon. Two girls from a commune near Grants Pass, Oregon, were lured into the hellish basement by the "priest" officiating in the rites.

Sacrifices also took place in a secluded wood near Lake Washington. Thanks to Creech's information, police later found four heads buried in this location. They also located the Burien basement and found its walls to be covered with bloodstains and a pentagram.

When talking about this period in his life, Creech shows considerable nervousness. It seems to have been a dark liquid dream for him, his recollections lit by flash-gun bursts. He remembers that 20 to 30 people were present for the rituals, sometimes fewer. The victim usually was told that she was going to a party with some far-out people. Then she would be fed some drugs to make her cooperative—heroin and PCP apparently being the most effective. She would then be led to the basement and strapped to an altar. A stereo would blare the title track from the movie *The Mephisto Waltz*, a tune high up on the satanic top 40.

The members of the Washington congregation dressed in black robes, the victim in red; Creech says that the victims wore robes "so their karma wouldn't be released." The priest shoved a dagger through the victim's chest. The spurting blood was caught in a cup, which was then passed around to each believer. Sometimes several limbs would be removed with a chain saw; sometimes the ritual called for a beheading, and a large commercial paper cutter was put to use.

The congregation members were not all like Creech. Some were bozos and bozoettes who went off each day to dreary clone functions in and around Seattle: boat owning, C.B. jawing, *Monday Night Football* fans. Just folks. Indeed, Creech's satanic scenario sounds like a cross between a Tupperware party and *Rosemary's Baby*. But those four heads *were* found buried in the woods near Burien and there *was* blood on the walls of that basement and Tom Creech pointed out both of those locations to the police.

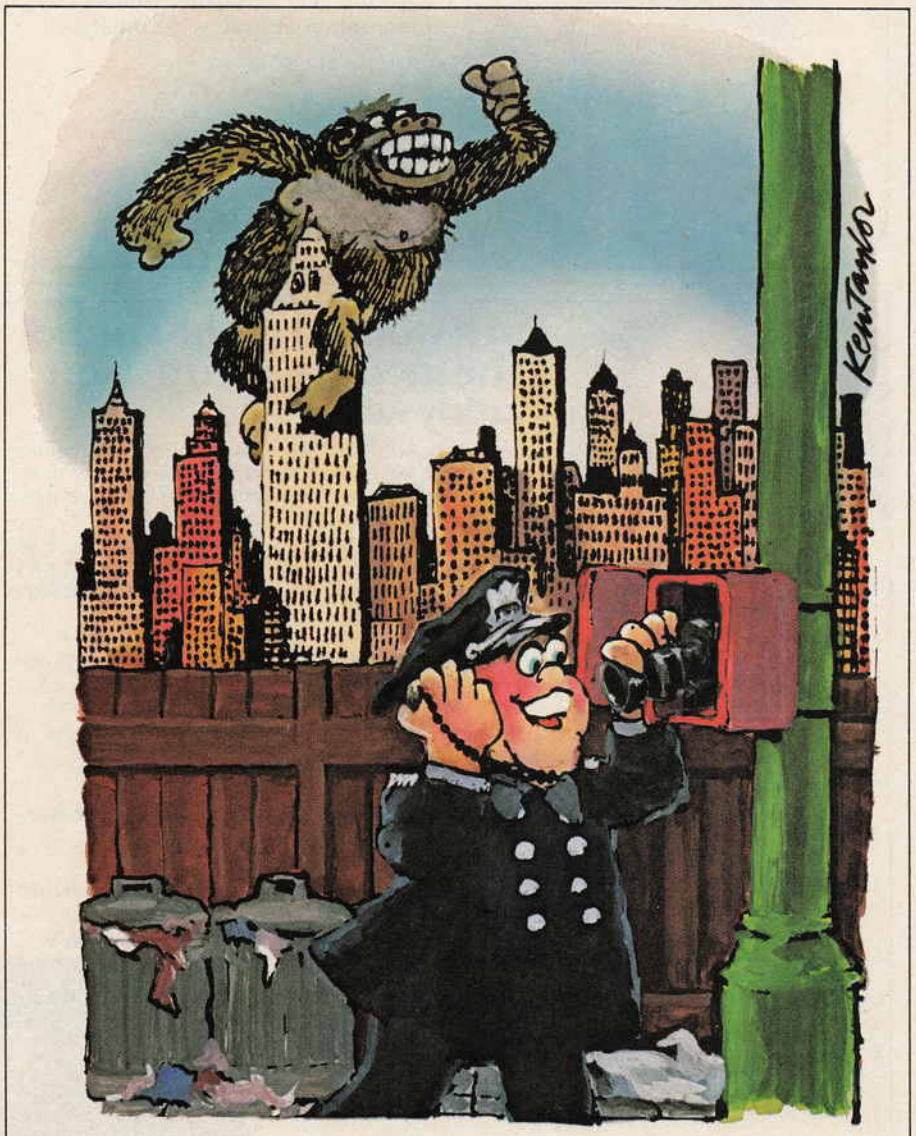
Creech claims personal knowledge of five "temples" where ritual sacrifice has been practiced. Two are in the Seattle area; one is in Ogden, Utah; one is in Missoula, Montana; and one is in El Cajon, California. Creech also told lawmen of being present at rituals at a ranch above Latigo Canyon outside Los Angeles, which authorities already suspected of being a satanic spread and the source of foodstuffs for the city's occult health-food eateries. Creech claimed that more than 100 bodies were buried at the ranch and the Los Angeles sheriff's office subsequently backhoed the acreage at an expense of $40,000. The official release claimed that only a hambone was found; but police also discovered a gilt-framed photograph of a character well-known as a sleazy practitioner of satanism and as the operator of an S/M occult *disco* in Hollywood.

Some California investigators are still keeping their files open on this case, as several of the allegations regarding activities there have links to the Manson endeavors of the late Sixties.

•

In August 1974, Creech landed a job as church sexton at Saint Mark's Episcopal Church in Portland, Oregon. The salary was small, but a room in the church was provided as a fringe benefit. Two weeks after he started, Creech put another life stiff. He got word through the Brother-Hood that a character named William Joseph Dean, an itinerant quasi biker originally from Sweet Home, Oregon, was holding out in a grass deal he had just run down in Alaska. Apparently Creech was told that there was substantial money and a hefty stash accompanying Dean to Portland. Creech picked Dean up at the Portland bus station.

Gene Hilby, who was a casual friend




*"Now's the time to attack, Captain. . . . He's got his balls caught in a window."*

of Creech's, disagrees with Creech about what happened next. Hilby says that he took Creech a rifle because Creech's life was being threatened by bikers. Hilby says that he did not enter the church. Creech says, by contrast, that when he arrived at the church with 22-year-old Dean, Hilby walked through the front doors carrying his .30-30 rifle wrapped in paper. A couple of joints were fired up, then Creech and Hilby settled the news on Dean: His dope wasn't wanted in Portland and neither was he.

At this point, Creech says, Dean reached into his jacket pocket. Hilby tossed the rifle to Creech, who fired a slug directly into Billy's heart. Creech and Hilby wrapped the late Billy Dean in a blanket and sat the body in a chair. Hilby says he was outside when the shot was fired and that he was so scared that he jumped into his truck and drove off.

When neighbors were later questioned by Portland police, surprisingly few could recall having heard the shot, but two witnesses did report seeing a young man leave the church that night, in the company of a young woman wearing a floppy hat. Creech's girlfriend at this time was a girl named Linda, who lived with Hilby and his wife.

Linda and Tom returned to the church several times to try to get the body through the small window of the sexton's quarters. Creech recalls that the body had quickly swollen with gases, which made this operation even more difficult. Finally, there didn't seem to be anything to do but leave the body where it was.

Two days after Billy Dean was shot, Creech and Linda pulled up at a milk-beer-ice store on Center Street in Salem, Oregon. They were looking for Sandra Jane Ramsmoog, a 19-year-old woman who worked the late shift at the store. Linda had told Creech that Ramsmoog had ripped her off in a dope deal and owed her money.

Linda went in first and talked with Ramsmoog. Ramsmoog said she didn't owe anybody anything. Linda came out and spoke to Creech. Creech took a .44 magnum from under the seat and went into the store. Later Creech was to say that he meant only to rob the store and to throw a scare into Ramsmoog. Perhaps. Creech ordered the girl into the back room, but she started screaming. The first slug hit her in the right shoulder, spinning her around; the next two entered her back, exploding her heart and a lung. It is the only murder Creech has openly regretted.

The Ramsmoog and Dean murders put Tom Creech on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. Linda and Gene Hilby both turned state's evidence on Creech as soon as authorities contacted them. Some authorities and investigators still speculate that Linda's participation in the murders was greater than her testimony indicated. Until Creech is brought to trial in Oregon, however, the murder details will remain murky.

Immediately following the Ramsmoog hit, Creech cut his hair and beard, traveled south into California and then made his way to Las Vegas. He was looking for a man who had been one of his employers in the driveaway heroin trade—a man who had close ties to organized crime and who virtually owned one of the lesser gambling towns in wide-open Nevada. Creech found his man and found that a contract was waiting, if he was willing to take it.

The contract was on the life of Gordon Stanton, a man in his early 40s, with a wife and two children, who had been active in the late Sixties as a union organizer in Las Vegas. According to sources in Nevada, Stanton had begun working with the union again in 1974, around the gambling towns of Jean and Goodsprings. Creech says that the reason given for the hit was that Stanton had been holding out money.

In doing his hit research, Creech learned that Stanton was a homosexual and decided that herein lay the way to a snuff setup. On August 22, 1974—five days after Ramsmoog had been killed—Creech was driving out into the Nevada desert with Gordon Stanton. As soon as the lights of the Vegas Strip were behind them, Creech pulled the car over and said it was time for a go. After leading the way into the scrub, Creech pulled his jacket open and ordered Stanton down on his knees. A .44 appeared in Creech's hand. Creech fired once. Stanton's body flipped backward. Stanton got up. Creech pulled the trigger again, amazed that the first shot hadn't put Stanton out. Stanton got up again and said, "This is a hell of a way to die." Creech was panicky. He ran behind the weaving figure, put the long barrel at the base of Stanton's skull and fired for the last time.

Walking back to the car, Creech saw that there was another automobile parked some yards up the highway. Inside were Creech's hit contractor and a man named Charles Thomas Miller, another Vegas gun for hire. Creech spoke briefly with the men and the car pulled away. On his way back to Vegas, Creech decided that Miller must die. Even though the money for the Stanton hit had been put into his account in the Bank of Nevada, Creech knew he would have little time to spend it if Miller weren't taken out immediately. Creech also suspected—and, he says, later found to be true—that Miller had been contracted to hit him.

On August 23rd, the day after Stanton was killed, Creech met up with a girl named Jenny whom he had first met in Beaver, Utah, while he was on the run from the Tucson Shrader murder. Jenny was now working as a cocktail waitress and agreed to help Creech on the Miller snuff.

It was easy. Jenny came on to Miller and agreed to go out to the desert with him for a juice-stroke. On the night of August 25th, Jenny was sitting in a car next to Miller, groping his crotch as he drove. When Jenny said, "Pull over," Miller responded quickly. Like Creech three days earlier, Jenny was leading a hard-on into the desert.

Miller had one leg out of his pants when Creech rose up from the scrub with his .44 in hand. "Hello, Chuck," were the last words Miller heard.

•

Back on the road again, Creech headed north to Wyoming where he connected with some biker buddies affiliated with the Brother-Hood, that phantom elite of outlaws that had allegedly ordered the Billy Dean snuff in Portland. Until a year ago, the existence of the Brother-Hood was only speculated upon. In the past few months, confirmation of the Brother-Hood's existence has been independently received from sources in California, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Florida. The society is national and bound not so much by two-wheeled configurations of oil and steel as by the economics of heroin, murder and gunrunning. Some sources suggest that financial support for the Brother-Hood comes from organized crime, right-wing paramilitary groups and the heavies of the satanic scene. In most instances, Brother-Hood members—who are the sleazy elite of regional biker gangs like the Hell's Angels and The Pagans—seem to be subcontractees to organized crime for regional heroin traffic and contract murders; for the paramilitary right-wingers, they are a source of automatic weapons and ammunition; for the occultists, they are a source of ritual victims and drugs.

In California, there is serious speculation that the bust of Hell's Angels president Sonny Barger in 1972 was set up by a Syndicate/Brother-Hood coalition in order to wrest control of the Angels from Barger. Immediately after Barger's arrest, many longtime members of the Angels either were busted or died. These developments, plus information supplied by certain members of the Angels (one of whom ended up in a 55-gallon drum floating in San Francisco Bay after supplying information concerning the Brother-Hood), have led authorities to believe that a biker/Syndicate coalition exists.

The word *(Continued on page 134)*

*(Continued from page 28)* were around my head; and I was completely out of control. "Put it in me," I begged. "Oh, Christ, fuck me!" "No," he said quietly. We were in a doctor's office, and we had a doctor-patient relationship, he explained. In all his years of practice, he had never fucked any of the patients who'd come to him for help. It was against his professional ethics, he insisted; he would not fuck me. And then he blew my mind. He went down on me and tongued me to orgasm.

I guess giving head wasn't against his professional ethics.

MELODY H.
Newport Beach, California

**The younger man**

When I read about Chris L.'s experience with 16-year-old Willie in the September *Sex Tapes*, I remembered my own seduction at the hands of an older woman. Chris said that she wouldn't go after any guy under 14, but Anna had no such qualms. I was only eight years old when she started playing with me. She was my mother's best friend, a slightly plump 33-year-old divorcee who'd been baby-sitting for me since I was three.

Anna's favorite game was playing house. We didn't always play house the same way. Sometimes Anna would be the baby and I'd be the daddy—I remember once tickling her until she grabbed my arms and wrestled me to the floor. Another time she was the mommy and I was the baby and she held my head in her lap and let me pretend to nurse. As I sucked on her nipples, her breasts got big and hard and she began to squirm around on the couch. After awhile, I got bored and decided to watch TV.

The very next time I saw Anna she proposed a new way to play house: She'd be mommy, she said, and I was to be daddy. "Do you know what daddy does with mommy?" Anna asked.

"Sure," I answered, "they sleep in the same bed together."

"That's right," said Anna, and she motioned to me to join her in bed. I did, and we lay there with our eyes closed for a couple of minutes.

"I don't want to go to sleep yet," I started to say, when I felt Anna's hand on my leg under the covers. Soon I realized that her head was under the covers also, and before I knew what was happening, she had my limp little prick in her mouth. It twitched and jumped right up as if it had a mind of its own. I was so surprised I just let Anna do as she pleased. Besides, it felt terrific. Then she got on top of me and began bouncing around. I remember that my prick kept falling out of her, but she didn't seem to mind. After a few minutes she groaned and fell over.

Anna moved away soon after that and I put the whole experience out of my mind. It was the *Sex Tapes* in OUI that brought it all back to me.

DAMEN R.
Knoxville, Tennessee

I'm 29 years old, old enough to have been around, but not so old as the term "older woman" implies. Just recently I discovered the psychological advantages of having an affair with a younger man. Before I met Tim, I'd spent three years with a man in his late 30s. I finally broke off with him because he treated me like a child. He told me what clothes to wear, what books to read and what to do about my career. Although he was an experienced and energetic lover, we always had to have sex his way. He had read somewhere that women are able to have multiple orgasms, so he insisted that I have half a dozen even if I only felt like having one. I used to fake four or five just to please him.

Then along came Tim. Tim is six years younger than I am, and from the beginning he just assumed that I would be the aggressor in bed. What a pleasant surprise that was! I'll never forget our first night together. We necked for hours; by the time we got around to taking our clothes off, my panties were sopping wet and Tim's cock was threatening to break through his fly.

We got into bed and Tim began massaging my breasts and licking my nipples. Unlike my older lover, Tim wasn't in a hurry to "get to the good stuff." He must have caressed my breasts for 20 minutes. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer and I slid my hands down to his cock. Tim groaned and fell back on the bed as I gently cupped his swollen balls and lowered my mouth to his cock. I ran my tongue over the head and down the length of the shaft, following a vein. I saw Tim's hands clench and unclench as he tried to keep from ejaculating. I teased Tim's beautiful cock for another couple of minutes until he grabbed my head and held it still.

We rested awhile and then I slid on top of him and began rubbing my clitoris along the underside of his rock-hard cock. Tim reached up and plucked at my nipples, making me gasp with pleasure. I lifted my hips and guided his cock into my vagina. Tim moaned again and told me that he'd never felt anything so wonderfully soft and hot. Tim was so close to coming that he lay quite still while I rocked back and forth at exactly the rhythm I wanted. Within a couple of minutes, I felt my vagina go into a series of powerful contractions—Tim told me later that he'd felt them, too. He waited until my orgasm subsided and then he gently rolled me over and began a slow, rhythmic pumping. Because I knew that I didn't have to fake anything with Tim, I relaxed and let him do what he wanted. And you know what? I came again anyway.

EVELYN P.
Duluth, Minnesota

**Better out of the bedroom**

I agree with the respondents in the October *Sex Tapes* that the best way to improve your sex life is to move it out of the bedroom. One of the most exciting experiences I ever had was making it with a famous bodybuilder in the exercise room of a Y.M.C.A. The guy—I'll call him Tony—was in town to promote a book he'd written, which revealed how eating sardines and radishes could make anybody look like Mr. Universe. At the time I was coproducer of a local TV talk show and I had to meet Tony at the airport and make sure that he got to the show on time.

To be honest, I didn't think that I'd find the guy particularly attractive; I tend to prefer brains to brawn, and besides, I always assumed that all bodybuilders were homosexual. I couldn't have been more wrong. Tony's plane got in early and he said that he wanted to work out a little, so I took him to the local Y. The instructor decided to let me into the men's gym, because no one else was there at the time. Tony went into the locker room to change and when he emerged he immediately began to raise and lower a series of weights. I stood there transfixed. His body was simply incredible, muscled yet lithe and sinuous. Glistening with sweat, he gave off the odor of a healthy animal. Unconsciously I moved closer.

He caught my eye and asked if I'd like to try pressing some weights. He motioned to a bar bell and I tried to pick it up but dropped it after raising it only a few inches. Tony laughed, came up behind me, and, placing his hands over mine, instructed me to lift the bar slowly. I felt his body mold against mine, squatting as I squatted. The massiveness of his form unnerved me and Tony sensed it. He set the bar

bell down but didn't move away. I felt his cock harden as he pressed it against my ass. I was wearing a light summer dress and no bra. Within seconds, Tony's hands were running over my breasts and his mouth was on the nape of my neck. I whispered to Tony that someone might come in at any moment. "I asked the Y instructor to leave us alone," he said, "so relax." We stood that way for a long moment and then he slowly raised my dress over my head. As I stepped out of my panties, Tony pulled off his trunks. I nearly called the whole thing off when I saw the size of his cock. It was not only long but so thick that I was sure he'd mangle my insides, assuming, of course, that he managed to get it in.

I needn't have worried. First of all, he picked me up as if I were a baby and I put my legs around his hips. He raised me up and down slowly, rubbing just the head of his enormous cock against my pussy from my clitoris to my anus. I got wet and hot immediately. Then he lay me down on a slant board and began to enter me. I tensed and he stopped.

"Here, you do it," he said and he guided my hand to his cock. Slowly, inch by inch, I drew it into me. I never felt so completely filled in my life. I decided then that the girls who say that small cocks don't matter must never have met a guy like Tony. He moved back and forth slowly while I contracted my vaginal muscles rhythmically. When he touched my cervix, I broke out in a sweat. I reached around and stuck my middle finger up his ass and it was his turn to shudder. Pretty soon I forgot about everything but the sensations that overwhelmed my body. I dug my nails into the muscles of his arms and back and felt them flex in response. I don't know how long the whole thing lasted; I only remember that somewhere around my third or fourth orgasm my nerves got so frazzled that I made him stop.

I didn't have the nerve to ask him if sex worked better than sardines and radishes.

LORETTA D.
Boston, Massachusetts

I once did it with a girl in the back of a cab. The taxi had a partition, but I knew that the cabby could still see us. He was, however, unfazed. He had probably seen that sort of thing before. The cabbies in this town have seen everything.

JOE S.
San Francisco, California

*Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to* OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*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**THE ALL-AMERICAN DEATH ANGEL** *When all of this testimony is read and digested, it lets you know that something is afoot in this land beyond the scope of the evening news.*

*(Continued from page 131)* Creech got from the Brother-Hood in Wyoming was that one of its members was guilty of rip-off and had to be taken out. The victim, Rick McKenzie, was someone Creech had met along the line, and Creech felt uneasy about his unfriendly mission. Nevertheless, 20 miles outside of Baggs, Wyoming, on a dirt road off Highway 789, McKenzie ate three shots from Creech's .44. Creech left McKenzie's body in a ravine, where it was not found until Creech supplied the location.

Creech next headed west to California and a star-crossed chance encounter with the girl who would leave him with his neck in a noose. Though Creech dearly loved and needed women, they all ultimately brought him grief and disaster. At a carnival in Fresno Creech met Carol Ann Spaulding, a carny brat whose life had mostly consisted of trailer courts, vinyl-and-plywood bars and feeding the mean hot-snake hungries.

Creech and Spaulding connected and mutated in the outlaw tradition of Barrow and Parker, Starkweather and Fugate: She gave romantic meaning to his wanton bloodspill. Together they split south to Barstow, stealing a car from a young couple who had befriended them with eyes for a swap scene. Depending on whom you listen to, either three or eight people were killed during the ensuing three months.

Tom Creech talks of these deaths: a couple whose first names were Jerry and Donna, who were blown away in New Mexico and whose bodies were dumped down a mine shaft; a 16-year-old boy going by the name John Boy, who was dumped in the same mine; a newscaster named Terry McCully, who, after being picked up in a Montana motel holding a few pounds of heroin, was given a hemorrhoid suppository in a cup of hot chocolate, and then, when his windpipe began occluding, was strangled (according to Creech, the suppository was Spaulding's idea; he did only the strangling). McCully's body was dumped in Lola Creek and later discovered by police; a rudimentary autopsy was performed and the cause of death was listed as drowning.

Then there was a part-Indian character named Walter "Chief" Henshaw, who beat the shit out of Tom Creech three separate times in the space of 30 minutes, outside a bar in Missoula, Montana. "By that time, he was thinking he was really bad," Creech recalls. "So next time he took a swing at me, I shot him four times in the head."

After Montana, Spaulding and Creech wound up in Lewiston, Idaho, where Spaulding's mother lived. The mother rented a room from a drinking crony and under a mattress in the house Carol discovered a Sport King model .22 automatic pistol. On the morning of November third, Carol went upstairs to try on dresses and returned downstairs with the pistol under her clothes.

With this extra luggage, the two hit the road again, hitchhiking toward Denver. Outside Lewiston, a 1954 Buick Roadmaster pulled up and opened the door. Inside the car sat Edward Thomas Arnold and John Wayne Bradford.

•

*It's awful hard to tell, because all the time I thought he was telling shit, it come true. So, it's hard to tell.* —CAROL SPAULDING

Prior to his trial in Idaho in late 1975, Creech unfolded a story that became more bizarre with each day of his confinement. The years between 1972 and 1974 held more death and weirdness than the authorities could at first believe. But homicide detectives from eight states showed up in Boise to pursue leads in unsolved murder cases, and soon bodies were uncovered where Tom Creech said that bodies had been left.

Creech also underwent extended pretrial sessions with sodium amytal (truth serum), hypnotism and a polygraph. While at times the transcripts of these sessions become disjointed, refracting life a shattered mirror, much of what Creech said held up on further investigation.

Take the polygraph tests, for example. They were conducted during the last days of September 1975 and the first two days of October by a licensed technician who used a machine that checks four separate body responses—a very good polygraph. The machine was examined for reliability prior to each session. In all sessions, there was a witness in attendance.

The results of these tests first underscored Creech's veracity in claiming to be responsible for 42 murders by his own hand. It would take an entire issue of OUI to recount the details of all these snuffs.

And then there was Creech's rundown of heroin trafficking in the Western states, polygraph testimony that implicated certain prominent businessmen in Nevada, Utah and Colorado, plus a United States Senator and two governors. Creech also implicated well-known political personages in his polygraphed tale of the ritual-sacrifice scene.

Creech also cleared the polygraph and sodium-amytal tests on his connection with the Symbionese Liberation Army. According to Creech, he supplied the S.L.A. with a certain drug package—the contents of which were unknown to him—from his heroin boss in Nevada. His suspicion is that these drugs were used on S.L.A.-detainee Patty Hearst, whom Creech claims to have seen in the San Francisco house to which he delivered the package.

When all of this testimony is read and digested, it lets you know that something is afoot in this land beyond the scope of the evening news.

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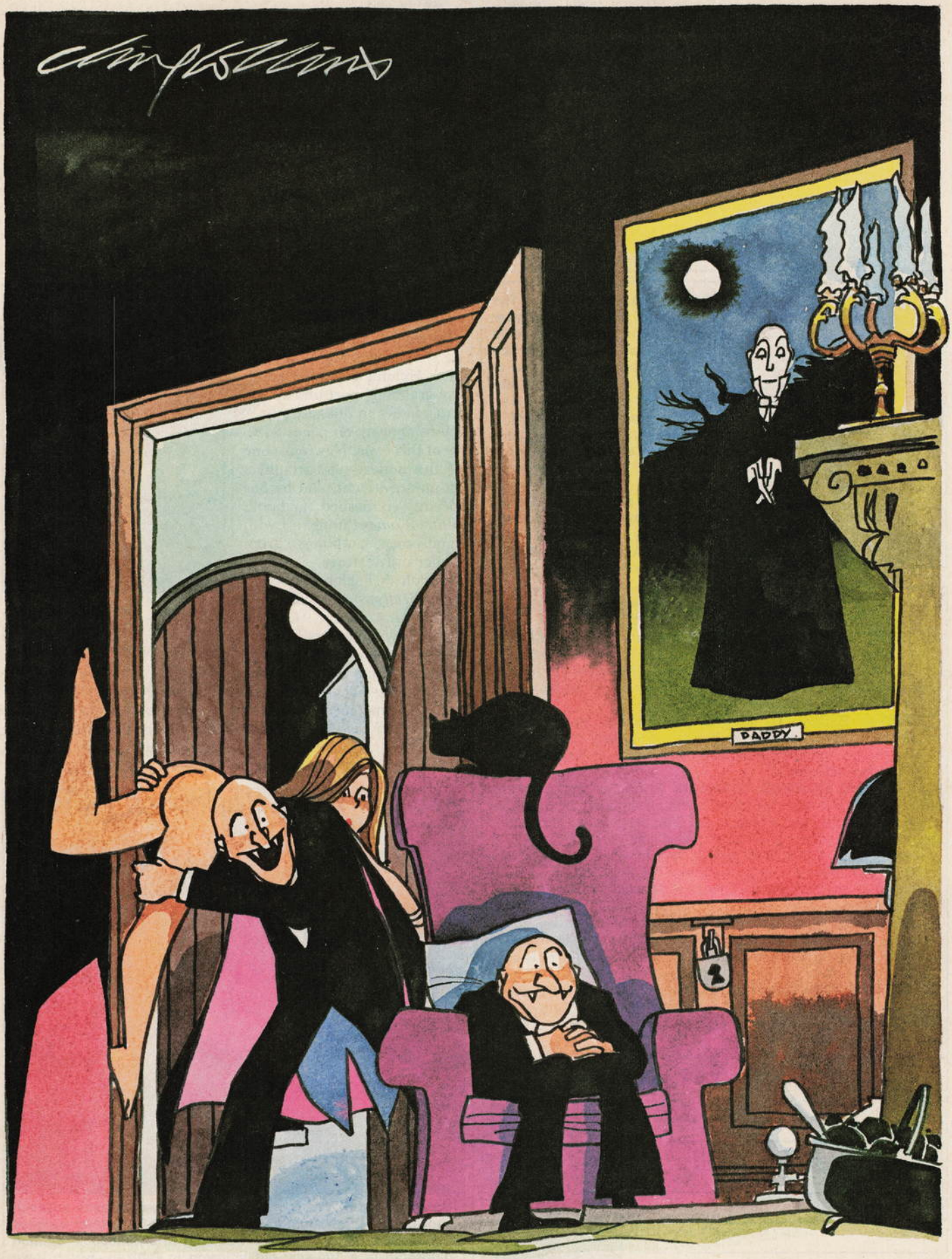
On October 22, 1975, Tom Creech was found guilty of murder in the first degree after the most publicized and expensive trial in Idaho's history. Judge J. Ray Durtschi sentenced Creech to death by hanging. The U. S. Supreme Court, however, subsequently ruled that death penalties such as Idaho's were unconstitutional and, based upon this ruling, Creech's attorney is preparing to appeal Creech's death sentence. Meanwhile, Creech resides on death row at the Idaho State Correctional Institution in Boise.

Carol Spaulding, after turning state's evidence against Creech, served 18 months in a Nevada jail, during which time she gave birth to a child who was probably Creech's—"a cute little devil," as Spaulding described the infant. She is now free on parole, out there somewhere pursuing her fantasies.

Bruce O. Robinson, the ex-frogman lawyer who took on Creech's case after the court-appointed attorney, Ward Hower, dropped out, likened the exhausting episode to "a raft trip down the Salmon River with a weak rudder, knowing rapids were ahead and trying to guide the raft to a safe cove." His private investigator John Wickersham, a blind ex–Hell's Angel, speaks of Creech as "an anachronism who only wants for people to fear him."

Tom Creech surely did an excellent job of making people fear him in his 20-odd years of freedom. The story he told before and during his trial set most of the Western states on edge, and left many raw nerves exposed. For all his braggadocio, there are still all those stiffs he left behind, the sodium-amytal and polygraph testimony, and the allegations that reach from seedy Las Vegas back rooms to the halls of Congress.

Creech will probably spend the rest of his life in the Boise pen or some other prison under maximum security. And he will probably remain the essential mystery he has always been to those with whom he came into contact: youthful, with an atavistic propensity for death, but quite, quite formidable. ▣




*"Feel like a nightcap, Harvey?"*

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## COMING IN MARCH OUI

☐ **DEATH IS ONLY THE BEGINNING:** Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, who has spent 20 years working with terminal patients, has no doubt that human consciousness continues after death. And, Linda Witt reports, she's not the only medical researcher to have reached that conclusion.

☐ **TOP-40 RECORDED PHONE MESSAGES:** Here are the numbers to dial to find out the disease of the week, the location of the next volcanic eruption or the number of Acadian Flycatchers in your area.

☐ **CRY, THE BELOVED LEBANON:** Shocking and poignant recollections of a country literally tearing itself apart, by a Jewish Arab whose family had friends in the Christian and the Arab communities alike—and then escaped just in time.

☐ **PIE KILL'S GREATEST HITS:** Currently closing shop, the custard commandos reveal how they got Bill Buckley, David Frost, Governor Blanton of Tennessee and others. With a salvo of gooey pix.

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH STAN LEE:** The presiding wizard of Marvel Comics tells how he won the war singlehandedly, how he put real dialog in the funnies and what it's like to create and destroy galaxies.

☐ **CANDY BARS:** How many pounds of sweets does the average American eat each year? Who was the Baby Ruth really named for? Charles Monagan tells all and gives candid evaluations of the popular brands.


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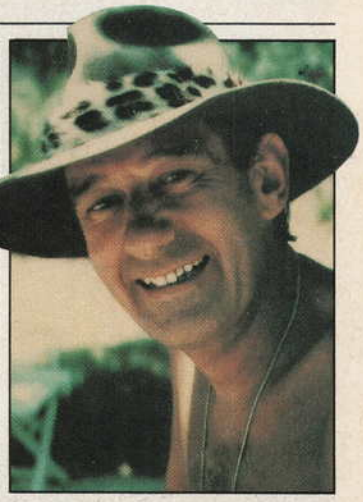
## Two contributors

The gentleman in the picture on the right is the photographer Helmut Newton, whose eye-grabbing portfolio of likely ladies in unlikely situations appears on pages 84 to 89 of this issue. Newton is one of the hottest photographers on any continent, and he has recently published a book, *White Women* (Stonehill), with handsome samplings from earlier OUI features.

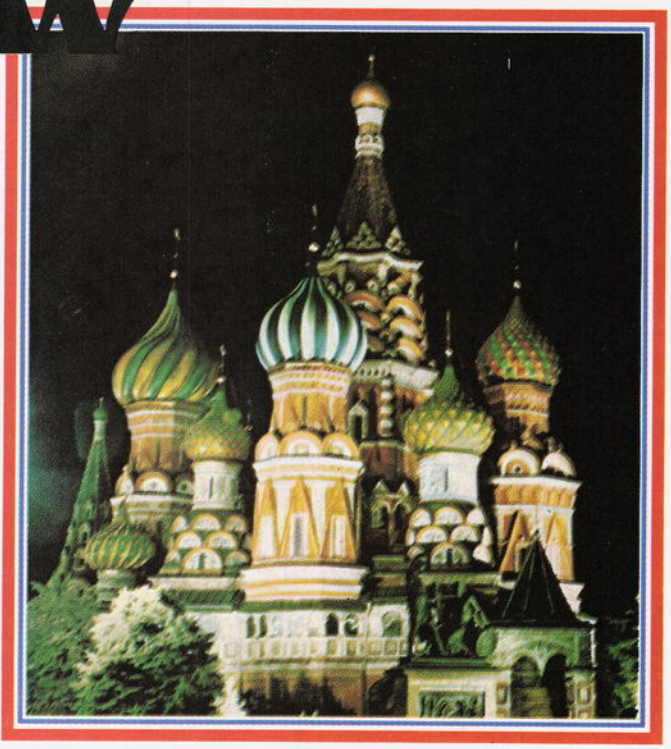
Mitch Tuchman, who wrote *Hollywood's Killer B's*, which starts on page 94, offers the following as his credentials: He was fired by Mrs. Roger Corman from *Summer School Teachers*—"for general incompetence"; he was asked to do casting for *Pompom Girls*, but, he says, "It didn't work out"; he scouted



locations for Russ Meyer's *Up!*, but "They didn't use the ones I found," he explains. He also wrote a B-movie script—*Chiquita's Naked Revenge*—about a girl gang that tries to overthrow the United Fruit Company in a banana republic. It wasn't produced.

**Up at the top of this frame, Donna Robinson relaxes between showers. At the bottom of the frame, Nick De Sciose watches her. *Donna Takes a Shower* was shot in a handsome antique bathroom in a 100-year-old mansion in Denver—which town De Sciose, as a photographer, has wrapped up. With her earnings from the shooting, Donna plans to buy a new car.**

# Marantz plays Moscow



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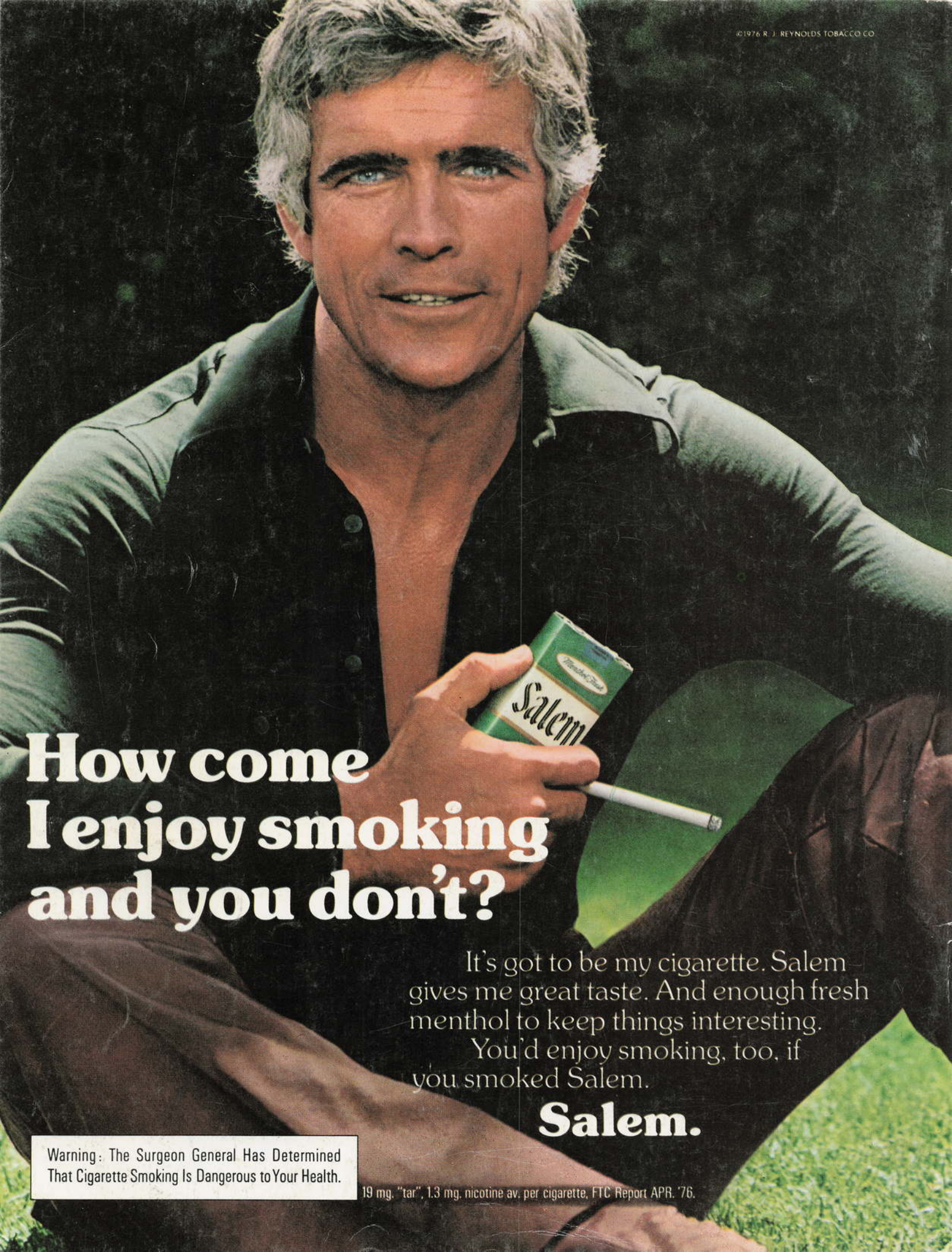
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